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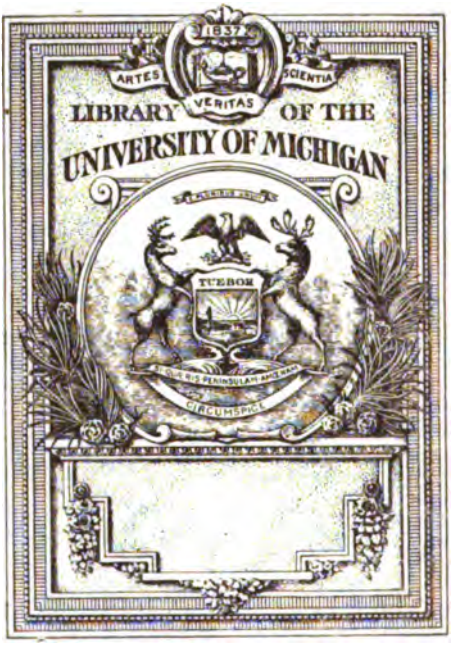
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OF

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FOR

Members of the English Church.

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The Monthly Packet.

JULY, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

A TELEGRAM had been received in the morning, which kept Valetta and Fergus on the *qui vive* all day. Valetta was an unspeakable worry to the patient Miss Vincent, and Fergus arranged his fossils and minerals.

Both children flew out to meet their father at the gate, but words failed them as he came into the house, greeted the aunts, and sat down with Fergus on his knee, and Valetta encircled by his arm.

'Yes, Lilias is quite well, very busy and happy—with her first instalment of children.'

'I am so thankful that you are come,' said Adeline. 'Jane ventured to augur that you would, but I thought it too much to hope for.'

'There was no alternative,' said Sir Jasper.

'I infer that you halted at Avoncester.'

'I did so; I saw the poor boy.'

'What a comfort for his sister!'

'Poor fellow! Mine was the first friendly face he had seen, and he was almost overcome by it'—and the strong face quivered with emotion at the recollection of the boy's gratitude.

'He is a nice fellow,' said Jane. 'I am glad you have seen him, for neither Mr. White nor Rotherwood can believe that he is not utterly foolish, if not worse.'

'A boy may do foolish things without being a fool,' said Sir Jasper. 'Not that this one is such another as his father. I wish he were.'

'I suppose he is more of the student scholarly nature.'

'Yes. The enlistment, which was the making of his father, was a sort of moral suicide in him. I got him to tell me all about it, and I

find that the idea of the inquest, and of having to mention you, you monkey, drove him frantic, and the dismissal completed the business.'

'I told them about it,' said Fergus.

'Quite right, my boy; the pity was that he did not trust to your honour, but he seems to have worked himself into the state of mind when young men run amuck. I saw his colonel, Lydiard, and the captain and serjeant of his company, who had from the first seen that he was a man of a higher class under a cloud, and had expected further results, though, even from the little that had been seen of him, there was a readiness to take his word, as the serjeant said he was not the common sort of runaway clerk, and it was a thousand pities that he must go to the civil power—in which I am disposed to agree. What sort of man is the cousin at the marble works?'

'A regular beast,' murmured Fergus.

'I think,' said Jane, 'that he means to be good and upright.'

'More than means,' said Ada; 'but he is cautious, and says he has been so often deceived.'

'As far as I can understand,' said Jane, 'there was originally desperate enmity between him and his cousin.'

'He forgave entirely,' said Ada; 'and he really has done a great deal for the family, who own that they have no claim upon him.'

'Yes,' said Jane, 'but from a distance with no personal knowledge, and a contempt for the foreign mother, and the pretensions to gentility. He would have been far kinder if his cousin had remained a serjeant.'

'He only wished to try them,' said Adeline, 'and he always meant to come and see about them; besides, that eldest son has been begging of him on false pretences all along.'

'That I can believe,' said Sir Jasper. 'I remember his father's distress at his untruth in the regimental school, and his foolish mother shielding him. No doubt he might do enough to cause distrust of his family; but has Mr. White actually never gone near them as Gillian told me?'

'Excepting once walking Maura home,' said Jane. 'No; but I ascribe all that to the partner, Mr. Stebbing, who has had it all his own way here, and seems to me to have systematically kept Alexis down to unnecessarily distasteful drudgery. Kalliope's talent gave her a place, but young Stebbing's pursuit of her, though entirely unrequited, has roused his mother's bitter enmity, and there are all manner of stories afloat. I believe I could disprove every one of them; but together they have set Mr. White against her, and he cannot see her in her office, as her mother is too ill to be left. I do believe that if the case against Alexis is discharged, they will think she has the money.'

'Stebbing said Maura changed a five pound note,' put in Fergus; 'and when I told him to shut up, for it was all bosh, he punched me.'

'I hope Richard sent it,' said Ada; 'but you see the sort of report that is continually before Mr. White—not that I think he believes half, or is satisfied with the Stebbings.'

'I am sure he is not with Frank Stebbing,' said Jane. 'I do think and hope that he is only holding off in order to judge; and I think your coming may have a great effect upon him, Jasper.'

The Rotherwoods had requested Sir Jasper to use their apartments at the hotel, and he went thither to dress, being received, as he said, by little Lady Phyllis with much grace and simplicity.

The evening passed brightly, and when the children were gone to bed, their father said rather anxiously that he feared the aunts had had a troublesome charge hastily thrust on them.

'We enjoyed it very much,' said Adeline politely.

'We were thankful to have a chance of knowing the young people,' added Jane. 'I am only glad you did not come home at Christmas, when I was not happy about the two girls.'

'Yes; Valetta got into trouble and wrote a piteous little letter of confession about copying.'

'Yes, but you need not be uneasy about that; it was one of those lapses that teach women without any serious loss. She did not know what she was about, and she told no falsehoods; indeed, each one of your children has been perfectly truthful throughout.'

'That is the great point after all. Lilias could hardly fail to make her children true.'

'Fergus is really an excellent little boy, and Gillian—poor Gillian—I think she really did want more experience, and was only too innocent.'

'That is what you really think,' said the father anxiously.

'Yes, I do,' said Jane. 'If she had been a fast girl, she would have been on her guard against the awkward situation, and have kept out of this mess; but very likely would have run into a worse one.'

'I do not think that her elder sisters would have done like her.'

'Perhaps not; but they were living in your regimental world at the age when her schoolroom life was going on. I think you have every reason to be satisfied with her tone of mind. As you said of the boy, a person may commit an imprudence without being imprudent.'

'I quite agree to that,' he said, 'and, indeed, I see that you have managed her most wisely, and obtained her affection and gratitude, as indeed you have mine!' he added, with a tone in his voice that touched Jane to the core of her heart.

'I never heard anything like it before,' she said to her sister over their fire at night, with a dew of pleasure in her eyes.

'I never liked Jasper so well before. He is infinitely pleasanter and more amiable. Do you remember our first visit? No, it was not you who went with me, it was Emily. I am sure he felt bound to be on guard all the time against any young officer's attentions to his

poor little sister-in-law,' said Ada, with her Maid-of-Athens' look. 'The smallest approach brought those hawk's eyes of his like a dart right through one's backbone. It all came back to me to-night, and the way he used to set poor Lily to scold me.'

'So that you rejoiced to be grown old. I beg your pardon, but I did. My experience was when I went to help Lily pack for foreign service, when I suppose my ferret look irritated him, for he snubbed me extensively, and I am sure he rejoiced to carry his wife out of reach of all the tribe. I dare say I richly deserved it, but I hope we are all "mellered down," as Wat Greenwood used to say of his brewery for the pigs.'

'My dear, what a comparison.'

'Redolent of the Old Court, and of Lily, waiting for her swan's nest among the reeds, till her stately captain came, and made her day dreams earnest in a way that falls to the lot of few. I don't think his severity ever dismayed her for a moment, there was always such sweetness in it.'

'True knight and lady! Yes. He is grown handsomer than ever, too!'

'I hope he will get those poor children out of their hobble! It is chivalrous enough of him to come down about it, in the midst of all his business in London.'

Sir Jasper started the next morning with Fergus on his way to school, getting on the road a good deal of information, mingled together about forms and strata, cricket and geology. Leaving his little son at Mrs. Edgar's door, he proceeded to Ivinghoe Terrace, where he waited long at the blistered door of the dilapidated house before the little maid informed him that Mr. Richard was gone out, and missus was so ill that she didn't know as Miss White could see nobody, but took his card and invited him to walk into the parlour, where the breakfast things were just left.

Down came Kalliope, with a wan face and eyes worn with sleeplessness, but a light of hope and gratitude flashing over her features as she met the kind eyes, and felt the firm hand of her father's colonel, a sort of king in the eyes of all Royal Wardours.

'My poor child,' he said gently, 'I am come to see if I can help you.'

'Oh! so good of you,' and she squeezed his hand tightly, in the effort perhaps not to give way.

'I fear your mother is very ill.'

'Very ill,' said Kalliope. 'Richard came last night, and he let her know what we had kept from her; but she is calmer now.'

'Then your brother Richard is here.'

'Yes; he is gone up to Mr. White's.'

'He is in a solicitor's office, I think. Will he be able to undertake the case?'

'Oh, no, no'—the white cheek flushed, and the hand trembled.

'There is a Leeds family here, and he is afraid of their finding out that he has any connection with this matter. He says it would be ruin to his prospects.'

'Then we must do our best without him. I will not keep you long from your mother,' Sir Jasper said in a fatherly voice, inexpressively comforting to the desolate wounded spirit. 'I will not keep you long from your mother, but will you answer me a few questions? Your brother tells me——'

She looked up almost radiantly, 'You have seen him?'

'Yes. I saw him yesterday,' and as she gazed as if the news were water to a thirsty soul—'He sent his love, and begged his mother and you to forgive the distress his precipitancy has caused. I did not think him looking ill; indeed, I think the quiet of his cell is almost a rest to him, as he makes sure that he can clear himself.'

'Oh, Sir Jasper! how can we ever be grateful enough.'

'Never mind that now, only tell me what is needful, for time is short. Your brother sent these notes in their own envelope, he says.'

'Yes, a very dirty one. I did not open it or see them, but enclosed it in one of my own, and sent it by my youngest brother, Petros.'

'How was yours addressed?'

'Francis Stebbing, Esq., Marble Works, and I put in a note in explanation.'

'Is the son's name likewise Francis?'

'Francis James.'

'Petros delivered it?'

'Yes, certainly.'

Here they were interrupted by Maura's stealing timidly in with the message that poor mamma had heard that Sir Jasper was here, and would he be so very good as to come up for one minute and speak to her.

'It is asking a great deal,' said Kalliope, 'but it would be very kind, and it might ease her mind.'

He was taken to the poor little bedroom full of oppressive atmosphere, though the window was open to relieve the labouring breath. It seemed absolutely filled with the enormous figure of the poor dropsical woman with white ghastly face, sitting pillowed up, incapable of lying down.

'Oh! so good! so angelic!' she gasped.

'I am sorry to see you so ill, Mrs. White.'

'Ah! 'tis dying I am, Colonel Merrifield. Begging your pardon, but the sight of you brings back the times when my poor captain was living, and I was the happy woman. 'Tis the thought of my poor orphans that is vexing me, leaving them as I am in a strange land where their own flesh and blood is unnatural to them,' she cried, trying to clasp her swollen hands, in the excitement that brought out the Irish substructure of her nature. 'Ah, Colonel dear, you'll bear

in mind their father that would have died for you, and be good to them.'

'Indeed, I hope to do what I can for them.'

'They are good children, Sir Jasper, all of them, even the poor boy that is in trouble out of the very warmth of his heart; but 'tis Richard who would be the credit to you, if you would lend him the helping hand. Where is the boy, Kally.'

'He is gone to call on Mr. White.'

'Ah! and you'll say a good word for him with his cousin,' she pleaded, 'and say how 'tis no discredit to him if things are laid on his poor brother that he never did.'

The poor woman was evidently more anxious to bespeak patronage for her first born, the pride and darling of her heart, than for those who might be thought to need it more; but she became confused and agitated when she thought of Alexis, declaring that the poor boy might have been hasty, and have disgraced himself, but it was hard, very hard if they swore away his liberty, and she never saw him more,' and she broke into distressing sobs. Sir Jasper, in a decided voice, assured her that he expected with confidence that her son would be freed the next day, and able to come to see her.

'It's the blessing of a dying mother will be on you, Colonel dear! Oh! bring him back, that his mother's eyes may rest on the boy that has always been dutiful. No—no, Dick, I tell you 'tis no disgrace to wear the coat his father wore.' Wandering was beginning, and she was in no condition for Kalliope to leave her. The communicative Maura, who went downstairs with him, said that 'Richard was so angry about Alexis that it had upset poor mamma sadly. And could Alexis come?' she asked, 'even when he is cleared.'

'I will ask for furlough for him.'

'Oh! thank you—that would do mamma more good than anything. She is so fond of Richard, he is her favourite; but Alexis is the real help and comfort.'

'I can quite believe so. And now will you tell me where I shall find your brother who took the letter, Peter or Petros?'

'Petros is his name, but the boys call him Peter. He is at school —the Bellevue National School—up that street.'

Repairing to that imposing building, Sir Jasper knocked at the door, and sent in his card by an astonished pupil-teacher with a request to the master that he might speak to Petros White, waiting in the porch till a handsome little fellow appeared, stouter, rosier, and more English looking than the others of his family, but very dusty, and rather scared.

'You don't remember me,' said Sir Jasper, 'but I was your father's colonel, and I want to find some way of helping your brother. Your sister tells me she gave you a letter to carry to Mr. Stebbing.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Where did you take it?'

'To his house, Carrara.'

'Was it not directed to the Marble Works?'

'Yes, but——'

'But what? Speak out, my man.'

'At the gate Blake, the porter, was very savage, and would not let us in. He said he would have no boys loafing about, we had done harm enough for one while, and he would set his dog at us.'

'Then you did not give him the letter.'

'No. I wouldn't after the way he pitched into me. I didn't know if he would give it. And he wouldn't hear a word, so we went up to Rockstone to the house.'

'Whom did you give it to there?'

'I dropped it into the slit in the door.'

'You only told your sister that you delivered it.'

'Yes, sir. Theodore said I must not tell sister, it would only vex her more to hear how every one pitches into us, right and left,' he said, with trembling lip.

'Is Theodore your next brother?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Was he with you?'

'No; it was Sydney Grove.'

'Is he here! Or—Did any one else see you leave the letter?'

'Mr. Stebbing's son—the young one, George, was in the drive and slanged us for not going to the back door.'

'That is important. Thank you, my boy. Give my—my compliments to your master, and ask him to be kind enough to spare this Sydney Grove to me for a few moments.'

This proved to be an amphibious-looking boy, older and rougher than Petros, and evidently his friend and champion. He was much less shy, and spoke out boldly, saying how he had gone with little Peter, and the porter had rowed them downright shameful, but it was nothing to that there young Stebbing ordering them out of the grounds for a couple of beastly cads, after no good. He (Grove) had a good mind to ha' given 'un a good warming, only 'twas school time, and they was late as it was. Everybody was down upon the Whites, and it was a shame when they hadn't done nothing, and he didn't see as they was stuck up, not he.

Sir Jasper made a note of Master Grove's residence, and requested an interview with the master, from whom he obtained an excellent character of both the Whites, especially Theodore. The master lamented that this affair of their brother should have given a handle against them, for he wanted the services of the elder one as a monitor, eventually as a pupil-teacher, but did not know whether the choice would be advisable under the present circumstances. The boys' superiority made them unpopular, and excited jealousy among a certain set, though they were perfectly inoffensive, and they had much to go through in consequence of the suspicion that

had fallen on their brother. Petros and Sydney should have leave from school whenever their testimony was wanted.

As Sir Jasper walked down the street, his elder sister-in-law emerged from a tamarisk-flanked gateway. 'This is your new abode, Jasper,' she said. 'Come in and see what you think of it! Well, have you had any success?'

He explained how the letter could be traced to Mr. Stebbing's house, and then consulted her whether to let all come out at the examination before the magistrates, or to induce the Stebbings to drop the prosecution.

'It would serve them right if it all came out in public,' she said.

'But would it be well?'

'One must not be vindictive! And to drag poor Kalliope to Avoncester, would be a dreadful business in her mother's state. Besides, Frank Stebbing is young, and it may be fair to give them a chance of hushing it up. I ought to be satisfied with clearing Alexis.'

'Then I will go to the house. When shall I be likely to find Mr. Stebbing?'

'Just after luncheon, I should say.'

'And shall I take the lawyer?'

'I should say not. If they hope to keep the thing secret, they will be the more amenable, but you should have the two boys within reach. Let us ask for them to come up after their dinner to Beechcroft. No, it must not be to dinner. Petros must not be sent to the kitchen, and Ada would expire if the other came to us! Now, do you like to see your house. Here is Macrae dying to see you.'

The old soldier had changed his quarters too often to be keenly interested in any temporary abode, provided it would hold the requisite amount of children, and had a pleasant sitting-room for his Lily, but he inspected politely and gratefully; and had a warmly affectionate interview with Macrae, who had just arrived with a great convoy of needfuls from Silverfold, and who undertook to bring up and guard the two boys from any further impertinences that might excite Master Grove's pugnacity.

It was a beautiful day, of the lamb-like entrance weather of March, and on the way home Miss Adeline was met taking advantage of the noontide sunshine, to exchange her book at the library, 'Where, she said, 'I found Mr. White reading the papers, so I asked him to meet Jasper at luncheon, thinking that may be useful.'

If Sir Jasper would rather have managed matters by himself, he forebore to say so, and he got on very well with Mr. White on subjects of interest, but, to the ladies' vexation, he waited to be alone before he began, 'I have come down to see what can be done for this poor young man, Mr. White, a connection of yours, I believe.'

'A bad business, Sir Jasper, a bad business.'

'I am sorry to hear you say so. I have seen a great deal of service with his father, and esteemed him very highly——'

'Aye, aye, very likely. I had a young man's differences with my cousin, as lads will fall out, but there was the making of a fine fellow in him. But it was the wife, bringing in that Greek taint, worse even than the Italian, so that there's no believing a word out of any of their mouths.'

'Well, the schoolmaster has just given me a high character of the younger one for truthfulness especially.'

'All art, Sir Jasper, all art. They are deeper than your common English sort, and act it out better. I'll just give you an instance or two. That eldest son has been with me just now, a smart young chap, who swears he has been keeping his mother all this time—he has written to me often enough for help to do so. On the other hand, the little sister tells me, "Mamma always wants money to send to poor Richard." Then again, Miss Mohun assures me that the elder one vows that she never encouraged Frank Stebbing for a moment, and to his mother's certain knowledge, she is keeping up the correspondence.'

'Indeed,' said Sir Jasper. 'And may I ask what is your opinion as to this charge. I never knew a young man enlist with fifteen pounds in his pocket.'

'Spent it by the way, sir. Ran through it at billiards. Nothing more probable. It is the way with those sober-looking lads when something upsets them, then when luck went against them, enlisted out of despair. Sister, like all women, ready to lie through thick and thin to save him, most likely even on oath.'

'However,' said Sir Jasper, 'I can produce independant witness that the youngest boy set off with the letter for the office, and the porter not admitting him, carried it to the house.'

'What became of it then?'

'Mr. Stebbing will have to answer that. I propose to lay the evidence before him in his own house, so that he may make inquiry, and perhaps find it, and drop the prosecution. Will you come with me?'

'Certainly, Sir Jasper. I should be very glad to think as you do. I came prepared to act kindly by these children, the only relations I have in the world; but I confess that what I have seen and heard has made me fear that they, at least the elder ones, are intriguing and undeserving. I should be glad of any proof to the contrary.'

Carrara was not far off, and they were just in time to catch Mr. Stebbing in his arm-chair, looking over his newspaper, before repairing to his office. Mrs. Stebbing stood up, half-flattered, half-fluttered, at the call of this stately gentleman, and was scarcely prepared to him say—

'I have come down about this affair of young White's. His

father was my friend and brother-officer, and I am very anxious about him.'

'I have been greatly disappointed in those young people, Sir Jasper,' said Mr. Stebbing uneasily.

'I understand that you are intending to prosecute Alexis White for the disappearance of the fifteen pounds he received on behalf of the firm.'

'Exactly so, Sir Jasper. There's no doubt that the carter, Field, handed it to him; he acknowledges as much, but he would have us believe that after running away with it, he returned it to his sister to send to me. Where is it?' I ask.

'Yes,' put in Mrs. Stebbing, 'and the girl, the little one, changed a five-pound note at Glover's.'

'I can account for that,' said Mr. White, with somewhat of an effort. 'I gave her one for her sister, and charged them not to mention it.'

He certainly seemed ashamed to mention it before those who accounted it a weakness; and Sir Jasper broke the silence by proposing to produce his witnesses.

'Really, Sir Jasper, this should be left for the court,' said Mr. Stebbing.

'It might be well to settle the matter in private, without dragging Miss White into Avoncester away from her dying mother.'

'Those things are so exaggerated,' said the lady.

'I have seen her,' said Sir Jasper gravely.

'May I ask who these witnesses are?' demanded Mr. Stebbing.

'Two are waiting here—the messenger and his companion. Another is your porter at the marble works, and the fourth is your youngest son.'

This caused a sensation, and Mrs. Stebbing began—

'I am sure I can't tell what you mean, Sir Jasper.'

'Is he in the house?'

'Yes; he has a bad cold.'

Mrs. Stebbing opened the door and called 'George,' and on the boy's appearance, Sir Jasper asked him—

'Do you remember the morning of the 17th of last month—three days after the accident. I want to know whether you saw any one in the approach to the house.'

'I don't know what day it was,' said the boy, somewhat sulkily.

'You did see some one, and warned them off?'

'I saw two little ca—two boys out of the town on the front door steps.'

'Did you know them?'

'No—that is to say, one was a fisherman's boy.'

'And the other.'

'I thought he belonged to the lot of Whites.'

'Should you know them again?'

'I suppose so.'

'Will you excuse me, and I will call them into the hall?' said Sir Jasper.

This was effected, and Master George had to identify the boys, after which Sir Jasper elicited that Petros had seen the dirty envelope come out of his brother's letter, and that his sister had put it into another, which she addressed as he described, and gave into his charge to deliver. Then came the account of the way he had been refused admittance by the porter.

'Why didn't you give him the letter?' demanded Mr. Stebbing.

'Catch us,' responded Sydney Grove, rejoiced at the opportunity, 'when what we got was, "Get out, you young rascals."'

Petros more discreetly added—

'My sister wanted it to be given to Mr. Stebbing, so we went up to the house to wait for him, but it got late for school, and I saw the postman drop the letters into the slit in the door, so I thought that would be all right.'

'Did you see him do so?' asked Sir Jasper, of the independent witness.

'Yes, sir; and *he* there'—pointing to George—'saw it too, and——'

'Did you?'

'Aye, and thought it like their impudence.'

'That will do, my boys,' said Sir Jasper. 'Now run away.'

Mr. White put something into each paw as the door was opened and the pair made their exit.

If Sir Jasper acted as advocate, Mr. White seemed to take the position of judge.

'There can be no doubt,' he said, 'that the letter containing the notes reached this house.'

'No,' said Mr. Stebbing hotly. 'Why was I not told? Who cleared the letter-box?'

It was the page's business; but to remember any particular letter on any particular day was quite beyond him, and he only stared wildly and said, 'Dun no,' on which he was dismissed to the lower regions.

'The address was "Francis Stebbing, Esq.,"' said Sir Jasper meditatively, perhaps like a spider pulling his cord.

'Francis—your son's name. Can he——'

'Mr. White, I'll thank you to take care what you say of my son!' exclaimed Mrs. Stebbing; but there was a blank look of alarm on the father's face.

'Where is he?' asked Mr. White.

'He may be able to explain'—courtesy and pity made the General add.

'No, no,' burst out the mother. 'He knows nothing of it. Mr. Stebbing, can't you stand up for your own son?'

'Perhaps,' began the poor man, his tone faultering with a terrible anxiety, but his wife exclaimed hastily—

'He never saw nor heard of it. I put it in the fire.'

There was a general hush, broken by Mr. Stebbing saying slowly—

'You—put—it—in—the—fire.'

'Yes; I saw those disreputable-looking boys put it into the box. I wasn't going to have that bold girl sending billy doos on the sly to my son.'

'Under these circumstances,' dryly said Sir Jasper, 'I presume that you will think it expedient to withdraw the prosecution.'

'Certainly, certainly,' said Mr. Stebbing, in the tone of one delivered from great alarm. 'I will write at once to my solicitor at Avoncester.' Then turning on his wife, 'How was it that I never heard this before, and you let me go and make a fool of myself?'

'How was I to know, Mr. Stebbing? You started off without a word to me, and all you told me when you came back was that the young man said he had posted the letter to his sister. I should like to know why he could not send it himself to the proper place!'

'Well, Mrs. Stebbing,' said her husband, 'I hope it will be a lesson to you against making free with other people's letters.'

She tossed her head, and was about to retire, when Sir Jasper said—

'Before leaving us, madam, in justice to my old friend's daughter, I should be much obliged if you would let me know your grounds for believing the letter to be what you say.'

'Why—why, Sir Jasper, it has been going on this year or more! She has perfectly infatuated the poor boy.'

'I am not asking about your son's sentiments, but can you adduce any proof of there being encouraged!'

'Sir Jasper! a young man doesn't go on in that way without encouragement.'

'What encouragement can you prove?'

'Didn't I surprise a letter from her?——'

'Well'—checked the tone of triumphant conviction.

'A refusal, yes, but we all know what that means, and that there must have been something to lead to it'—and as there was an unconvinced silence—'Besides—oh, why, every one knew of her arts. You did, Mr. Stebbing, and of poor Frank's infatuation. It was the reason of her dismissal.'

'I knew what you told me, Mrs. Stebbing,' he answered grimly, not at all inclined to support her at this moment of anger. 'I am sure I wish I had never listened to you. I never saw anything amiss in the girl's behaviour, and they are all at sixes and sevens without her at the mosaic work—though she is only absent from her mother's illness at present.'

'You! of course she would not show her goings on before you,' said the lady.

'Is Master Frank in the house?' put in Mr. White; 'I should like to put the question before him.'

'You can't expect a young man to make mortifying admissions,' exclaimed the mother, and as she saw smiles in answer, she added, 'Of course, the girl has played the modest and proper throughout! That was her art, to draw him on, till he did not know what he was about.'

'Setting aside the supposed purpose,' said Sir Jasper, 'you admit, Mrs. Stebbing, that of your own knowledge, Miss White has never encouraged your son's attentions.'

'N—no—but we all know what those girls are.'

'Fatherless and unprotected,' said Sir Jasper, 'dependant on their own character and exertion, and therefore in especial need of kind construction. Good-morning, Mrs. Stebbing, I have learnt all that I wish to know.'

Overpowered, but not convinced, Mrs. Stebbings saw her visitors depart.

'And I hope her husband will give it to her well,' said Mr. White, as they left the house.

They looked in at Beechcroft Cottage with the tidings.

'All safe, I see!' cried Miss Jane. 'Is the money found?'

'No; Mrs. Stebbing burnt it, under the impression that it was a love-letter,' drily said Sir Jasper.

Miss Mohun led the way in the hearty fit of laughter, to which the gentlemen gave way the more heartily for recent suppression; and Mr. White added—

'I assure you, it was as good as a play to hear Sir Jasper worm it out. One would think he had been bred a lawyer.'

'And now,' said the General, 'I must go and relieve that poor girl's suspense.'

'I will come with you,' volunteered Mr. White. 'I fully believe that she is a good girl, though this business, and Master Richard's applications staggered me; and this soldier fellow must be an ass if he is not a scamp.'

'Scarcely that, I think,' said Miss Adelaide, with her pleading smile.

'Well, discipline will be as good for him as for his father,' said Mr. White. 'He has done for himself; but that was a nice little lad that you had up—too good for a common national school.'

Wherewith they departed, and found that Kalliope must have been on the watch, for she ran down to open the door to them, and the gladness which irradiated her face at Sir Jasper's first 'All right,' lighted up her features, which were so unlike the shop-girl prettiness that Mr. White expected, as quite to startle him.

Richard was in the parlour in a cloud of smoke, and began to do the honours.

'Our acknowledgments are truly due to Sir Jasper. Mr. White, we are much honoured. Pray be seated. Please to excuse——'

They paid little attention to him, while Sir Jasper told as much to his sister as could well be explained as to the fate of her envelope, and added—

'You will not be wanted at Avoncester, as the case will not come on. I shall go and see all safe, then on to town; but I mean to see your brother's commanding officer, and you may tell your mother that I have no doubt that he will be allowed a furlough.'

'But, Sir Jasper,' broke in Richard, 'I beg your pardon; but there is a family from Leeds at Bellevue, the Nortons, and imagine what it would be if they reported me as connected with a common private soldier, just out of prison too!'

'Let him come to me,' then exclaimed Mr. White.

In spite of appearances of disgust, Richard took the invitation to himself, and looked amiable and gratified.

'Thank you, Mr. White, that will obviate the difficulty. When shall I move up?'

'You, sir! Did you think I meant you?' said Mr. White contemptuously. 'No! I prefer a fool to a knave!'

'Mr. White,' interposed Sir Jasper, 'whatever you may have to say to Richard White, consider his sister. Or had you not better report our success to your mother, my dear?'

'One moment,' said Mr. White. 'Tell me, young lady, if you do not object, what assistance have you ever received from me.'

'You have most kindly employed us, and paid for Maura's education,' said Kalliope.

'Is that all? Has nothing been transmitted through this brother?'

'I do not understand,' said Kalliope, trembling, as Richard scowled at her.

'Sir,' said he, 'I always intended, but unforeseen circumstances——'

'That's enough for the present, sir,' said Mr. White. 'I have heard all I wish, and more too.'

'Sir,' said Kalliope, still trembling, 'indeed, Richard is a kind son and brother. My mother is much attached to him. I am generally out all day, and it is quite possible that she did not tell me all that passed between them, as she knew that I did not like you to be applied to.'

'That will do, my dear,' said Mr. White. 'I don't want to say any more about it. You shall have your brother to-morrow, if Sir Jasper can manage it. I will bring him back to Rockstone as my guest, so that his brother need not be molested with his company.'

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

'What I gave I take not back.'

'Nay,' said Sir Dinadan, 'for the joy of love is too short, and the sorrow thereof, and what cometh thereof, dureth over long.'—*Morte Arthur.*

THE next morning, down at the Hall, it was felt that the night had not exactly brought counsel.

Every one felt that there was a secret in the air, and those who were unfortunate enough to know it were oppressed by its weight.

And neither the Squire nor his guest knew what was to be the next step. They were naturally anxious to see Maurice again; to learn further particulars from him and to judge how they were to conduct themselves towards him in the future. But they did not know whether he meant to seek them again, or to leave them to move first, and they both shrank from seeming to hunt him up too eagerly and suspiciously.

The feelings of both had a little modified themselves during the night; and, as might have been expected, one had softened, the other had hardened.

Mr. Wallingford, though not hard-hearted, was more inclined to justice than to mercy, and was on principle opposed to judging matters on sentimental grounds. He felt that he had been rather led away into doing so the night before, under the influence of a passion more deep and tragic than any he had ever encountered before; but the very feeling made him more stiff and precise than ever—anxious not to allow himself so much as an opinion until all the facts of the case had been clearly laid before him, and definitely proved.

The Squire, on the other hand, was softening in spite of himself. He had never found it easy to keep anger long; and he had loved Maurice for himself, not only because he believed him to be his old friend's son and heir.

He implicitly believed every word of Maurice's tale, and that it had not been for any material advantage that the young man had come to them under false colours. Besides, he had repented and confessed of his own free will, and without any pressure save from his own right feeling.

It is much more easy in theory than in practice to keep up a righteous indignation against these abstract offences against truth and right. It may be difficult to extenuate them in black and white, but in real life the offender's personality pleads for him, and you remember that after all he harmed no one but himself, and that the sin has already avenged itself.

The tender-hearted Squire could not even think of the fraud that had been practised on him without remembering also his quondam favourite's handsome face, pale with long anguish and bowed down with shame. And it seemed to him that but for the look of the thing he could gladly have taken the boy back to his heart again, and have implored him to say no more about the matter.

Neither he nor his guest had any idea but that Maurice was at the Court, till, in the middle of the morning, while they were wondering uneasily what to do, Mr. Layton came up and asked to see the Squire.

Maurice was at his house, he said, and it was evident that he knew or guessed so much that the Squire was glad, as speaking to a future connection and a discreet man, to tell him all.

The Vicar was surprised, perhaps; but not at all as the others had been. He did not say that he had had any previous doubts and suspicions, and indeed said very little about the matter; though Mr. Tyndal observed with pleasure that he spoke of Maurice with the tenderest friendship and even respect.

He hoped that Maurice was asleep now, he said, but he had not been able to persuade him to come home until three o'clock in the morning. The other two had better come to the Vicarage in the afternoon and see him there; but Mr. Layton begged almost as a personal favour that they would be very gentle with him, and spare him as much as possible. 'He is almost more cast down and self-reproachful now than is well for him,—he cannot bear any more.'

The Squire looked a little hurt, and Mr. Wallingford a little shocked. 'I should have thought,' he said, 'that you, as a clergyman, would have wished this young man to feel the consequences of such an action to their fullest extent.'

'Yes,' answered Mr. Layton with half a smile. 'But there is such a thing as being "swallowed up with over-much sorrow," and I don't wish that to happen to one who has just made an effort in the right direction, of which perhaps none of us would have been capable, under the circumstances.'

Mr. Wallingford said nothing, but wore the offended and lofty air of a man who, like George Washington, 'couldn't tell a lie,' and therefore could not conceive of himself as being under such circumstances. The Vicar rose to go, and Mr. Tyndal accompanied him to the door.

'I don't know what to say,' he said in an undertone, and a little unsteadily. 'It is such a miserable business altogether;—but I was so fond of him!'

'I doubt,' said Mr. Layton slowly, 'whether it can ever be our *duty* to leave off loving any one. And I believe that, if you will give this poor young fellow time, and heart, and hope, he will show himself even more worthy of love than you ever thought him.'

'But do you think,' said the Squire musingly, 'that one *ought* to forgive a thing like this?' Mr. Layton looked a little surprised, and he added hastily, 'Of course, if it had been a wrong done to oneself, there would be no doubt about it. But just because it isn't——'

'I understand your feeling,' said the Vicar gently. 'But I do not think that the Eternal Justice requires that we should resent, on its behalf, sins that have been repented of and therefore forgiven. If it were so, Heaven would be full of lonely spirits with whom the saints would have nothing to do, though the Master of the saints had sworn that their sins should not be mentioned to them any more.'

It was Mr. Tyndal's turn to look shocked, as some people will even when they cannot help agreeing with what has been said. But on the whole he felt glad to be so far justified in yielding to his own kindly impulses.

Before they went to the Vicarage he yielded to another impulse and told everything to his wife. Perhaps his habit of telling everything to her had been partly caused by the fact that she was such a comfortable person to tell anything to. Her seriousness and sympathy were grateful, and her utter want of surprise and excitement somehow made painful things seem less painful, and toned down that half-astonished grief which is apt to think that surely no one ever suffered so before. No hint of suspicion had crossed Mrs. Tyndal's gentle mind, and yet she took the whole matter as quietly as if she had known it all the while; and evidently was even more disposed than her husband to deal leniently and tenderly with the offender.

But even Mrs. Tyndal was a little startled and confused when, directly her husband had left her, Dagmar came in, with that new look on her fair young face which she had worn since yesterday, and sat quietly down at her feet, saying calmly, 'Now, mother, tell me all about it.'

'It is hardly a secret, dear,' said her mother, after a pause, 'but it does not concern *us* in any way, at present. It is better not to talk about it till it is generally known.'

'I think it concerns *me*,' said Dagmar, smiling rather sadly. 'I could hear all about it from *him*, but I would rather know it first, that I might know what to say to him. Tell me all about it, mother dear.'

Mrs. Tyndal wondered, but yielded, as she generally did when her strong-willed daughter persisted. And Dagmar laid her head on her mother's knee, and listened with a passiveness that was partly

inherited, and in part the result of a previous knowledge which she had never betrayed to any one.

And when the story was over, she rose up with glowing eyes and went away, with her head held loftily, like a young queen.

'I knew he would do it!' she said to herself, in a passion of exultation, 'I could cry for all that he must suffer now, but I will not! What is it, when he is conquering, as I knew he would?'

Perhaps she *did* cry, for all that, when she found herself alone; but since she would never have confessed it to any living soul, it is not for her faithful chronicler to confess it either.

When Mr. Tyndal and Mr. Wallingford got down to the Vicarage that afternoon they found the Vicar very busy digging in his garden. He did not offer to leave his work; but begged them to show themselves in, saying that they would find Maurice in the study. 'I would not let him come down till just now,' he said, 'and he will not stay down long if I have my way.'

The Vicarage was very familiar ground to the Squire now that it was so soon to be the home of his niece; and he conducted Mr. Wallingford into the hall and down a winding passage into the cosy little den of a study that had one end of the house all to itself.

Maurice was sitting by the fire, in Mr. Layton's great arm-chair, looking straight before him, without so much as a pretence at any occupation. He was evidently much calmer than he had been the night before; but he looked as white and wan and shaken as if he had just been through another illness; and after the first few words of greeting he sat silent, waiting to be questioned, in a way that rather disconcerted his visitors, though it was by no means meant to do so.

'We should be glad to learn some further particulars,' put in Mr. Wallingford at last, when the poor Squire had just hesitated through some remark about the weather, to which no one listened, not even himself.

'Ah! yes,' answered Maurice, drawing himself more upright. 'If you would ask me? I *cannot* begin it all over again.'

'Tell us something about your father,' suggested the Squire, with a tact that only sincere affection could have taught him. The young man's face grew a shade brighter. It was evident that that question was not so painful as some that he expected.

'My father? yes!' he said. 'He was a younger son of the younger branch of a good old family. You may find them in the county history of the next county to this. I have never seen any of them, and never shall. My father went into the army very early in life, and there met with a misfortune that ruined his whole career. We are not fortunate, we Caryls; but *he* was not to blame. I would have staked my life on that before I had had any account of the matter but his own. But he had the regimental accounts to manage, and he was careless, and unmethodical, and very young. They got into

a muddle, somebody profited by it, and it was laid to him. He was *allowed*, as a great favour, and through the intercession of his friends, to sell his commission, and leave the army. He was just married, and the disgrace broke his heart. He lived long enough for me to know and remember him well; but somehow I always knew, even as a child, that he was broken-hearted. But a most kindly and honest and honourable gentleman; who will be ashamed, I fear, to own his son, if we two should meet.'

His voice failed him just there—the even yet rather strained voice in which he had been telling this tale, as something that had moved him once, but had no power to move him now. But he did not move an eyelid or a finger, but sat passively for a moment, till some movement of one of his companions roused him, and he went on—

'There were no secrets in our household. I do not remember the day when I did not know that I had inherited a disgraced name—disgraced through no fault of mine or of his.

'Always, too, it was impressed upon me that I must never talk to English people—must never hope to go to England. The town we lived in was chosen because there were no English residents there. But still I can hear the longing in my father's voice when he spoke of England. Germany gave him a shelter for his disgrace, but England was the home of his heart all the while. And I too learned to think of England with the same mingling of love and fear—to long to come to this country, and to feel at the same time as if the very stones of her streets knew of the dishonour that belonged to my name.

'I have found out since how little reason there was in this bugbear of my youth—how few there are who remember my father's name, and how, even of those few, none accuse him of more than carelessness and negligence. But I never knew that until I came to England—until I had taken a step that could not be retraced.'

He paused again, looking into vacancy with wide-open mournful eyes, as if he were thinking of what might have been if he had been capable of judging rightly of this matter.

Neither of the others spoke. This story was so different from what they had expected that it made them dumb. And they could not help feeling that it was not of very much consequence to Maurice just then what they thought of him. He was before another tribunal than theirs. He roused himself at last with a sigh, and went on—

'It was because Maurice Claughton was English that my boyish fancy was drawn to him, though I should not have been allowed to know him if it had not been that his mother was a Frenchwoman, and his English father was dead. I cannot wish that I had never known him, in spite of all that has come of it. I have told you how we met, and how we parted. Do you wish to hear it again?'

He glanced involuntarily at them both as he ended, as one examined by torture might plead by a look to be asked no more.

Mr. Tyndal would not, for anything that could have been offered him, have asked a single question; but Mr. Wallingford was made of sterner stuff, and had, besides, a sort of general idea that it was the proper thing to make a man on his trial repeat his story twice over, to see if he would contradict himself, as if it were not far easier to make fiction consistent than fact. So he said, disregarding that unconscious pleading—

'We should, of course, wish to hear more full particulars, and to be able to judge of your account more dispassionately than we could last night.'

Maurice shivered, but said not one deprecating word. He paused a moment, as if thinking where best to begin; then turned a little away from them, resting his elbow on the arm of the great chair, and his chin on his hand, and began.

If Mr. Wallingford wished to judge of the matter dispassionately, he had a chance to do so now, for never was a narrative gone through more quietly and coldly. It was a touching story in itself, but the narrator gave it no advantage of tone or manner. If there came the slightest tremor in his voice he stopped, and carefully subdued it before he went on. It seemed that, now he had both under his control, he would not suffer either his love or his grief to plead for him.

Even Mr. Wallingford felt a pang of pity for him, as he told of all that the boyish inseparables had hoped and planned, of the happy life that they two had led together; but it seemed as if he felt no pity for himself. He did not spare himself, but went steadily through the history of those joyous years of their young manhood, up to the very last days among the mud-built huts of El Haleel by the banks of the shrunken Nile.

Then his courage seemed somewhat to fail him. There came a long pause, a gap in the narrative, and, instead of taking it up where he had left off, he put his hand into his breast pocket, and brought out two papers, each a sheet of the old-fashioned full-sized writing-paper, folded in another of a curious foreign make, and the corners fastened down with a seal.

'There they are,' he said. 'I sealed them up when I left that place, and I have never seen them since.'

He did not say what they were; but the others knew, and Mr. Wallingford took them and broke the seals, with a very strange and illogical mingling of feelings. He very much doubted whether poor Maurice Claughton had ever made this or any will; and yet he felt a certain awe, as if he were about to read a message from the dead.

There was something very pathetic in those two documents, couched in almost the same terms; recalling how the two poor young fellows, lying on their pallets side by side, had compared notes, and, half

amused, put in all the correct and legal terms of which they could think. The writing of the two was somewhat alike, and yet very different, and the Squire recognised at once that the one signed *Maurice M. Caryl* was the one he knew, and that Maurice Claughton's was quite strange to him. He read them both, as Mr. Wallingford handed them over to him, and it certainly seemed to him that they were all right and legal. But he was ashamed to say at first that he thought so—ashamed to seem as unsuspicious and trustful as he really was.

Mr. Wallingford was far less unsuspicious, and as he too felt it his duty to affect more doubt than he felt, his doubts reached the point of requiring expression.

'I am no lawyer,' he said. 'This will seems to me to be properly expressed; but I suppose, in any case, it would be necessary to have a legal opinion upon such a document. But there must be more steps taken to verify a will made under such very peculiar circumstances. However willing we personally might be to take your word as sufficient proof of what you say, it is our duty to inquire into the matter.'

'Yes,' said Maurice indifferently, and not looking round.

'I suppose the doctor can be found who attended you both at this place?'

'I believe so. He was a Frenchman, named Pardoux. But he never saw *those*, or came near us until after they were written.'

'And these witnesses—it might be possible to find them too, though I dare say not easy.'

'The Sheikh is probably where he was, unless he is dead. He was very old, but the only man in the village who could write. The dragoman may be anywhere. And they were so far from being experts in handwriting, that I doubt whether their recognition of a signature would be worth anything.'

'That is unfortunate,' said Mr. Wallingford drily, and said no more.

Maurice was still looking away, with that mask of absolute quiescence on his face. But something in the tone of this last remark roused him just a little.

'Of course,' he said, 'I can and will give you further particulars that might assist in tracing them. But I do not think it would be of any use. Of course, in the nature of the case, no investigation or report of mine would be of any use. If I could make up such a tale as this, I could far more easily manufacture evidence of its truth. For a handful of piastres I could produce twenty sheikhs and fifty dragomen, who would swear to that or anything else. I can hardly expect you to go, or send, to Upper Egypt for the sake of getting evidence of the truth of my story.'

'No,' said Mr. Wallingford coldly, 'not for the sake of getting evidence of its *truth!*'

The Squire started, and had all but cried 'For shame!' He had

been listening with such sympathy and such implicit belief, that he felt as if his own honour had been called in question.

Maurice's eyes flashed for an instant, and the Squire was thankful to see that they *could* still flash. But he hardly seemed hurt or angry, but only a little the better for the implied attack. He sat up, and faced them both, half smiling.

'I think that would be hardly worth while,' he said.

Mr. Wallingford stared at him in wonder, with lips slightly dropped apart.

'Because,' he went on. 'I shall never make any use of that will, now—*never!* It lies in your hands; and if you see reason for believing it genuine I should be glad. But if you held my story to be true as gospel—which it is—and if that paper would stand in law—which I doubt—it would make no difference.'

'What do you mean?' asked Mr. Tyndal, as Mr. Wallingford remained dumb.

'I mean that I believe that the Court and all that goes with it can never be *proved* mine; and that if it were so proved I would not take it now.'

'If it can be proved that my poor young cousin willed it to you,' began Mr. Wallingford stiffly; but Maurice interrupted him, with a strange sad smile—

'He will forgive me now, though I baulk him of the fulfilment of his last wish. I know that this resolve puts me at a disadvantage, as one who attempted a fraud, but had not courage to fight it out to the last. But I cannot help it. I *have* not courage to fight it out, to challenge you to bring your proofs and convict me of falsehood. The falsehood of which I have convicted myself has defiled the whole thing for me for ever. I wash my hands of it all, and turn my back upon it for ever!'

'It is impossible that the matter can be allowed to rest there,' persisted Mr. Wallingford, in his cold slow fashion.

'It *shall* rest there—for me,' answered Maurice, almost sullenly. 'As far as money goes I am free of you, as you will find when you come to look into the accounts of the estate. My own small fortune has always paid my personal expenses, and whatever has been spent out of the Court rents has been spent on the improvement of the estate; as Mr. Tyndal can assure you, if he will add that kindness to all the others he has heaped on me unworthy.'

'You might be prosecuted for fraudulent impersonation,' went on the other, in a tone more dubious than threatening.

'It would be better not!' he answered, with again that look, as of some hunted creature driven to bay. 'For in that case I should be forced to produce that will and tell my story, in order to prove that I did not join fraud to falsehood. And then you would have a long and costly law suit before you could take what is now yours for the taking.'

'I have no wish to take it if it is not legally mine.'

'Morally it is yours—and not mine,' answered Maurice wearily. 'And from henceforth I have nothing to do with it. I have sworn it. I took it along with a name that was not mine, with—other things—to which I had no right. And I give it up, for ever, along with these.'

He leaned back again in his great chair, and turned his face away from them, and away from the light, as if there was no more to be said.

There was something so absolutely decisive in those half-sullen, languid tones that his two interlocutors felt also as if there were no more words to say.

Mr. Wallingford was very angry, in his own peculiar form of anger. The feeling of having himself possibly been cheated did not affect him much. A very rich man, who had always been somewhat oppressed by a sense of the duties entailed by riches, the idea of another fine estate falling into his hands was less to him than it would have been to many a better man. He was childless, and the power of leaving Winstead Court to a niece or nephew did not seem to him a thing to be specially desired.

But he hated to have things doubtful, or unsettled, or involved in mystery. He would hardly have picked up a diamond ring in the street, because it would certainly not have been his own, and it might have been impossible to find the owner at once and with certainty.

He would have liked to have gone to law with Maurice, to have fought out the matter in a cold-blooded batrachian fashion to the very end. Then, whichever way it had been decided, he would have been equally content.

Maurice had thrown up the sponge, however, and he had nothing to do but to accept the situation; unless he were to express his full belief in this very strange tale and beg the young man to remain in possession of the property.

That he could hardly bring himself to do, and—improbable as it seemed—he hardly thought it would be of any use. And yet it would not do to present to the world the ridiculous spectacle of a fine estate hanging, like Mahomet's coffin, between two men who neither of them would have it.

So he sat moodily silent, and the Squire cast one or two resentful glances at him. His evident suspicion and hardness had justified Mr. Tyndal in his own eyes in becoming Maurice's ardent partisan. Left to himself he might have felt many twinges of doubt and disapproval, but now he could not help feeling that the man who was to profit by Maurice's confession was very much harder on him than he deserved.

'I think he has behaved better than either of us would have done, under the circumstances,' said the Squire to himself. 'And I shall tell Wallingford so when I get him by himself.'

So it was with precisely the same tone that he would have used of old that he said presently—

'But what shall you do, my dear boy? How shall you manage to live if you throw over what might be yours after all?'

Maurice started at the kindly tone, in a way that showed his composure to be more apparent than real.

'Do you still care what becomes of me?' he asked, with a wistful half-smile—'I *don't*, just now. But if I have any plans be sure I shall be only too glad to tell them to you, if you still care to hear.'

'I shall always care to hear about you,' said the Squire rather huskily. 'It was you I cared for, not your name or your property, Heaven knows! And maybe I don't blame you as much as you blame yourself. Anything that I could do for you——'

Maurice lifted his hand, with glowing eyes, and cut the offer short.

'I would rather you said no more now,' he interrupted. 'You have said enough already to make me thank you in my heart always. You are sorry for me now, as one so kind-hearted may well be for a man who has made such shameful shipwreck at the very outset of the voyage. But you may blame me more when you come to think the matter over quietly. And I would rather you said nothing now, upon impulse, that might make you feel yourself pledged hereafter.'

The excitement with which he had begun to speak died out as he ended. He was so utterly weary and worn out that even the Squire's kindness hardly seemed to signify.

He was not ready yet to be comforted; and Nature—who is kind enough in her way in spite of all the hard things that are said about her—would not suffer him to be tormented any more.

He leaned back again, and his eyes closed, in spite of himself. He could have slept in the presence of those two men, his judges, as a Red Indian will sleep at the stake; though education had developed in him a capability of suffering far greater than that of any Indian who ever felt the blazing knots of pine-wood driven into his flesh.

More stupid men than his two visitors might have perceived that it was time to let him alone. But they were spared the difficulty of deciding what to do next by the entrance of the master of the house. Mr. Layton came noiselessly upon the scene, took it in at a glance, and said—'I am sorry to seem inhospitable, Squire. But this is my workshop, you know; and this is my afternoon for work. I fear I must turn you out now.'

Mr. Wallingford said 'Good afternoon,' with a formal bow that might or might not have included everybody, and left the room. The Squire hesitated, then took Maurice's hand in his and wrung it forcibly.

'I don't care!' he said, 'Wallingford may think whatever he likes!

I believe every word you've said, my poor dear lad;—and if you *did* begin wrong I honour you for having turned round and confessed it. And I am your friend as long as I live, if you hadn't another in the world—though, please God, you'll have many.'

He turned abruptly upon Mr. Layton.

'Take care of him! And do what you like—in the church or out of it—I'll never say a word against it again.'

With that he conveyed himself hastily out of the room, and they heard his quick steps striding down the passage as far as the middle of it, where he paused, perhaps to get his face into order before rejoining his companion.

And Maurice, left alone with Mr. Layton, dropped his head into his hands and burst into a passion of tears. The Vicar looked out of the window, and took no notice; except that in a minute or two he went away and fetched a glass of water.

'Now,' he said, after another two minutes, 'don't you think you had better go back to bed?'

'After that exhibition, perhaps I had,' answered Maurice, slowly recovering himself, and betraying by his look that he was young enough to be utterly ashamed of such weakness.

'Come then,' said Mr. Layton, watching him with his grave kindly smile. 'You would hardly believe me now if I told you that the worst is over; but by and by, when you are rested, you will begin to feel that it is so.'

Maurice made no answer, at which his friend was rather sorry. He would rather that the young man should have repudiated the idea of being comforted, than have put it aside in that quiet unheeding fashion.

He arose, however, and they left the room together.

In his lighter moments Mr. Layton was apt to express his belief in the existence of certain very small malignant spirits who do us the honour to take great interest in our daily concerns; who take the things we want, and bring them back when we don't want them; who mislay our letters, steal the paper-knife and the blotting paper, and waft important documents from the mantel-piece into the fire. Certainly what he saw, as he reached the hall with Maurice by his side, would have confirmed his belief in the active agency of the 'gnomes,' if matters had not been too serious for thinking of such things.

Mr. Tyndal had not left the hall door open, but it was open now, and on the threshold stood young Tom Pointer, tapping the door-post with the handle of his hunting-stock, and staring in his vacuous fashion right across the hall.

'Oh, there you are!' he said. 'I rang, but I didn't think anybody heard. How do, Mr. Layton? Well! Claughton, how are you? I have been up at the Court looking after you, and they told me you were down here. So I thought I'd come after you.'

He ended his sentence, as he usually did, with a little laugh, and stepped in, holding out his hand.

Maurice drew a little back from it, while Mr. Layton looked at him, wondering if it was possible to spare him this, and decided that it was no use trying.

'You are mistaken!' he said, looking down upon that kindly, foolish visage with a strange mingling of emotions. 'My name is not Claughton, but Caryl. I am an impostor, and have been masquerading here under a false name ever since you knew me.'

'Oh! but—I say!' gasped the young man, his breath quite taken away by the suddenness of the announcement. He glanced up questioningly into Maurice's face, wondering whether it might not be some incomprehensible joke. But what he saw there made it plain, even to him, that here was no joking matter. So he looked in a dazed manner at the Vicar, and ejaculated 'I say!' again.

'There is no mistake about it!' said Maurice, quietly, leaning against the wall. 'It has been kept a secret hitherto, but it is no longer one now. Three people at least know it already, and you are the fourth. It will soon be known to all whom it may concern.'

There was a pause. A cleverer man than Tom Pointer might have been puzzled to know what next to say. Mr. Layton was deeply uneasy, but aware that it was no good to interfere. As for Maurice, he was doggedly waiting for the worst that the other could say.

'Then,' said young Pointer at last, 'when you came home and said that you were Maurice Claughton it was—not true?'

'It was not true,' answered Maurice, with a little bend of the head; 'he had been dead for nearly three years.'

'But then, how did you know all about him, and the Court, and the Squire, and everybody?'

'What he knew I knew. We had always been together,' said Maurice again, in the same rigid unmoved voice.

Mr. Layton caught young Pointer's eye and frowned at him severely, at which he wondered *why!* Surely his were most natural and reasonable questions.

'I see! You were the fellow he used to travel with. Perhaps he meant you to take his estate, and his name?'

'His estate. He never said anything about the name.'

Young Pointer caught Mr. Layton's warning eye again, and fell silent, pondering deeply. But he would not stir, though the look had said, as plainly as possible, 'go!'

He was evidently cogitating some further inquiry; and Maurice might have taken root where he was, he waited so immovably.

Both his listeners knew young Tom Pointer pretty thoroughly, and yet his next remark astonished them both.

'I want to know,' he began mournfully, and almost tremulously,

—' all those tales you used to tell me—I used to get them out of you, you know, when we had such jolly times together—when you'd been ill. Were all those *not true*, as well?'

Mr. Layton could not help turning to see how Maurice took this. He had been prepared to answer almost any conceivable question, but he made no attempt to answer this. For one moment he looked as a man on his way to the block—a man whose hands were tied and whose sword was lost—might look if some one in the crowd struck him on the face. Then he broke into a little bitter laugh; but still he did not speak, and his questioner looked up at him with wide-open, wondering eyes.

Mr. Layton came to the rescue once more.

'I can answer for my friend Mr. Caryl,' he said, gravely. 'Although he came among us under a false name, I am as sure as I am of anything that everything he has ever given as his own personal experience is perfectly and entirely true.'

'Don't!' murmured Maurice in German. 'If you are so good to me I shall break down again, and I can't afford that.'

Mr. Pointer was silent again, until a full minute after Maurice had done speaking, evidently deep in thought.

'Well!' he broke out at last. 'I don't see that it makes such a lot of difference. Isn't it Shakespeare or one of those fellows that says "What's the use of a name?—throw it to the dogs!"—or something of that kind? I took to you because you had more in you than most of the fellows round here—and your calling yourself by a different name doesn't alter that. I'll stick by you, whatever other people may say, although you're not the man I took you for. I only mean that for a joke, you know!' he added hastily.

'Thank you. You are very good,' said Maurice, slowly.

His tone showed such a mingling of amusement and misery that Mr. Layton was driven to interfere at all risk, and spare him any more of this extraordinary form of comfort.

'I am sorry not to ask you in,' he said politely. 'But we are very busy, as you may guess, and I must go back to work now. Is any one taking care of your horse?'

'Thank you. He's tied to the gate. I daresay he's pulled the rein loose and got eating some poisonous stuff or other. I must be off now. Good-bye, and I'll be down to see you again soon. And if there's anything I or my father can do for you, just let us know. We shall be only too glad.'

He shook hands—rather as it seemed against Maurice's will—and strode off to the gate, lashing his boot with his whip.

The two whom he had left behind looked at one another.

In one pair of eyes there was amusement mingled with provocation and pity; in the other, amusement and the restlessness of unbearable pain.

'After that,' said Maurice, 'I think I will go out! No! don't

advise me not. I will come back as soon as I feel it possible to rest. But I couldn't rest till I have walked *that* off.'

'Perhaps you know best what is good for you,' said the Vicar gently. 'But don't be away very long. I shall be anxious about you, and I have really some work to do, which I can hardly go on with, with a quiet mind, till I know you are where you ought to be —in your bed.'

'I will come back as soon as I can, and don't be anxious about me. Perhaps I *did* think that I was broken-hearted; but a man who was dying of a broken heart could hardly feel such a gnat-sting as this so keenly. Let me go, and I will not keep you expecting me one moment longer than I am obliged.'

Mr. Layton shook his head, but smiled and made no further objection. He noticed that Maurice took up one of his own hats which happened to be lying on the hall table, and never asked how it came to be there, or remembered that he had come there the night before bareheaded. The Vicar was by no means desirous of leading his charge's thoughts to dwell upon the painful memory of that night, and had sent up to the Court for the things that he required without asking or consulting him in any way.

Half an hour before, Maurice would have thought that nothing would have induced him to go anywhere beyond the Vicarage gates, least of all into those woods above the Court, where this time last year he had been so busy looking after the felling and trimming of the fine old neglected timber.

But now, stung by the gadfly of Tom Pointer's championship, he crossed the open space of the Park that lay near the Vicarage, and plunged into the woods, hardly noticing where he was going, only longing for exercise and loneliness.

He had walked on and on for some time, hardly thinking, but confusedly repeating certain detached sentences in his mind, when he became aware that the 'spirit in his feet' had led him to a certain point that he had often visited before—a point from which, looking down and across the valley, you could see the Hall lying bowered amongst its trees.

He sat down on the trunk of a fine old beech which he had had cut down against his own better judgment, because the Squire advised it. He was so weary that he was fain to sit down—the sight of those familiar gables made him tremble and his heart beat quick. Besides, there seemed all at once no reason for going further; and he sat there and looked, with his heart in his eyes.

There was the sharpest sting of his trouble, after all—a grief that he could not tell even to the tenderest and most sympathetic of these people who were so much better to him than he deserved. To think that he might have won her, if he had been what he seemed; that it might perhaps have been possible to win her even as he was if only he had chosen the truth from the first. It was mainly

because he worshipped her crystal truth that his own falsehood had become unbearable to him; but none the less did he realise that by speaking out he had lost her.

'I shall never see her again—never again,' he said to himself, looking over the wide valley to that warm safe nest where she dwelt. 'And I cannot even wish that she should remember, or not despise, me.'

Day—Day's maiden. What had she to do with such an act as that by which he had tampered with the darkness before ever he saw her face? And yet, but for that action he might never have seen her at all.

He was like a man who has bartered all the available years of life for a five minutes' glimpse of Fairyland; and who sits, when the elfin vision has vanished, desolate on the bleak hill-side, lonely and despairing, and yet enriched by a memory that nothing can take from him.

He had seen her, and known her, and loved her; he had had his glimpse of the elfin land. Nothing could rob him of that, though the Elfin Queen herself had given him the fatal gift—as she did of old to True Thomas—'the tongue that can never lie,' and so had shamed him back to common earth again.

But the glimpse had been so short—so very short; and the years that would have to follow it were so long. The heroes of the mystical old tales had at least this advantage, that their five minutes of more than mortal bliss had blotted out more than twice that number of earthly years, and they had not to take up the dropped threads of life just where they left them. But Maurice Caryl, sitting there on his fallen tree, looking at the home of his lost love, was still only seven-and-twenty, with perhaps half a century of life before him, to be got through somehow. Half a century may sometimes seem short enough; but not from the point of view from which he was then contemplating it.

Men, under such circumstances of hopeless parting, sometimes wish that they could forget. Perhaps memory is looked upon as a burden, which they would fain be rid of, oftener than the sentimental would like to admit.

But Maurice had not the faintest desire to forget Dagmar Tyndal. Indeed, one of the slighter, and yet not least sharp, stings of his deep anguish, was the feeling that he *must*, to a certain extent, forget; a jealousy of the long slow years that would rob him bit by bit of the tone of her voice and the light of her eyes, the words she had said at such a time, and the turn of her head as she spoke them; even the glow and glory of her beauty, and the very airs of the songs she used to sing.

To think that he might find all these things grow dim, and yet live on, was more strange and full of misery than any dream of eternal loneliness and sorrowful recollection.

And yet perhaps the very fear showed that he was one of those who are not 'good at forgetting,' who cannot take back what they have once given. He had thought of his dead friend persistently and purposely, even when by his own act he had rendered that memory more than ever painful. It was hardly likely that he should find it possible, even if he desired to do so, to forget the one other love of his life.

(To be continued.)

ANGELA: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

. . . . 'It is a flaw
In happiness, to see beyond our bourn.'—*Keats.*

'If no one else will do it, Mrs. Raisins, *I* will. *Afraid!* I am only afraid of one thing, that the most charming of girls may grow soured by being held out of her natural rights. Shut up here like a nun! A girl who is above the average in every way! By which I mean, Mrs. Raisins, that no one I have ever known is fit to hold a candle to her for sweetness of nature, sweetness of face, sweetness of speech. And she is doomed to waste all this on Mohun Court! She comes to us at the Vicarage, you say? Yes, poor dear child, and has done so for years, ever since that day when she strayed in, like a ray of light among my wild boys. But who else does she see? What else does she see? Mr. Vyvyan?—once a year. So now, when he writes to me and asks me to take Miss Angela with me to Southampton, that we may go and spend a day with him at Netley, where he happens to be staying now, I am determined it shall be done. What can be more reasonable than that after eighteen years of solitary confinement, she should at last be liberated? Has she ever in her life gone beyond this village?'

The speaker was Mrs. Peveril, in full force, to Mrs. Raisins, who stood deferentially before her, not yet having had the chance of speaking a word.

'Yes, ma'am,' she said now; 'ten years ago Miss Angela went up to London with me by her own desire when Mr. Vyvyan was ill; we stayed at my cousin's for two days—she was retired from the grocery business, and let lodgings near the Temple, where Mr. Vyvyan was living—and it was then Miss Angela told me, with her little face so flushed and her blessed eyes so bright, that Mr. Langford, that was Mr. Vyvyan's friend, had promised to show her his hospital one day——'

'Exactly so,' broke in Mrs. Peveril; 'and it is this very Mr. Lang-

ford who now holds a staff appointment at Netley, and wishes Mr. Vyvyan to take Miss Angela over. It is for this he has written to me, and I say, Is it to be tolerated that this dear child is to be shut up for ever in this dreadful fashion? Is she never supposed to wish for more than she has, because she never murmurs?'

'Mr. Merton will not say "no" to you, ma'am, if Miss Angela wishes it,' said Mrs. Raisins respectfully; 'but you see she never tells him she wishes for more than she has. Everything in this beautiful drawing-room you see, ma'am, everything in Miss Angela's own suite of rooms upstairs, is for her pleasure—books, pictures, music, birds, comforts——'

'Yes—yes, I know!' interrupted Mrs. Peveril hastily 'gimcracks and fossils of every description; but *we* know, Mrs. Raisins, you and I, and Mr. Vyvyan, in fact, *everybody* except Mr. Merton, that she is starving all the while!'

'They are coming now, ma'am—will you step out to them, or will you wait here?' and as she spoke, Mrs. Raisins threw back a French window that opened on to the terrace, and Mrs. Peveril, rising, saw the two figures coming slowly across the lawn together—the tall old man, now slightly bent about the shoulders, and the slender, graceful girl with the strangely unchanged face of ten years ago; then, it was old for her age; now, it is young; only, is it habitual to her that restless movement of the eyebrows and that forced compression about the mouth, suggesting a painful effort at self-control, or even self-suppression? Just behind Angela walked Lance, old, sedate, and faithful, occasionally thrusting a soft damp nose into the hand that occasionally hung at her side.

'You talk of the great torture-wheel of the world, Uncle Roger,' she was saying, 'you tell me of "the necessary sorrow and desolation" that must be, and which is felt all the more keenly by those who are most susceptible; these, you say, are the highest natures of all. You have told me that the great necessity is *Pity*—what your book calls "a certain general permanent force of compassion." You say that after all the reason why men and women suffer may be to call forth the goodwill of other men and women towards them; that in our love one for another, "in the meeting of Pain and Pity, there is, in spite of all seeming loss, a grand resting-point, a contact with the Eternal in the midst of all phenomena" (have I not learnt my lesson well?). You say all this—over and over again you have repeated it to me, but—you give me no chance of finding it out for myself among living men and women, so how can I ever know that it is true? *You* know it because you have lived in the world——'

'Nay, my child,' he interrupted, 'I learn it here every day, through your sweet pity and love for me.'

That of which he had learnt the truth by receiving, *she* was burning to learn by giving.

'But you are only *one*, Uncle Roger,' she cried, 'and the world is

so full! If there are so many in the world who want love and pity, how can I be satisfied with reading and talking about it here with you?'

At this point, Mrs. Peveril stepped out of the window, and passing down the terrace-steps, met them in the shadow of the cedar with an open letter in her hand, saying, after the exchange of preliminary greetings—

'Don't let me disturb you; but Angela, my dear, would you kindly go and ask Mrs. Raisins if she can find me her receipt for parsnip-wine?' Then turning to Mr. Merton, she added, in the tone that brooks no contradiction, which is assumed by some ladies of decided character in their dealings with those whom they consider obstinate, 'I have had a letter of importance which I must discuss with you at once.'

Angela found Mrs. Raisins at tea, and the good woman's countenance was troubled as she stirred the contents of the Rockingham teapot. At Angela's request, on Mrs. Peveril's behalf, she rose and pored over a drawer in her old-fashioned, brass-handled escritoire; then, as she put the lavender-scented receipt into Angela's hand, she looked full into her face with her loving old eyes, saying, still troubled—

'Do you ever want to go away, Miss Angela, dear, to see foreign parts, perhaps, or London?'

Even Mrs. Raisins, who knew all Angela's phases of mood and expression, was startled by the flash like lightning called forth by that simple question; it flashed out of her eyes and all over her face; it flashed through the tone of her voice with the force of an electric thrill—that passionate yearning for a fuller life—that demand for the full satisfaction of her nature!

'Do I ever want to go away!' she echoed, leaning on the tea-table with both palms, and looking across it to a bright patch of afternoon sunlight on the wall, where hung the old faded sampler; and it was something higher, something diviner than mere human effort of self-control that came creeping over the girl's face, almost like a reflection of light from the glory now illumining those two words 'exceeding broad,' as she murmured softly the next minute—

'Don't ask me, dear; it doesn't do to think about it.'

After a silence, during which Mrs. Raisins sat looking into her tea-cup for depths of wisdom which were not forthcoming, Angela added yet more softly, and still with her eyes on the old sampler—

'It has always seemed to me so strange that Uncle Roger has never—not even when I was a child—spoken to me of things that you have always spoken to me about.'

'What things, my dearie?'

'About One who suffered more than we can ever know, and whose one intention was to comfort and to save.'

* * * * * *

'She shall herself bring you her answer,' were Mr. Merton's parting words to Mrs. Peveril. As soon as he was alone he went indoors, and met Angela crossing the hall with the receipt in her hand. He laid a detaining hand on her arm, and said—

'You can take that to Mrs. Peveril presently, she is expecting to have an answer from you shortly about a matter upon which I have a few words to say to you.'

He led her into the library, where the afternoon sunlight streamed into the shadowy oak-corners, gilding the leather-bound books, flooding the crimson carpet; and when he had seated himself in his armchair, she stood at his knee, as she used to stand in her days of lessonhood, whilst he began—

'Do you ever want to go away from here, Angela?'

Why were they all bent upon asking her that question to-day? giving utterance, as it were, to the craving that grew with her growth, and seemed to be asserting itself within her, like a lawful voice to be obeyed—a yearning, not so much to see the world, as to be at touch with other hearts and souls and characters. A bright flush ran up to her very brow as she murmured in reply, 'Yes—I do.'

'Can you tell me why?'

The old man spoke gently, as he always did, but the young girl answered with unusual impatience—

'Oh! I am tired of "why," Uncle Roger!' And as she spoke, she moved away from him, and stood in the deep embrasure of the window. 'I don't know why! I only know that it is not right—it is not just of you, to make me live the life I lead!'

'In fact, you are longing for change, my child—change which haunted my life at one time—and the life of some I loved—so relentlessly that I determined to shield you from all the agony it brought me. Have I failed, Angela?'

'Yes, I think you have,' she said slowly, still looking out over the lawn, where the dark cedar shadow swept like some great wave backwards and forwards, 'because all that we want in life is love, and you shut me out of so much. I should not love you less if I had all that more.'

Then she came close up to him again, and sitting on his knee, went on—

'You meant to save me from the pain of loss and disappointment, I know; but are there not some things one would ten times rather lose or be disappointed in than never have known them? Most of all, those things God has given us to love and to pity—our fellow-creatures?'

'But when you are older, my child,' he replied, leaning back in his chair and looking into the eyes whose glance—ardent, flashing, tender—was piercing like a two-edged sword into his very soul —'when you are older, Angela, you will begin to see dimly what I

have seen clearly for many years. You will see that peace—calm serenity—is the one thing needful. The man or woman who leads a virtuous life out of the world, alone can find this.'

'But Mr. Vyvyan says it is far grander to live like that in what he calls "the hurly-burly."'

'When did Vyvyan say that? he has not been here for months, and he never writes now.'

'We have often spoken of it,' she said with a quick, sensitive flush, as from a sudden pain, at her uncle's last words. 'I thought it must be so, and I asked him one day if all the fine thoughts, all the sympathy, all the love would be of any good in a solitary life? and he said that it would never come to perfection unless it mixed with other lives. He speaks sometimes of losing oneself in a Higher Consciousness. I think he must mean the same as Mrs. Raisins and the Vicar mean when they speak of giving up oneself for the sake of others; and Sir Galahad meant the same, I think, when he lost himself that he might find himself. Mr. Vyvyan read the whole of the "Passing of Arthur" to me the last time he was here—and I understand it now. But he says always that I read too much and think too much, because, you see, I am only eighteen. But, Uncle Roger, what else will there be for me to do ever, if I never go further than Mohun Court?'

She turned her head away from him, and 'any one but a mummy,' Mrs. Raisins would have said, might have guessed that the ardour and tenderness which had been in her eyes had now resolved themselves into tears. Without a word in reply to her despairing little question, Mr. Merton here put Vyvyan's letter to Mrs. Peveril into her hand and told her to read it; and as he noted the glow and the sparkle and the quickening breath, with the eager uplook into his face awaiting his verdict when she had finished reading the note, he laid his hand upon her hands, just saying, 'You would like to go then, Angela?'

Half-an-hour later she was stepping along the carriage drive from the vicarage-gate. Mrs. Peveril was snipping away at dead geraniums in garden gloves, and a useful but becoming garden hat tilted over her eyes. It was a feature of Mrs. Peveril's economy to combine the useful and the ornamental. Mr. Peveril sat smoking in a garden chair. It was a feature in his economy never to exert himself unless it was absolutely necessary. The three sailor suits have developed into white flannels, and are admirable specimens of the *genus* public school-boy and of sons brought up by an energetic and practical mother. Three elder brothers are out in the world already—one with his regiment in India; another, farming in Manitoba; and the eldest of all growing oranges in Florida. If the six sons have suffered vicariously at their mother's hands for the *dolce far niente* of their father, they will be none the worse men for that.

The school-boys are not at home now: would they not have been

round Angela at the first click of the gate? To say they worship the very ground she treads on, is scarcely enough, for they almost think the ground not worthy of her tread. Jasper, though not sentimental, has a certain silk handkerchief, once a bandage, carefully put away in a drawer, together with some hairs from a favourite dead pony's tail.

Down went the garden scissors, out stretched two expansive arms, as Angela advanced.

'My dear child! he will let you come?'

'Yes.'

'*Yes!* is that all?' said Mrs. Peveril, smilingly putting one finger under the little round chin and gently raising the face all flushed with excitement. 'Imagine what there is in store! But you have no idea, of course, poor child! how should you? A day at Netley means that Mr. Langford will give us a royal entertainment, will show us all over the college and the hospital, to say nothing of the abbey —the dear delightful abbey. Then that view across Southampton Water! And Mr. Langford is quite one of your heroes, my dear; he has seen so much active service—been twice wounded. And is now quite idolised by his pupils in the college, and by the sick and wounded in hospital.'

'I saw him once when I was a very little girl,' said Angela, looking back into an ever-memorable epoch in her life; 'it was once when Mr. Vyvyan was ill, and Uncle Roger let me go up to London with Mrs. Raisins to see him. Mr. Langford was nursing him, and was very good to me.'

'Yes, poor darling! And you have never been away from Mohun Court since!' said Mrs. Peveril wrathfully. 'If you only knew all that Mr. Vyvyan and I say on that subject when he comes down here! By the bye, why has he not been down this summer? it is months since he has been.'

'I don't know why,' replied Angela; 'one might ask *why* so often every day of one's life. Mrs. Raisins nods her dear old head, and says, "My dear, there will be a grand answer for us all one of these days."'

Mrs. Peveril eyed her lovingly and curiously, until, as the girl looked up from the circle she had sketched on the gravel with her sunshade, she started, and embracing her once more, said with a half-sigh, 'It will be the 10 A.M. train on Thursday, my dear girl; and tell Mrs. Raisins to put in your new cream dress with the deep red ribbons, won't you, dear?'

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER I.

SCHOOL DAYS.

THERE is a certain rambling town in the north of England, which was once of considerable importance; for standing in the midst of a fine fertile country, a great market has been held here once a month from time immemorial, and for many a day after that market farmers in the neighbouring districts would price their corn—oats, wheat, or barley—according to the ruling of the market at Market-Yoredale.

The river from which the place takes its name runs through the town, passing the fine old market hall, and then, leaving the busy haunts of men, pursues its rapid course between steep, picturesque banks, on which stand many pretty cottages, villas, and larger mansions. In these lived, at the time when my story begins, many of the thriving tradesmen of Market-Yoredale and here, too, lived, in a pretty little place called Sunnybank, Agatha Seymour and her aunt, Mrs. Browning.

When this pair first came to Market-Yoredale there was much speculation amongst the older inhabitants as to Mrs. Browning's reason for selecting this particular town as her place of residence. Agatha, being then only ten years old, was supposed to have had no choice in the matter; but this was a great mistake, as the child had really been the person to select Market-Yoredale as her future home. Circumstances, which shall be made known in due time, had left these two without any local ties—without ties of any kind, in fact. All that Mrs. Browning cared for, was to get away from scenes where she had suffered much, and to settle down quietly in some retired place where she could educate her niece according to her own ideas, without interference, and rest, mind and body, after a somewhat stormy experience. In order to find a suitable place, she procured various lists of houses to let in different parts of England, and it was in looking over one of these lists that the name 'Market-Yoredale' took Agatha's fancy, as a name sometimes does take a child's fancy, for some reason which neither the child itself nor any one else can discover.

'Sunnybank, Market-Yoredale,' exclaimed Agatha, 'oh, what a nice name! It's sunny, of course, and I *do* love a sunny place! And see, Aunt Mary, it's on the bank of a river, and there's a good garden, and it's an old-fashioned house, but well-built and in good order, and I can have a boat on the river. Oh, do go there, Aunt Mary!'

Poor Aunt Mary—in all the world she had no one to please but the eager little brown maiden by her side; so having made a few inquiries, she went to Market-Yoredale to have a look at Sunnybank. And as the quiet little place pleased her as much as the name pleased Agatha, she took it at once, purchased furniture in the town, and made the few rooms she required very pretty and comfortable. She seemed to have money enough to live in a quiet way; but, indeed, she must have lived quietly in any case, for she was in very bad health. The neighbours called upon her, and though after a time but few visits were exchanged, Mrs. Browning was not unpopular; her wretched health was a sufficient excuse for her, and she was always courteous and kind when any one sought her out. The worthy ladies of the neighbourhood, indeed, said among themselves that Mrs. Browning, though she had no pride about her, was not one of *their* sort. You never felt that you really got to know her—she did not seem to care about the little chit-chat of the place, and when she was able to exert herself to talk, she talked about books and politics —whereas the good mothers and wives of Market-Yoredale probably did not know the name of the then Prime Minister, and books were considered idle luxuries. 'My Hannah is the idlest girl I ever knew,' one excellent, happy-looking matron said to Mrs. Browning; 'she never would be without a book in her hand if she could help it. I tell her she'll never be of any use to me.' Mrs. Browning smiled; yet, although she gave Agatha lessons at home when her strength allowed it, she sent her every day to 'the Miss Anderson's school for young ladies,' to and from which the little girl went with a whole troop of girls from the riverside houses.

The little one was a bright, energetic creature, full of vigour and vitality, and undoubtedly she would have been neither so well nor so happy as she was, if she had been forced to keep apart from all the young life around her, and to spend all her time with her aunt, though she loved her dearly, and was the deftest and tenderest of attendants. So things settled down, and people began to forget that the dwellers at Sunnybank were strangers. So quiet and uneventful were the next few years that Mrs. Browning never dreamed that Agatha was growing up, until she awoke to the fact that the girl was grown up, and wanted to leave off going to school.

'But why, dear; you always seem to enjoy it?'

'Yes, Aunt Mary, so I have. But now you see all the girls of my age are leaving off going. Hannah Phillips is going to France, or Germany, as a pupil-teacher. Fanny Morton must stay at home to

help her mother. Lucy, my own dear Lucy Winstanley, is to be married almost at once—and Anna Shirley——'

No doubt Agatha would have completed the list of her class-fellows, but that Mrs. Browning, who hardly ever interrupted any one, actually interrupted her, exclaiming—

'Lucy Winstanley! Impossible, dear child. She is younger than you, surely.'

'One year older, auntie. She will be eighteen her next birthday, and she has been engaged these six months to Mr. Lisle, a young Scotchman who is learning farming at Crossley Farm. They are going to Canada; I don't know what I shall do without Lucy.'

'That little fair-haired girl! Are you sure, Agatha, that you have made no mistake? May it not be an elder sister?'

'Lucy has no sister—only a brother, who is at school—or college, I don't remember which. I have never seen him yet.'

'How long have you known anything about this marriage?' said Mrs. Browning anxiously.

'I have known that she is engaged this long time—ever since it happened, you know. But she told me not to tell—and then, they were to be engaged for years and years. Now they mean to go to Canada, or to the States, I believe it is. I was not listening to that part much, because Lucy asked me to be her bridesmaid, if you will let me; and then I really must leave school—a school-girl bridesmaid would be too absurd!'

'Not half so absurd as a school-girl bride—and this poor little Lucy still goes, does she not?'

'She has gone until these holidays; but she will not go when she is a bride, you know. It was her father, he said it might keep her out of mischief.'

'Well, dear, for the same reason——'

'But there's a great difference, Aunt Mary. Lucy has no one at home but her father, and I have you. I shall read and practice, and draw a great deal more than I could if I went on at Miss Anderson's. And I shall work in the garden, and look after you, and have a class in the Sunday-school, and do twenty things that I'm longing to do, and never had time for. And, indeed, I have learned all that they teach there. I am at the top—the head, I mean, of the classes; and Miss Susie nearly had a fit the other day when I played that Capriccio that you taught me. She said she didn't understand that kind of music, and she was not sure that it was proper. I asked her what she meant, and she said, "You know, my dear, you are a private gentlewoman," and she really seemed so unhappy, that I played Rousseau's Dream with variations, to compose her mind.'

Mrs. Browning roused herself, poor woman, to pay a few visits next day; and she found that Agatha was quite correct in saying that if she went back to school after the holidays she would be the only girl of sixteen there. All her class-fellows were leaving, and so

the matter ended in Agatha's leaving school too; and she carried her point about being Lucy Winstanley's bridesmaid as well.

In order to see as much as possible of her friend, Agatha stayed for a few days at Crossley Farm. The wedding was to take place in the Parish Church, St. Germany's as it was popularly called, St. Germain's being the more correct appellation. Mrs. Browning was lying on her couch in the little drawing-room that looked so dull without Agatha, who, without being noisy, or even talkative, was a lassie whose presence was cheering and pleasant. Suddenly a most unusual thing happened; a carriage came down the lane and stopped at the door. The garden lay between the house and the river—the Hall door opened upon the quiet lane. Mrs. Browning's sitting-room looked into the garden, and of course she could not see what or whom the carriage was bringing her, and to judge by her startled face, she did not know of any old and welcome friend likely to find her out in her retirement. However, exclamations in the Hall, 'Oh, miss! Oh, ain't it lovely!' and a light well-known step soon re-assured her, even before the door opened, and Agatha came in.

'Aunt Mary, I have only a moment to stay, but Mr. Winstanley was so kind, when I told him I wished so much that you could see my dress, he actually made the man drive down the lane. Look—is it not pretty? Lucy would have the deep crimson for the ribbons, because she said it would be becoming to me. And Lucy is married, Auntie—just ten minutes ago—and I shall come home this evening. I have brought you my flowers; are they not beauties! Mr. Winstanley got them from London. Kiss me, auntie; I must be off.'

'Stay one moment, love. Well, a long dress does make a change! Is this my little Agatha, I wonder?'

'Just your own little brown Agatha; but, auntie,' said the girl, with the utmost simplicity, 'do you know I really thought to-day, as I looked in the glass, that I am growing rather pretty. Not pretty like Lucy—oh, she *is* so lovely in her bride's dress—but pretty in a brown kind of way. Good-bye, Aunt Mary, I promised not to keep Mr. Winstanley waiting.'

A hasty kiss, and Agatha was gone. Mrs. Browning lay and thought about her.

'Pretty, no, my little Agatha, but something better than pretty. I suppose nothing would make the child look less distinguished—and she has the brown eyes and russet hair of her race. I pray that she may have nothing else of theirs. A quiet, lowly, useful life—doing a little good to set against all the mischief—that's what I wish for my darling. But if Lady Archer saw her to-day, she would tell me again that I am doing her an injustice.'

Agatha came home in the evening, brilliantly happy. This was not the final parting with her friend, for the young couple were to be at Crossley again before they left England.

'They have gone to Scotland, Aunt Mary, to see the place where

his people lived. He is an orphan, and has no near relations, so of course he wanted a wife very badly. Then they come home, and Lucy wants me to spend a few days with her; but I will not go unless you are better. I think you have missed me; have you?'

'Sorely, love; yet I must not be selfish. You must have your pleasant time with your friend, as she is going so far away.'

'And, Aunt Mary, may I go to Market-Yoredale to-morrow, and buy myself some dresses? Mine are all shabby, besides being short and skimpy. I want to look like other people, now that I am leaving school. And I might as well call on the Miss Andersons and tell them that I am not going back to them; it would be kinder, would it not?'

Mrs. Browning assenting to both requests, Agatha secured Fanny Morton as her companion, and thoroughly did the pair enjoy a day's shopping. Mrs. Browning had given Agatha money enough to purchase three or four summer dresses, and various other articles of attire. She, however, left the choice to Agatha herself, and Fanny Morton was greatly distressed at what she considered her friend's lack of taste. Shopping over, the two girls betook themselves to Miss Anderson's school.

'Agatha,' said Fanny, 'is it not funny to think how often you and I, and all of us, have come along this pokey little street, and now we shall perhaps never come here any more—certainly not all together?'

'Well, we have been very happy here,' said cheery Agatha; 'it is like reading a story—you turn over a page, and *this* page is finished.'

'Ah!' said Fanny, who was sentimentally inclined, 'I wish we could see what the next page has on it.'

'Oh, I don't wish that! Half the pleasure of life would be gone without its surprises. Don't be silly, Fan, we shall all get on very well. Here's the door—dear old door; they've painted it, and I am sure that never was done since I began to attend school until now, for I scratched my name down there, and it was quite visible only the other day. Is Miss Anderson at home?'

Both Miss Andersons were at home. The two girls announced that they were to leave school; the two Miss Andersons said they were prepared to hear that. A week ago, they would have been permitted to depart as soon as they had delivered their message; but now they were grown-up young ladies, so they were entertained with tea and cake. Agatha told her aunt afterwards that she fancied the cake must have been seasoned with sand, it was so gritty; but I rather think the grittiness was occasioned by extreme old age. As the girls were saying good-bye, Miss Susan said—

'Agatha, dear, I want to ask you one question. Maria never would allow me to ask it before; but I will now, Maria, so you need not shake your head. Agatha, tell me why you never would try for

a prize. You have been with us six years. You are our very best pupil, and yet you have not one prize to show for it! I don't think you ever went through one examination even—always stayed away on those days.'

'Well, Miss Susie, I am sure I may tell you now: it would have been unfair. My aunt is very clever, you know, and she always helped me to learn my lessons, and taught me more than is in the school books. I thought it would not be fair, and I asked her. She said I was quite right, and that I might stay at home on the examination days. Good-bye, Miss Susie; I am sure Fanny and I and all of us will never forget all your kindness to us. Good-bye, Miss Anderson.'

The girls were soon on their homeward way. The two governesses stood at the door and looked after them.

'I wonder,' said the elder, with a queer little laugh that might as well have been a sigh, 'I wonder how many sets of girls have gone off—away into the world—with the same words on their lips. I could very easily tell you how many have really remembered us, Susie.'

'But they mean it when they say it,' Miss Susie answered, twinkling away a tear out of her soft old eyes; 'and that is something, dear. And we have never yet parted with a pupil except kindly—that is something more. And the poor children, you know, are beginning life, and things happen—and things happen, and time steals on, and——'

'Yes, yes, things happen,' Miss Anderson said quietly, 'to every one except to us, I think, We just work on, and only one thing will ever happen to us.'

'Maria, dear, this is not like you! We work, to be sure, but it is not hard—at least, not unpleasant work. And it is *our* work, given to us to do; but you know all about that better than I do.'

'If so, Susie, I don't make as good a use of my knowledge as you do. The truth is, I have been specially fond and proud of Agatha Seymour; she is so intelligent and bright, and so very dependable—such a perfect little lady, too. Now that was just like her about the prize. Which of the girls, except Agatha, would have thought it unfair to compete. Why, Hannah Phillips, though she is a good girl enough, yet you know she carried off prize after prize, and her brother always helped her.'

'Yes, Agatha always behaves like a thorough lady,' Miss Susan replied; 'I declare she made quite a difference in the manners of our girls! I remember when she came first, two girls had a quarrel, and they pinched and scratched each other. I have never forgotten Agatha's look of horror. But she quelled the two little ones far sooner than I could have done it, by saying sorrowfully, "Oh, don't; you'll be so dreadfully ashamed by-and-by."'

'Yes; and she was always a comfort,' Miss Anderson said. 'Well,

my dear, she's gone, and we shall see her no more; but there will be six new little ones, so let us begin all over again with what courage we may.'

'Agatha will not forget us!' said Miss Susan. 'She only said, you may remark, that she never could forget; she did not promise to visit us whenever she was in the town, as many have; she made no professions. But she will not forget us; she is a very real girl, and what she says she means.'

'A very real girl,' Miss Anderson repeated; 'that's perhaps the most uncommon thing in the world. It is high praise, coming from one who must know. Well, well, come on, Susie, and we'll make some fresh tea; I took none with the girls, and a cup will cheer us up now.'

The girls were out of sight, light of foot and light of heart, little understanding the feelings of the two quiet elderly sisters. Ah, girls! be kind to your governesses; love them, for they love you. If they did not, they could not teach you. Their task, never-ending, still beginning, is trying to nerve, temper, and strength. Think of them, care for them, give them the 'cup of cold water,' the little tokens of affection and consideration, that will help to send them on their way with refreshed hearts.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLIV.

WHIG AND TORY.

1680–1682.

THERE is no period in all our history more humiliating and disappointing than the reign of Charles II. So many hopes, so much thankfulness had greeted his return, the cause of the Church and of the Crown had been so heroically patient in adversity, and the hand of Providence had been so visible in the Restoration, that it would have seemed as if a general renovation of the country must have taken place; and it is most bitter to find the whole character of the Court and of public men sunk to a far lower point than perhaps had ever been the case before.

Something was due to the reaction from Puritanism, and from the hypocrisy into which forced strictness drives lower natures, and something to the corrupt example of the French Court, where society was utterly indifferent to the grossest scandals. Moreover, the personal pleasantness and *insouciance* of the King, and his powers of drollery, lessened disgust to vice in those who came in contact with him; and there was probably never a time when there was so little moral indignation against immorality, dishonour, untruth, and treachery. Even those who kept themselves pure, innocent, and devout condoned evil in others so as to do little or nothing for the purification of the world around them.

On the one hand, there was nothing more dreaded than an overthrow of peace by another civil war, and therefore Noncomformity was to be as much as possible stamped out, being regarded as the handmaid of rebellion; on the other, the ancient dread of Popery was as strong as ever, and the perversion of the heir to the Crown was a terrible blow.

The remnant of the men of the Commonwealth might indeed have been discontented with the supremacy of Cromwell, but they looked back with regret to the moral and religious tone of his surroundings, to the honourable relations of England with foreign countries, and to what they began to believe had been the greater liberty of the subject achieved by Parliament. Hatred of the corruption that reigned around Charles II., dread of the gradual establishment of such a stifling autocracy as they beheld in France, and fear of the Popery of the Duke of York, impelled them to actions entirely un-

worthy of their characters and principles, and actually in the hope of preventing the accession of James, to allow themselves to be subsidised by the enemy of their country and of liberty, when his whole object was to prevent England from assisting Holland and interfering with his ambitious schemes.

The Parliament of 1679 was vehemently Protestant, Shaftesbury was its guiding spirit, and profiting by a fire in Fetter Lane, which was of course ascribed to the Papists, and by a report that the Duke of York was coming home with a foreign fleet and army to recover his rights, caused a Bill of Exclusion to be brought in, passing over the Duke, apparently with a view to his daughter Mary, but really in the hope of bringing in the Duke of Monmouth. The King, who was determined not to give up his brother's rights, offered, by way of compromise, that the powers of a Roman Catholic sovereign should be limited by restrictions, and also to disband the standing army; but his offers were hardly heeded, and the Bill of Exclusion passed the Commons, two hundred and one voting for it, one hundred and twenty-one against it.

Upon this Charles prorogued the Parliament, and then dissolved it, by the advice of Lord Sunderland and Sir William Temple, and to the extreme wrath of Shaftesbury, who declared that he would have the heads of the councillors of the measure. Just before the prorogation, however, the King, among other bills, in May 1679, had given his sanction to one of the most important measures ever passed, namely, the act called *Habeas Corpus*, which compels the production of a prisoner at the first Competent Court of Justice after his arrest, thus preventing all arbitrary imprisonments without trial, such as were too common in France. There not only political prisoners were immured for any length of time, but a private person sometimes obtained a *lettre de cachet* for the imprisonment of a person obnoxious to him. A son, likely to contract a marriage disapproved by his father, would sometimes thus be sent to the Bastille, and kept there as long as was convenient to the family. Thus had Richelieu imprisoned St. Cyran, and, moreover, inconvenient inventors; thus did Lauzun spend ten years at Pignerol; and thus was immured for life the mysterious person known as 'Le Masque de Fer,' because throughout his life as a captive at Pignerol, lasting from youth till death, he wore a barred mask, securely padlocked, and never was seen without it, nor was his name ever known. Conjectures have varied whether he were a twin-brother of Louis XIV., or an obscure Italian intriguer, who vanished at about the time of the commencement of his captivity.

Contemporary examples such as these might well make England rejoice in the security thus gained, and in spite of all his faults, feel grateful to Shaftesbury for carrying through the measure.

The King had a very serious illness in August at Windsor, and James hurried over from Brussels, incognito, with as few attendants as possible, among them, however, John Churchill. When he reached

Windsor, he found his brother much better, and delighted to see him, declaring that nothing should part them again, and sending Monmouth out of England for a time. In a couple of months James was summoned back in order to be sent to Scotland to give assistance in quelling the Covenanters. The King had wished the journey to be made by sea, but the Duchess suffered so much from sea-sickness, that they were forced to travel by land, when they received an ominously cold welcome first from the Earl of Salisbury at Hatfield, and then from the City of York. They were recalled, however, in the winter.

Charles, having prorogued the new Parliament for a twelvemonth, and called Temple and Sunderland to his councils, began to venture more, especially as Louis gave him half a million of livres to enable him to dispense with supplies!

Shaftesbury was removed from office, and threw himself into opposition. It was now that the two great party names of Whig and Tory came into use. Whig apparently taken from Whigamore, originally meaning sour whey, but the Scotch nickname for West countrymen, commonly applied to the Covenanters, and thence given to the supporters of Protestantism at all costs and hazards; and therewith of extension of the power of the people, and restriction of that of the Crown. Tory was the Irish term for an outlaw, and probably the Cromwellian settlers caused it to be applied to the successors of the Royalists, as supporters of Crown and Church.

Cavalier and Roundhead, court and country, had become Tory and Whig, as these in process of time were to change into Conservative and Liberal. Shaftesbury set himself to keep up the excitement of the Popish Plot. Not content with a grand Guy Fawkes procession on the 5th of November, he followed it up on the 17th with a torchlight procession in honour of the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

First marched a bell-man, shouting in sepulchral tones, 'Remember Godfrey,' then came an effigy of that gentleman's corpse borne by one in the habit of a Jesuit, afterwards figures of nuns, monks, priests, Roman Bishops in capes and mitres, Protestant Bishops in lawn sleeves, six Cardinals in red hats, and the Pope in a litter, attended by Arch-Chancellor the devil. At Temple Bar there was a great bonfire, and here the Pope and all his followers were thrown into the flames, with shouts of ecstasy from the populace, who were so delighted that the pageant was repeated on the two next anniversaries!

Also Monmouth made his appearance in London, not having had a very warm welcome in Holland, where he was viewed as a dangerous rival. The King ordered him back again, but he declared that as a dutiful son he was bound to remain to protect his father against the plots that were rife, and obstinately refused to depart; while it was alleged that the return of the Duke of York rendered his presence only fair play. Moreover, half the country believed that the proofs of Lucy Waters's marriage were in a black box, under

the care of Sir Gilbert Gerard, son-in-law to the Bishop of Durham; and it made no difference in the general opinion that nobody could be found who had ever seen or heard of the Black Box, an imitation which always figured in the Protestant processions.

In fact, the country was greatly and justly alarmed at the non-assembly of Parliament, forgetting that it was the consequence of the injustice of excluding the legitimate heir of the throne, and petitions poured in upon the King to re-assemble Parliament, and secure the Protestant succession, while counter petitions were presented by the Tories, who were for a time called Abhorrers, as hating disloyalty.

The King had dismissed Temple as his Minister, and had around him Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, second son of Clarendon, a strong Tory, but dissipated; also Sidney Godolphin, an able man, of whom Charles said, 'he was never in the way and never out of the way,' unscrupulous and pleasure loving, yet with good enough about him to have attached the affections of that saintly Maid of Honour, Margaret Blagg, to whom he was secretly married. John Evelyn has written of her perfect happiness with him for a year, at the end of which she died, leaving an infant son, and he always was constant to her memory.

It must always be borne in mind that Ministers were still little more than private secretaries to the Sovereign, and that he could change them at will, without reference to the nation, the Government depending far more on the monarch than on them; and Charles, for all his pleasure-loving indolence, spent many hours daily upon affairs of State.

Moreover, his ability was very great, and he was absolutely determined not to endure Shaftesbury's dictation, nor to allow his brother to be excluded from the throne. He had a large amount of the old Cavalier spirit of the country on his side, though the Londoners who beheld his vicious habits were against him, and he profited by this, and by the secret supplies which he obtained from France, to avoid being coerced by Parliament, and to turn the tables upon the enemies of his brother, so as to verify the warning he had given Danby and Shaftesbury when they were bent on fostering the Popish plot, that it would prove their destruction. It did, in fact, turn out a cockatrice egg to all promoters. It had been too profitable a speculation for the example of Titus Oates not to be followed, and one Dangerfield, a young man of education, but of infamous character, who had been whipped, branded, and pilloried for different offences, concocted an accusation against the Presbyterians. Prisoners in Newgate were left to such frightful destitution, that one of the charitable acts of good ladies was to send them alms, and pay off the small debts for which many were confined. Mrs. Cellier, a professional nurse, was employed by several ladies, like herself Roman Catholics on this mission; and thus she made acquaintance

with Dangerfield, whose debts she paid, and then imprudently employed him to collect moneys due to her husband.

He then informed her that he had discovered a plot for murdering the King and Duke of York, and she introduced him to Lady Powys, the wife of one of the noblemen who had been imprisoned for supposed complicity in the Popish plot. She brought the man to the Earl of Peterborough, who took him to the Duke of York. James, without quite believing him, gave him twenty guineas and took him to the King, to whom he showed a paper giving commissions in a Presbyterian army to gentlemen mentioned by name and connected with Shaftesbury. Charles was somewhat uneasy, gave him forty guineas, and bade him be on the watch.

Dangerfield showed two trivial letters from the envoy at Brussels to Shaftesbury, and directed the revenue officers to search the rooms of Colonel Mansel, one of the persons nominated to the supposed army, telling them they would find a bundle of lace in a truss of hay. Instead of lace, they found perilous-looking papers, but these were at once shown to be clumsy forgeries, and Mansel was able to show that Dangerfield had had access to his quarters. The man was sent to Newgate, and there turned about declaring that this was only a sham plot to hide another Popish one of Mrs. Cellier and Lady Powys, and that the proofs would be found in a meal tub at Mrs. Cellier's house. There, indeed, a paper was found, showing the origin of the same plot, Lady Powys was sent to the Tower, but the Grand Jury threw out the bill against her, and when Mrs. Cellier was tried, she showed Dangerfield to be so unworthy of credit that she was acquitted.

Charles's new Parliament was summoned to Oxford, as being more secure than Westminster from the violence of the tumultuous Londoners, but finding it as untractable as the last, he dismissed it after eight days' Session. An unfortunate carpenter, Stephen College, a Presbyterian known as 'the Protestant,' was accused by Dugdale, and the informers who had sworn away Archbishop Plunket's life, of being concerned in a plot against the King's life at Oxford. The object seems to have been partly to convince the public that Non-conformists were as dangerous as Papists, and partly to frighten him into fabricating evidence against Shaftesbury, after the example of France. College, however, was made of stouter stuff. The London Grand Jury threw out the bill against him, but on the ground that the offence was to have been committed at Oxford, he was sent thither to be tried. Oates gave evidence of his innocence, and for that redeeming act, lost his pension, and the unfortunate joiner, after being shamefully abused by the judges, was condemned and suffered death.

A higher victim was aimed at, Lord Shaftesbury himself was accused by Dugdale and the Irish witnesses of having tried to suborn them to accuse the Queen and Duke of York of complicity in the Popish plot. He was sent to the Tower, deriding the accusation,

and declaring that if he could have dealt with such creatures, Bedlam was the fittest place for him. One of the Roman Catholic noblemen, who were still prisoners, owing in great part to his machinations, expressed surprise at his being among them. "I have been lately indisposed with ague,' he said, 'and am come to take Jesuits' powder.'

He offered to leave the kingdom and spend the rest of his life in Carolina, whither an English colony had gone out under his auspices; but the King insisted on his being tried by his Peers, and as these would have been selected by the King, they would have been his personal enemies; but a true bill had first to be found by a grand jury, and the Londoners were mostly Whigs, and viewed him as a patriot. While the Crown lawyers were endeavouring to find a sufficient indictment against him, hosts of pamphlets came out against him. Anglicans called him 'the Apostle of schism'; Romanists, 'the man of sin'; Tories, Alderman Shiftesbury; and the poet Dryden published his famous satire, Absalom and Achitophel, names which every one knew to indicate Monmouth and Shaftesbury, marvellously clever and biting in sarcasm.

Shaftesbury was actually indicted for compassing and imagining the death of the King, and declaring that he would make England a republic like Holland; but the evidence utterly failed, as did the attempt to overawe the Grand Jury at the Old Bailey. When the officer of the court read out the word *Ignoramus*, there was shouting that lasted above an hour, bonfires and rejoicings. Charles said, 'It is hard that I am the last man to have law and justice in the whole nation.'

Shaftesbury was playing at cards when the result was announced to him, perhaps in imitation of the Elector of Saxony's game at chess, and he continued as if nothing had happened.

On his release he attempted to prosecute the false witnesses, but the Court of King's Bench showed cause for having the case tried outside the county of Middlesex, and as this would have removed the trial to a place where his enemies had chosen sheriffs and magistrates, he dropped the attempt, and never dared stir beyond London, where his Whig friends protected him.

William of Orange made a visit to his uncle's court early in 1682, perhaps to look after his future interests, but ostensibly to obtain assistance against the encroachments of France, in which object he failed, Charles being too dependent on Louis to quarrel with him. His visit made the Duke of York uneasy, and he obtained permission to come and meet the King at Newmarket races, and they then agreed that things had so far improved that he might return to England as soon as he had settled the affairs of Scotland.

James embarked at Margate on the 4th of May in the *Glocester* frigate. The weather was foggy, and on the Suffolk coast, the Duke, who knew the soundings full well, cautioned the pilot that he was too near the land; but he was not attended to, and at 5.30 on the

morning of the 6th, the vessel was run aground on a sand-bank called the Lemon and Ore. There was at once eight feet of water in the hold, and Sir John Berry, the Captain, begged the Duke to go off in the boat to one of the yachts in company. He was very unwilling, but was prevailed on. The boat would only hold six persons besides the rowers, and he called these by name, no one stirring except at his summons. John Churchill was first, brother of a lady to whom James had once been attached—Lord Roxburgh and Lord O'Brien did not come—Lords Aberdeen, Winton, and two more gentlemen, made up the number. Another boat, overloaded, went down, and the Duke saw Montrose in the water, and though some objected, dragged him in with his own hands; also a poor musician, whom the crew tried to beat off with their oars. 'Only a poor fiddler! Let us save him!' The man was picked up, but his professional pride swallowed up his gratitude, and he never forgave the expression of poor fiddler!

The boat reached the yacht *Mary* in safety, and that vessel and the *Happy Return* sent out all their boats, but the *Glocester* foundered before these reached her, and many lives were lost, though a fair number were saved by keeping themselves afloat. The Duchess's almoner, Rouché, was one of these, and the Captain, Sir John Berry, clung to a rope. The physician, Sir Charles Scarborough, and the Duke's dog, Mumper, had a struggle for a plank, as was testified by Lord Dartmouth when Bishop Burnet in his memoirs published the ill-natured and false story that the Duke had cared to save nothing but his priest and his dog, a bit of spite too often repeated by modern histories.

Immediately after the Duke came back again to England with his wife and family, and was reinstated in his office of Lord High Admiral. This, however, brought Monmouth home again, almost as a declared rival to his uncle. The young man made an almost royal progress, attended by a suite of a hundred splendidly equipped persons, and was received with princely honours by the Whigs of Lancashire, Staffordshire, Worcestershire, and Cheshire. In the towns, processions were formed to meet him, and he rode in state in the midst, giving public dinners to two hundred persons at once, and admitting the public to gaze at him. At Liverpool he even touched for the King's evil, and where there were country sports, he took part in them, and delighted the people by his grace and agility. Bells were rung, salutes fired, bonfires lighted, and the air rung with shouts of 'A Monmouth, a Monmouth!' and 'Soho!' a sort of watchword. Monmouth Street and Soho Square are memorials of his popularity.

These proceedings were reported, and cut short by his arrest at Stratford, just as he was going to dine in the street with the whole population.

The warrant was for passing through the kingdom with a multitude of riotous persons so as to disturb the peace of the realm. He

was bailed out by his friends, Lords Russell and Gray, but at this time the Court was quite in the ascendant. Sir John Moore, a Tory, was Lord Mayor, and attempted to appoint one of the Sheriffs by drinking to him as such, reviving a custom which had been put down in the last reign. The citizens would not submit, and elected their own Whig Sheriffs. The Lord Mayor called their proceeding a riot, and the Judges favoured him, so that his nominees were thrust in, and as they chose the Grand Juries, there was no farther chance of bills against Whigs being thrown, but a former Sheriff, Pilkington, was prosecuted for having said that the Duke of York had fired the City of London before, and was coming to cut all their throats. He was fined £100,000, and having no such sum, surrendered himself as a prisoner.

Shaftesbury, in despair at the illegal measures of government, tried to persuade Lord Russell, Algernon Sidney, and others, to begin an insurrection in the City in favour of Monmouth, but they saw no chance of success; and his plans being suspected, he received warning that he would be arrested.

Disguised as a Presbyterian minister, he left London with a young gentleman named Whelock, disguised in like manner. They were detained for ten days at Harwich at a little inn. There one of the maids surprised Mr. Whelock with his black wig off, showing a fine head of light hair. She told her mistress, who came to warn her guests, promising herself to keep the secret, but saying she could not answer for the maid.

Shaftesbury answered that he entirely trusted her sense of honour, 'and as to the maid,' he said to his friend, 'you must go and make love to her to keep her quiet.'

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

XLIX.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

Aunt Anne. This is really the most important part of the Pontifical, for it is through the channel of the Priesthood that grace is conveyed to individual Christians—and Bishops are really greater priests.

Susan. Priest is Presbyteros, Elder, I know.

A. Yes; the term was adopted from the Septuagint translation of the title of the Seventy Elders as first appointed by Moses.

S. Were the Seventy Disciples our Lord appointed the first priests?

A. It is very tempting to believe so, but there is no warrant for it. The first real evidence we have is of St. Paul and Barnabas 'ordaining Elders in every Church' (Acts xiv. 23) on their return through the places they had visited on their first journey, so as to find out whether there were any stability in them.

S. And there were already Elders at Jerusalem. But the original Elders were only a sort of magistrates in secular matters, like Arab Sheiks in the wilderness.

A. Yes; but there were Elders in the synagogues afterwards, responsible for the conducting of the worship, and the title must have been adopted from them. The Greek *hiereus* and the Latin *sacerdos* were too closely connected with heathenism to be readily adopted.

S. But the Jewish priests were so called.

A. They were a caste, and the translators of the Septagint applied to them the word in use for the Greek priests, which again comes from *hieros*, holy. It is used in the Epistle to the Hebrews, for one great High Priest, the *Arch Hiereus;* but the heathen associations of the two words *Hiereus* and *Sacerdos* were such that Christianity was not willing to adopt them for her ministry, and finally her word for Elder was used to translate them, even in their old use.

S. And though Presbyter is only 'Priest' writ larger, it is often used in quite a different sense.

A. Yes, in the endeavour to deny the special power of the sacerdotal office, and to reduce the priest merely to the Elder or Pastor.

S. And now to trace the power and appointment of Elders or priests. It begins of course from the first Easter-day, when the promise of the keys was fulfilled by the breathing on the Apostles and saying, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whosesoever sins ye remit they are

remitted unto them' (John xx. 22, 23); but that power was given to the Apostles. How do we see that it went on to Elders?

A. The distinction between Bishops and Elders is not clear in the inspired books, as we find St. Peter and St. John both calling themselves Elders. But we see numerous Elders wherever a Church was formed, for instance, coming from Ephesus to meet St. Paul, and surrounding St. James at Jerusalem. And it is clear that there must have been Celebrations of the Holy Communion at Corinth, in the absence of St. Paul, or any other great Apostle, and likewise that the offending brother was excommunicated and received back again, and going by the rule of later practice that must have been done through priests.

S. Then there is a good deal in the Epistles to Timothy and Titus.

A. The distinction is not quite so obvious, for from the tone of the directions to Timothy in the third chapter of the First Epistle and iv. 1, v. 17, it seems that the so-called overlookers or Bishops were in fact Elders, under the rule of Timothy.

S. I see. And St. Paul speaks of Timothy's having received the gift through the laying on of hands of the Presbytery.

A. Yes, on that, and on the absence of the name of any of the original Apostles, or their known successors at the Consecration of Saul and Barnabas, the argument of the validity of Presbyterian Orders is based.

S. It is puzzling! But how is it answered?

A. Chiefly by interpreting these passages by the light of universal custom and early testimony. In the matter of the setting apart of the two at Antioch there was Divine interposition, nor do we know to the contrary of there being in one of Apostolic gifts present at the time. As to Timothy, St. Paul distinctly speaks of the laying on of his own hands (2 Tim. i. 6), and also bids him lay hands suddenly on no man (v. 22). The Presbytery is continued by the rule that priests as well as Bishops take part in the Ordination.

S. And I see that in writing to Titus, St. Paul directs him to ordain Elders, though they seem in the next verse to be called Bishops.

A. In fact, the term Bishops seems not to have been restricted to the highest order till after the Apostles had all, or nearly all, passed away. Those whom they appointed seem, in Asia Minor at least, to have been called Angels in the lifetime of St. John; but afterwards the two separate ranks of Bishops and Elders became clear. Instead of taking the holiest title, he who in each place was chief overlooker received the title of Episcopes as more suitable than that of Apostle—meaning sent upon a mission.

S. Yes; except St. James, and perhaps in later life St. Barnabas as well as St. John were more missionaries than overlookers of churches. So that at first there were Apostles, also sometimes called Elders, Elders proper, also sometimes called Bishops and Deacons. Then after the Apostles, those of the highest order were sometimes called

Angels and sometimes Bishops, and Elder only means the second Order.

A. The three orders are marked in the writings of St. Ignatius, the pupil of St. John, and martyred only sixteen years after his death.

S. And they are to be found wherever the Church exists.

A. Yes; and in those distant, sometimes schismatical or slightly heretical Churches which have been early separated, and have kept up little intercourse with the Great Eastern and Western Churches, such as the Nestorians in Syria and Persia and in Malabar, and the Abyssinians—who are Catholic, and have beautiful and elaborate services, though they have fallen far below them in intelligence. All these identities are witnesses to the antiquity of the three great Orders, and the sense that they are essential to the existence of a Church.

S. And, like almost every other Christian practice, grounds for the necessity of Ordination by a Bishop are found in the New Testament; but only elucidated by the practice of the Church. So that when the Reformers threw over all authority except that of the Bible, they could easily dispute that Episcopal and not Presbyterian Ordination was commanded.

A. Yes; especially those who so broke with the Bishops as not to be able to obtain it. In point of fact, the Scandinavians do continue it, though their succession is broken in Denmark and Norway, and in Sweden it is very uncertain. But it is as Pastor rather than priest that the clergyman is regarded.

S. I know there is a great prejudice among many people against the word priest, and I always thought it was because they fancied it Roman Catholic.

A. That is the reason with the ignorant many, but there are further reasons with others. Priest has come to mean far more than Elder. It involves the connection with sacrifice that *Hiereus* and *Sacerdos* have, and also gives a title to spiritual authority and influence.

S. Yes; we went through the explanation of the Holy Eucharist being a commemoration and representation, a pleading over again of the One Great Sacrifice, and enabling us to partake of It, as of a peace-offering. And it is those who object to this view who will not use the terms Altar and Priest.

A. Indeed it is so, and they imagine the doctrine against which they protest to be of an actual renewal of the Holy Sacrifice at the hands of the priest. Indeed, popular expressions of Roman Catholics give too much colour for this idea; but I think the more modern objection is to any assumption of spiritual power or influence.

S. What people call priestcraft and sacerdotalism. But the influence and power of priests has been improperly used.

A. Most certainly it has. Spiritual and temporal power have contended together ever since the birth of the Church, and when

the spiritual power for a time prevailed through temporal arms, it was not exercised worthily, and gave cause for bitter memories. I think now, however, when there is no fear of anything of the kind, most persons who talk of sacerdotalism, really mean that they dispute any authority that dares to find fault with what is right in their own eyes, or to set a higher standard before them than they choose to adopt. It is authority that they hate.

S. Is not there an appeal to our all being kings and priests—a royal priesthood?

A. Yes; but St. Peter took the words 'a royal priesthood, a peculiar nation,' from Moses' promise to the Israelites. We are priests by virtue of our membership of the Great High Priest; we can pray and intercede; we all join in the Oblation, though we cannot conduct it, and the congregation are called on to take part in every function, but all in our place.

S. To offer the Holy Communion and to absolve are the special and peculiar functions of the priests above the Deacon.

A. Yes. The old rule, when first we find any, kept the Deacons such for five years, and made thirty the age for the Priesthood, but this was reduced, so that twenty-four is the age in our Church, twenty-five in that of Rome.

S. Does a Roman Catholic priest vow celibacy?

A. No. That was merely a regulation introduced by Gregory VII. to prevent the feudal system from eating into the Church. Benefices were becoming looked on as hereditary possessions, and the only way of cutting this short was to prevent the marriage of the clergy. It is only those that are monks that have taken any vows against marriage, but at the same time the laws of Roman Catholic countries do not recognise the marriage of a priest.

S. While in the Eastern Church a parish priest must be married.

A. So literally is the 'being the husband of one wife' interpreted, that the parish priest, whose wife dies, has to give up his pastorate and retire into a convent.

CONVERSATION ON FRENCH BOOKS.

Spider. How fond you are of reading French books.

Arachne. Yes, I greatly enjoy the brilliant wit and charm of style which one finds in the best modern authors, and I think it is profitable to study such clearness of expression and exquisite choice of words as one finds in, say, *Lettres de mon Moulin*, by Daudet. I do not say I should let a girl read the whole, but really I know nothing more charming than some chapters.

S. Is it a story, or what?

A. No; Daudet tells the reader how, weary of every-day life, he established himself in an old mill in the south of France, a mill long deserted, so that at last the rabbits made up their minds that the race of millers was extinct, and took possession of the grass-grown platform as their headquarters, a centre of strategic operations, 'le moulin de Jemmapes des lapins.' 'La nuit de mon arrivée, il y en avait bien, sans mentir, une vingtaine, assis en rond sur la plate-forme, en train de se chauffer les pattes à un rayon de lune. Le temps d'entr'ouvrir une lucarne, bon! . . . voilà le bivouac en érdoute, et tous ces petits derrières blancs qui détalent la queue en l'air, dans le fourré.' You see there is a graceful charm which would evaporate in translation, and yet which is by no means merely that of words. Here is another book which has the same kind of spell in it —indeed, I know no author who describes scenery so well, and has such a power of word painting, as André Theuriet—*Les Enchantements de la Forêt.* It is a child's book, but any one might read it with pleasure.

S. I did not know Theuriet wrote for children.

A. This is the only child's book by Theuriet that I know. I wish I were not obliged to add—the only one I can recommend you to read.

S. I know there was one lately by him—or is it her?—in the 'Revue des Deux Mondes,' which my father thought so objectionable that he gave up the magazine.

A. The stories in that magazine pander to the gross faults of popular taste just now in France. It seems as if French taste were becoming vulgarised, and that when an author tries to be moral, he becomes dull and disagreeable.

S. (*laughing*). With what acrimony you said that.

A. I dare say I did. Here are two stories which I bought because they were recommended by a review which I thought I could trust,

Lydie, and *Susanne Martinez*, which bear out what I say. In *Lydie* there is a description of a doctor's visit to a young girl which disgusts one, though the author evidently meant to be super-refined; and in the other we have a wife thrown into temptation by the neglect of her immoral husband. To heighten her merits we hear so much about the misconduct of the husband that it becomes very objectionable reading.

S. I see another book which seems meant for children, *Les quatres peurs de mon général*, by Stahl.

A. For children of all ages—yes, and very amusing it is.

S. I have been reading that graceful *Livre de mon Ami*, by Anatole France, and it struck me as being in a different key, if you understand me, from most French books.

A. So it is; Anatole France has a vein of quiet humour unusual in French writers, who are a great deal wittier than English ones, but have little sense of what we call fun. He is steeped in classic literature, and is rather a thinker than a novelist; not very deep, but treating his little studies in such a masterly manner that they become real gems in their own line. His *Nos Enfants*, for instance.

S. I see you have the memoirs of Madame de Lamartine.

A. Yes; but not those of his mother, as I expected, but his wife's. Of course they are comparatively uneventful and much less interesting than a good memoir of the poet's mother would be. But, after all, she is revealed in her journal as she could hardly be elsewhere.

S. I do not know it.

A. Lamartine published it after her death, when hard pressed, as usual, for money, under the title of *Le Manuscrit de ma Mère*. It is very simple and high-minded; with such a father and mother he ought to have been a finer character than he showed himself. But I think his poems are as much under-estimated now as at one time they were over-praised.

S. Can you tell me of any French plays to read or adapt for acting?

A. Etienne Carjat's *La Leçon de Jeanne* might be adapted, I think; there are four men and two women. With a little ingenuity Michu, the farmer, could be turned into a farmer's wife. If one only wanted plays for schoolgirls, Carcassonne's *Théâtre de Jeunes Filles* would do well enough, but—rare fault in French plays—there is hardly any plot; and the *Théâtre des Enfants*, in the Bibliothèque Blanche, which might have been so pretty, is poor. *En Wagon*, by Verconsin, is capital for drawing-room acting; you only want a gentleman, a lady, and a railway guard. The lady takes her respectable fellow-traveller for an escaped convict.

S. French plays are so expensive!

A. You can get Feuillet's *Village* for fivepence, in the series of plays published by Velhagen, at Bielefeld, and Madame de Girardin's *La Joie fait Peur*, and many others.

S. Apropos of German books, we have been delighted with the *Erinnerungen* of Graf Dürkheim, which gives a charming picture of his home life, and a very interesting one of France, where he was a *sous préfet* in the time of Louis Philippe. One sees as one reads it how France has drifted to her present state.

A. Yes, I know the book; it is one of the most interesting memoirs that I have met with for years.

LAFAYETTE'S LEVEE.

A FAMILY REMINISCENCE.

I AM Rebecca MacLaren, and am sixteen years old. My own home is in Arkansas, but I am now staying at the old family mansion at Warrington, with my great aunt Rebecca, for whom I am named, and Uncle Robert.

Last evening, while sitting in the old library for the cosy after-dinner hour, I begged auntie for a story. 'Auntie,' I said, 'you have several times promised to tell me the story of Lafayette's portrait over there, on the wall, and how it came to be among the family pictures. Isn't this a good time? Please begin at the beginning, as Robbie says when he asks for a fairy-tale.' And so Aunt Rebecca began, and Uncle Robert was good—or sleepy—and did not call for the light for a long time.

AUNTIE'S STORY.

'There has been a Rebecca MacLaren in our family, my dear, ever since your great-great-grandfather, Angus MacLaren (whose grandfather before him came from Scotland and settled in the new province of Pennsylvania), married Rebecca Ross, nearly one hundred and ten years ago, and brought her all the way—it was a long way then—from the banks of the Susquehanna to those of the Delaware. Before the year was over he left his bride in his father's house at Warrington, and went to join General Washington in Jersey; for times looked very dark just then—the British had driven our army down from New York, and had occupied Philadelphia too, so that the aid of every young patriot was greatly needed to cheer the heart and strengthen the hands of the Commander-in-chief. After Washington had crossed the Delaware, compelled to some action by reason of desperate straits, he took a body of one thousand Hessians prisoners, and Colonel MacLaren distinguished himself for his bravery. At one period of the encounter, being cut off from his troop, he was attacked by three Hessians, whom he overcame single-handed. That little exploit of our ancestor's was very much praised at the time, and his descendants are justly proud of it. We value greatly the painting which represents this scene, of which there is a copy, you know, over the dining-room fire-place.'

Oh yes, I knew the picture well. It was almost the first thing papa had shown me on our arrival at Warrington—the handsome young officer in his defiant attitude, the three red-coats booted and spurred. As papa said, 'it seemed an epitome of all revolutionary

story; dauntless courage and sublime faith in the righteous cause overcoming hireling skill and mere animal valour, uninspired by the thought of a fireside defended, of a country waiting to be freed.'

'The Colonel went through the thickest of the fight. He endured the hardships of Valley Forge; he fought like a man at Princeton and Brandywine; he filled many a position of trust and responsibility, and was unable either to help or hinder when the King's soldiers burned and pillaged his family mansion one cold winter night—his old father and young wife having barely time to escape to a place of safety. During those "times that tried men's souls," my dear, and showed what stuff they were made of, my grandfather was one of Washington's aides, and became intimate with another young aide-de camp about his own age, the gallant French Marquis de Lafayette, who deserves the grateful affection of all true Americans, for he was our faithful friend throughout his life. Perhaps there was a special bond of sympathy between the two young men, because the Marquis also had torn himself from a lovely bride when he crossed the water to fight for our liberties; a grander thing in the case of Lafayette than in that of my grandfather, since he did it for the sake of others, and of humanity, only.

'Well, forty years and more had come and gone; the storms of the awful French Revolution had ravaged Lafayette's own land, and shaken the continent of Europe, since Colonel Angus hung up his sword, came home with his glory and his "honourable scars," repaired the dilapidated homestead, and settled down in it to the practice of law and a happy domestic life, very different from the tempests that tossed his friend. The first Rebecca MacLaren was dead; her two sons and daughter Rebecca, having grown up under the family roof-tree, in course of time had made roof-trees for themselves in our old town on the Delaware here; for it was not until the next generation that our family began to disperse to all corners of the Union—in fact there were not so many corners to run to then! Yet, in spite of our stay-at-home ways, we did not dishonour the family traditions, as you know. Colonel Angus MacLaren filled one position after another of public trust, given him by his fellow-citizens for the sake of his patriotic wounds, after the manner that the Romans of old rewarded their brave soldiers; while his sons took a noted part in the political arena of that day, and fought too, in the next war with England. That war had already become a matter of history, but history that I could dimly remember as a bit of nursery tragedy, when my young father kissed his babies and left their mother crying, and marched away in the dark night, wearing "Grandpa's sword." It was now the autumn of 1824. General Lafayette was making his last friendly visit to America, and everybody vied with everybody else in doing honour to the country's guest. In the course of his journeyings he courteously accepted the invitation of his old brother-in-arms to visit him for a day or two at the MacLaren homestead.

'It was esteemed a great honour by the townspeople, as well as by the little clan itself, to have such a guest to entertain. We children (there were eighteen grandchildren in all then, MacLarens and Mercers) were greatly excited for weeks beforehand, for grandpa intended to present all his descendants to General Lafayette, by way of welcome, and, in consequence, even the smallest MacLaren became a very important personage in the eyes of our neighbours; for you must remember, my dear, that all patriotic Americans—and all Americans were patriotic in my youth—were full of enthusiasm for the noble and famous "Friend of the Nation." It is said that his journey through the twenty-four States was one perpetual ovation.

'Of course our mothers were anxious to have us look our best on the momentous occasion, and many were the consultations held by the three; I, as eldest girl, being admitted to most of them, and, for my share, coming out with a very pretty toilette as the result. I regarded my dainty, rose-coloured muslin gown, cut very short-waisted, with skimpy skirt having two narrow bias ruffles gathered on a cord, low-necked and shined, with falls of lace, and long, puffed sleeves; silk slippers to match, and a leghorn bonnet adorned with pink rose-buds, with almost as much satisfaction as if I had been a young lady of my grandmother's day, about to be introduced to the gallant Marquis when he was a handsome, gay young soldier of twenty, fresh from the Court of Louis Quinze, instead of a grey veteran of near fourscore, as old as our own grandpa. The night the Colonel's guest was expected my brothers and I stood patiently, I remember, at one of the nursery windows in the third story of my father's house on Main Street, while the younger children crowded at the other, eager to see the General's coach pass, for it was sure to come that way from Philadelphia, and we looked for him by six o'clock. It was nearly dark, however, before we heard the heavy, unmistakeable rumble of the great travelling coach, drawn by four horses, and craned our necks out of the windows to see it. We were rewarded by a glimpse of a grey-haired gantleman, who, leaning from the coach, bowed toward our house, because papa had caused the flags of France and America to be crossed over the front door, as indeed many in the town had done.

'Our elders all met at grandpa's at eight o'clock, to welcome the great man, and there was a terrapin supper in his honour, to which the chief townspeople were bidden. The Colonel's terrapin suppers were famous in those days, and we children listened to the reports of them with awe and wonder, for of course we knew nothing of them by experience. Our turn was to come the next day, when we were to have a holiday and go to grandpa's after our twelve o'clock dinner, in time for dessert with him. I wanted mightily to go to the supper, and felt that at fifteen I might have been allowed to do so; but mamma only laughed at me when I timidly asked her if she thought grandpa could be prevailed upon to invite me, and said,

"The Colonel is fond of children in their place, daughter, but even if your father and I thought it best he would not allow it." So I was fain to submit and take my place among the youngsters with as pretty a grace as I might, my only consolation being that the two big boys were no better off than I!

'Punctually at two o'clock the next day, Mother, Sam and I, and our six small brothers and sisters marched up the broad stone steps, and Sam lifted the polished brass knocker of grandpa's front door. The door was opened by the Colonel's black boy, Thomas Jefferson, looking quite pompous and magnificent in a spotless white apron and white cotton gloves, his face shining and his teeth gleaming. Jeff was an institution; he had the dignity of the house very much at heart and tried his best to preserve it. His fine manners were to-day particularly impressive, as he flung the door wide open and remarked solemnly and mysteriously: "Would yer done walk in, young ladies and gemblum? Go into the libry and take a seat and set doun. De Kernel and de guesses is jes' now departed in de dinin'-room." "All right, Jeff," I said with dignity, but burning to find out all I could, "who's there?" "All de quality white folks—de Gineral, and de Kernel, and de Mayor, and de lubbador. Pity too, you wa'n't fetched along las' night, Miss Becky. You little angels isn't treated with 'nuff respeck nohow. You's as pretty as yer grandma's picter to-day, sure 'nuff!" Jeff always insisted that we young ladies of the family were very much abused in not being allowed our mother's privileges, and this time I quite agreed with him. Poor old Jeff!—One day your Uncle Robert and I were teaching the servants, as we always did on Sunday afternoons, and in the course of the Catechism, asked Jeff to say the Lord's Prayer. "I knows it, but I don't keer fur it," said Jeff, stiffly. "Why, Jeff," I questioned, shocked, "why not?" "Well, troof is, Missy, taint tasty 'nuff for me." Ah well, wiser people than black Jeff have thought they could improve on the perfect prayer in their dilettante devotions!

'"Scuse me now, ladies," Jeff added loftily, "I's bounded for to help sarve in de dinin'-room," and out he bowed himself. The boys laughed, but I held up a warning finger. "You must keep quiet, boys," I said sedately. Presently came another ring, and the four Mercers appeared, looking a good deal awed, all except Polly, the little brown-eyed mischief, who was giggling convulsively over Jeff. Five minutes later the rest of the MacLarens followed, making our party of eighteen complete, even to my baby sister Prue, pretty creature, whose warm coat I had taken off, and who sat cooing at the fire-blaze on the soft woolly rug in front of the fender. The kind housekeeper slipped in from the pantry to see if we were all in order and ready for our summons into the dining-room; she helped to smooth the children down, and to lay aside the little hats and caps and capes; she disentangled this one's curls and tied that one's shoes, until the whole party looked as prim and proper as the old lady's heart could

desire. A charming little party it was too; the brown-eyed boys in their best jackets and bright buttons—Robert very manly in his first frilled shirt; and the little girls all in white, with pink or blue sashes and silk slippers to match, and carefully curled hair. As I stole a glance at myself in my pink gown and ribbons and laces, I felt that I looked very young ladyfied indeed by the side of Sara and Lydia, and Polly and Kitty. I had begged mamma to trim up my hair in puffs, with a high comb like hers, but this she had positively refused to allow. "Your grandpa would be very much displeased if I allowed my daughter to do anything so unbecoming her age," she said, and I dared not persist, though I longed to get rid of the childish ringlets, for there was no appeal from mother in my young days!

'We seemed to have waited a long while, but I remember the little ones were very good, and hardly spoke above a whisper. I kept Polly and Kitty quiet by telling them stories about the pictures, and sweet Prue and little George played on the rug together. Every now and then I thought it necessary to admonish the boys, who would whisper, pinch each other, and giggle after the manner of lively boys, and I dare say I made myself very disagreeable. Suddenly the door was flung open by Jeff. Everybody started up, expecting a summons to the dining-room, but instead of Jeff there entered to us grandpa himself, arm in arm with a stately old gentleman, rather grandly dressed in knee-breeches and silk stockings, and an elegant blue coat with a great deal of cambric shirt frill. His head was grey, and both he and grandpa wore upon their breasts the handsome badge of our noble Order of the Cincinnati; in addition to which the coat of the Marquis glittered with badges of some foreign orders. I did not get higher than the orders at first, though I was conscious of a pleasant smile on his benevolent face—you know the face in the picture over there, my dear.

'"Here they all are—here are my little youngsters," said grandpa, and lifted Prudy in his arms, and the stranger kissed her cherub face in its halo of golden ringlets. "This is Prudentia, the baby, and this is Rebecca, my eldest granddaughter, my wife's namesake," and grandpa turned to me, and put one arm about my shoulders. In spite of my grown-up airs, I felt bashful and foolish enough now, and dared not raise my eyes from the floor. "This is my old friend, the Marquis de Lafayette, my dear," the old gentleman went on in his most affable tones. "Give him your hand, and welcome him to Warrington."

'My welcome was very shyly spoken: "Bienvenu, Monsieur le Marquis"—this was what I had been instructed to say. I laid my hand in his, and he raised it gallantly to his lips; this so covered me with confusion that I felt myself blushing the colour of my gown, and then I noticed with quite a shock that his little finger was gone.

'"Allow me to present you to the rest by name, General," grandpa went on; "they feel the honour as their grandfather's grandchildren should."

'"The honour, Colonel, is on my side," the General said, bowing to us all with old-fashioned politeness, and taking Polly's little hand in his. If you ask Aunt Polly to-day what she remembers about General Lafayette, she will tell you, "The little finger he didn't have." Then I ventured to steal a glance at him, and his kindly smile quite reassured me. When he had reached the end of the line, and had shaken hands with every boy and girl, though I noticed with satisfaction he didn't kiss any hand but mine, grandpa said—

'"I doubt if you can match me so many in your own family, sir, though we were married upon the same day, near half a century ago, if I'm not mistaken. Shall we go back to the wine now, sir? The youngsters may come in for their taste of sweets."

'The "youngsters," in spite of their awe of the stranger, were greatly relieved, as they afterwards confessed, that they were not to be cheated out of the pudding and nuts after all. My own delight and surprise knew no bounds when the General stepped up to me, and, taking my hand, laid it on his arm, with "Permit me, mademoiselle," and followed grandpa and Prudy. I am sure I don't know whether the others got in decorously or not; but presently I found myself seated between the General and grandpa, pretending to eat some almonds and raisins, and listening to our guest's kind wish that I might come to France some day and visit him there. And I did indeed visit his *belle France* many years after; but not until the long, noble, sorely-troubled life of devotion to liberty and country was ended, and Lafayette was sleeping in his honoured grave; but I made a pilgrimage to the resting-place of our country's friend, and my grandfather's dear and revered guest.

'I only answered in monosyllables when spoken to, for we children were far too shy to talk with strangers, not like the young people of to-day, who hold neither great generals nor grey-headed grandfathers in such respect as we did. There were four gentlemen at table besides grandpa and General Lafayette; the Mayor of Warrington, two old companions-in-arms of the Colonel, and Judge Mercer—all very, very old gentlemen, as it seemed to me then. I heard afterwards that the Marquis had himself suggested an introduction to the children in the library, during the interval between the courses of dinner and dessert. "Let us bring them in ourselves, Colonel," he said. A guest's wish was law with grandpa, whose old-fashioned politeness would never have allowed him to leave his table under any other circumstances. I remember the Mayor congratulating him on his flock of descendants, and the unique entertainment he had provided in sending for us. When cigars were brought in, grandpa ordered us all out, and imagine my confusion again, when the

General held the door open for me to pass out, followed by the little train, and bowed with stately courtesy. I have often had the dining-room doors of great houses held open for me since by men young and old, but my heart never fluttered like that again.

'We came back here to the library, and were allowed to wait until the gentlemen went out to fill an engagement, when we all crowded to the windows to see the coach drive off. Then Jeff, more pompous and stately than ever, brought us some cakes and oranges, "by de Kernel's orders," to take home, and we wrapped up and started off all together, in a high flurry of excitement, eager to tell our mothers all about it.

'Well, I shall never forget the charming scene! It has often come up before me while sitting alone in this room. Again our ancestral pictures seem to look down on the pretty flock of little old-time boys and girls, grouped about the two grand old men, whose memory I am proud to revere—the great soldier and statesman, and our patriot ancestor, his host. I am glad to have such a memory-picture to bequeath to you, my dear.'

I had just written these last words at auntie's desk, when my Uncle Robert came in through the glass door from the garden with a handful of ripe apricots on a big grape leaf.

'Here are the first apricots of the season off the Colonel's own tree, little girl,' he said. 'Your great grandfather was very fond of his fine fruit, and it has not all died out yet. Don't you want to eat an apricot, and judge for yourself what a good flavour the old stock keeps? It would not be the case, however,' he added significantly, as I, nothing loth, took a generous bite of the luscious fruit, 'if I had not grafted fresh buds on the tree since, which reminds me of a remark I made to your aunt after she had been talking over old times to you last night. "It's a fine thing, my dear, for our young people to realise that they come of a good and honourable race; but they ought to understand too that this accident only makes them more responsible. We can't go through life leaning on the virtues of our grandfathers, especially in this happy, free, equal land of ours. Unless we graft our own fresh springs of noble motive and action on the old stock, it will certainly dwindle down into a very degenerate tree indeed, and bear nothing, after a while, but worm-eaten, unpalatable fruit, a disgrace to all concerned."'

I tell Uncle Robert that I mean to record his little sermon for the benefit of the boys at home; but he says he means it quite as much for the girls.

A FEW SUGGESTIONS TO GIRLS ON SELF-CULTURE.

THERE is perhaps no woman, who has ever thought seriously about life at all, who has not realised, at one time or another, that a woman's life presents points of difficulty and perplexity from which a man's is quite free. And these difficulties are more keenly felt, now in these latter days of the nineteenth century, when women are allowed all the intellectual advantages which were formerly considered to be solely *man's* prerogative.

So long as the girl is at school or college, life seems simple enough, and the pleasure of self-improvement and mental culture is the one absorbing duty; but it is after the schooldays are over, and when she has settled down to the ordinary routine of home life, that a girl realises how difficult it is to apply or increase the learning she has already gained, and how hard to ennoble the apparently trivial details which engross so much time.

A man, after he leaves college, generally enters at once that profession for which all his studies have been preparing him, so that with him life presents one continuous plan, and the knowledge gained in his school and college days, is developed and worked out into practice, in the profession which engrosses the years of his manhood. Now, with a woman this is very different; apparently there is no continuous plan on which she can form her life, and when the schooldays are over, there seems no special aim to the attainment of which she can direct her studies, and which will give them life and meaning. Hence it is so many clever women are superficial, and dabble first in one subject and then in another, whereas men of the highest intellects concentrate their powers on one department of human knowledge. And this is the reason why so many girls, who leave school full of high aspirations and of theories as to how beautiful and useful their lives shall be, sink down after a few months of effort, and allow the trivialities of dress and society to absorb all their time.

The difficulty is plainly this. How can a woman make use of the learning which she gained during her schooldays, and how can she develop and apply those mental faculties which she feels she possesses, without neglecting the home and social duties which seem especially woman's sphere.

Now all right-minded people will confess that after a girl leaves school, the *first* duty is towards her parents and her home; and no intellectual capacity can sanction the breaking of home ties or the

neglect of any taste which can brighten the home, and gladden the declining years of her parents. But home and social duties should not be allowed to absorb all the girl's nature, to the exclusion of mental culture and wider sympathies; and when once these are fulfilled, the girl has a duty to herself which she is more than culpable if she neglect, and which if neglected will warp her nature and lower the whole tone of her life.

Ruskin says, in his 'Ethics of the Dust,' "that the constant duty of every man to his fellows is to ascertain his own special powers and gifts and to strengthen for the help of others," and surely no one can deny that this holds good for the woman as well as the man; work for others and work for self must always go hand in hand, and no woman can truly work for others, and be a source of strength to those weaker than herself, if she has carelessly and wilfully neglected her capacities for thought and reason.

This is a truth which no thoughtful person can deny; but yet at the same time, in spite of all the various agencies of intellectual work by which we are surrounded, there is comparatively little done by parents and guardians to systematise and direct a girl's life and studies after she has left school. Surely if, on leaving school, some plan was formed which enabled the girl to combine with her fellow-students and carry on those studies for which she has special aptitude, we should see fewer girls drifting along their life, aimless and listless, and with a discontent gnawing at their heart which no excitement can dissipate. Nothing, perhaps, so helps to make a life consistent and noble, as a 'rule or plan of life' which nothing but the needs of others shall tempt us to break. It is this absence of a rule or plan which is often the great difficulty in a woman's life, and without which she is so apt to sink into idleness and dawdling, and so waste the precious moments in which she might have sown good seed for herself and others. Surely in even the busiest home, a girl might devote one hour in the morning to study, nor should she regard this in the light of a merely selfish satisfaction; for we can do no good work for self which does not in the end influence others. Even *one hour* a day of systematic study must widen and give stability to the mind, and it is just in proportion to the breadth and stability of her mind that a woman is able to influence others.

Another evil in a girl's life, which systematic study and rule of life would have a tendency to avert, is the undue development of her feelings. Everyone knows that a woman's emotions are sooner developed than those of a man; and though they are generally what is best in her, they often assume unhealthy and morbid proportions; and this is not only from the want of self-control, which is the ordinary weakness in a woman's nature, but often, too, from the want of some counteracting influence and interest.

Many a sentimental and foolish friendship, many an emotional trouble, might be prevented or cured by some healthy study which

would employ the girl's mental faculties, and so tend to produce that harmony and proportion in the nature, without which there can be neither strength nor beauty. But perhaps no work is so well suited to counterbalance any morbid development of feeling as work amongst the poor: for to study their lives, to watch their daily struggle against poverty and sickness, and the patient, uncomplaining spirit in which they meet their troubles, would make many a discontented girl ashamed of her own fretfulness, and send her home with a feeling of thankfulness in her heart for the many comforts which surround her own life.

Another subject on which girls, as a rule, do not think seriously enough is conversation. A girl is apt to think that it does not matter much what she talks about with her friends; whereas, as a matter of fact, nothing has a greater influence on the tone of one's mind than conversation; and girls who, in their intercourse with their friends, adopt a frivolous and flippant manner of speaking, will inevitably lower not only the tone of their own minds, but also those of their companions. Nothing is so helpful to a girl as the companionship of high-minded cultured people older than herself, who will adopt a high tone of conversation, and try to direct and systematise the thoughts and ideas of their younger companion. Often in conversation with another, one realises a truth which one would never have discovered by oneself; and it is only by forming the habit of putting one's ideas into words, that one is able to realise their worth, and to make these clear and distinct to oneself and to others.

Marriage is, of course, looked upon by the world as the ordinary end of a girl's life, and many people seem to think that, as long as a girl has an attractive appearance, and pleasing manners in society, and perhaps a superficial accomplishment in music or painting, nothing more can be desired of her to make a suitable wife and mother; but there are two objections to this view of the matter.

First, it is a statistical fact that among the upper and middle classes, owing to the agricultural depression and the over-supply of educated men for the various trades and professions, marriages are decreasing in their ratio to the population; so every girl ought to face the possibility of single life, and strive to form her character and plan her work and interests independent of matrimony. And secondly, even if marriage were the only lot of woman, the fact remains, that no girl is fitted to be either a wife or mother who has not learned self-government, nor developed in a just proportion the capacities of her mind and heart. Life cannot be worked on feeling alone, and surely there would be fewer unhappy marriages, if a man could depend on his wife, not only as a being with tender emotions, but one whose mental capacities were as cultured as his own, one who was capable of entering into his intellectual pursuits and of directing the mental and moral growth of his children. But whether married or single, every woman is called upon sooner or later to guide and

strengthen the minds of those younger than herself; and unless she has first trained and controlled her own nature, she can never be a source of strength to others. Moreover, it is often the single women who are called upon to do the general work in the world. A married woman is necessarily tied; with her, home and family must come first, and they often absorb so much of her time and sympathy, that she has little left to expend on outside interests. But an unmarried woman has no such centre, and ought therefore to have more time and a greater capacity to work for others, and to sympathise in all the general work of the world.

There can be nothing more beautiful than the life of a single woman, who, forgetting her own loneliness, fills her life with all that is good, and lovely, and useful, and seeking nothing for herself, is content to pick up the broken threads which others have dropped in their haste.

Nearly every woman has some special taste which might be developed for the use of others, be it music, or painting, or literature; and very often at the beginning of her life a woman misses her work, and drifts into an aimless existence, not so much from the want of capacities, as from the need of encouragement and guidance. Of course work amongst the poor is, and has always been, one of the special departments in which women have found scope for their capacities and for their desire for usefulness; and no work certainly can be greater or grander than this, if it is undertaken and carried on in that simplicity of spirit which desires nothing for itself, but only longs to help and brighten the lives of those who are dragged down in the daily struggle against poverty and sickness—lives in which the very idea of pleasure has hardly power to enter. But then every woman is not fitted for this kind of work, and even those who are, want the counteracting influence of some less personal interest to give breadth and proportion to their nature.

George Eliot says, in 'Daniel Deronda,' that one of the reasons why so many women are dissatisfied and discontented is their want of power to appreciate anything but personal pleasure—that is, work or interest which is cared for only in connection with the persons concerned—and probably any woman who ever examined her life and motives will acknowledge this.

Now if every woman had, besides her personal work amongst the poor and her own belongings, an impersonal pursuit, which she carried on systematically, independent of her feelings, and of its connections to others, surely it would give a greater breadth to a woman's nature and prevent any undue development of her feelings, a danger which, as I said before, every woman ought to guard against. In conclusion, I would say to every young girl who leaves school full of high aspirations, and inspired with the earnest desire to make her life beautiful and useful to others, first, do not despair if life seems after all very dull and commonplace; it is not so much *what* is done

as the spirit in which it is done which ennobles a life. And then, secondly, try and make some plan of your life, which only the needs of others shall tempt you to break. And remember that every part of your nature wants work in order to be healthy, the mind as well as the heart, and you will never rise to your ideal by developing one part of your nature at the expense of the other.

A perfect character is one in which all the several parts work harmoniously together, and mind and heart and spirit form one perfect whole, dedicated to the service of God and the benefit of mankind.

And if ever it happens that life seems a failure, and your work and efforts all fruitless, do not despair. Leave your past failure in the hands of an all-merciful God, and begin again; strive to work with greater simplicity of spirit and less self-seeking; and remember these words, which were once written by one who had fought and conquered in the battle of life: "In the end I learnt, through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for the weak and erring; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk grandly amongst them; that happiness is a great love and much serving."

E. I. Shand.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

600–1400 A.D.

'CERTAINE it is,' says Sir Philip Sidney, in his *Apologie for Poetrie*, 'That in our plainest homelines, yet never was the Albion nation without Poetrie.' There was poetry in those far-off days when the Celtic tribes were making their way from Spain to Ireland, and Ireland to Cornwall, and when the Cymri, pressed hard by Teutons, were driven to follow them from Northern Gaul. There were constant wars, and almost as important as the warriors who fought, were the bards who sang, the wars. The Gaelic war-poetry centres in a great Battle of Gabhra, where in 284 A.D. was killed Fionn the white-handed, warrior as well as poet; and the Cymri too had their great battle, three hundred years later, when, hemmed in between the retiring Gaels and advancing Teutons, in 570 they were beaten by the latter at the bridge of Cattraeth, and the bard Aneurin sang their defeat in the *Gododin*, a poem that still remains. Taliesin, or 'shining forehead,' and Llywarch Hen sang the same theme, and the pathos of this verse may still be felt. Urien was their leader at Cattraeth, and 'May I never smile,' says Taliesin, 'If I sing not Urien.' 'My heart, will you not break?' sings Llywarch Hen, who is said to have carried his chief's head from the battle. 'Will you not break? the head that I carry, carried me.' This sixth century brings us to the true forefathers of English literature, the Engles, Saxons and Jutes who, from 449 onward, had been conquering Britain, and reducing it to order. Not, indeed, that the Celtic influence on the national character and national literature was inconsiderable or unimportant, but the new-comers were made of sterner, stronger stuff, and the only Roman province that the Romans had failed to Romanize, became almost wholly Teutonic, in the course of two hundred years. The invaders brought with them their own Pagan religion, before which perished the Christianity that had existed, at all events in parts of Britain, since the third century. They probably also brought with them the first great English epic, *Beowulf*, a poem in 6357 lines, telling how the chief Beowulf freed Hrothgar from a monster fiend called Grendel, and was himself killed by a dragon.

The poem must have a wild beauty of its own, with its simple directness of expression, its vivid description of gloomy scenes, and a certain stern pathos, enhanced perhaps by the absence of imaginative colouring, and of any but the simplest metaphor. As to the verse

system, it is that employed by all early English poets up to the time of the Conquest, depending entirely upon accent and alliteration. Each long verse contains four accented syllables, and three words beginning with the same letter,—two in the first, and one in the second of the two halves into which it is broken by a pause. As an example of the alliteration may be given the two lines—

'An un*w*insome *w*ood,
*W*ater stood under it.'

But perhaps (making allowance for the employment of rhyme) the ring of the verse may best be gathered from the well-known lines translated by Carlyle from a poem of Goethe, beginning :—

'The Mason's ways are
A type of existence,
And his persistence
Is as the days are
Of men in this world.'

The ethical system of Beowulf may be described as a stern fatalism, qualified by the belief that 'the must-be helps a man when he is brave.' In the poem as we have it, however, there is a Christian element, probably due to the revision of some Christian missionary of the eighth century. For before the next great English poem was written, a change had taken place in England. Irish missionaries in the north, and Roman missionaries in the south, aided no doubt by the traditions left by Gaels and Cymri, had replanted Christianity, and the first English poet we know by name was a Christian. In the Abbess Hilda's monastery at Whitby, Caedmon grew to man's estate, and there is the beautiful story of how he was a heaven-made, though not a heaven-born poet. 'I cannot sing,' he is said to have answered to the heavenly visitant who appeared to him by night. 'However, thou shalt sing for me,' was the reply, and Caedmon sang of the creation of all things, the rebellion of Satan, and the Fall of Man. His *Paraphrase*, as it is called, is thought to have been written about the year 670, and Bede tells how, 'in all he strove to draw men away from sin, and to incite them to goodness.' We have lost the works of another poet who lived at about the same time—Aldhelm of Malmesbury, who is said to have composed and sung poetry on the bridge between the country and the town, to keep the people from running home after Mass without waiting to hear the sermon. Cynewulf, probably Bishop of Lindisfarne in about 780, is the next poet of whom much is known. His principal poems are the *Elene*, or finding of the true cross by the mother of the Emperor Constantine, the *Vision of the Holy Rood*, a series of riddles, the *Christ*, and the *Legend of Juliana*—the first two being contained in a collection known as the *Vercelli Book*, from the fact of its discovery at Vercelli, early in this century, and the rest in the *Exeter Book*, a collection

presented to his cathedral by Bishop Leofric in the eleventh century. The *Vercelli Book* also contains the *Phœnix*, an allegory of the Christian life, and the *Traveller's song*, which is perhaps the oldest English poem, dating from before the settlement, and telling of the travels of one Widsith, who has seen the wars of 'Aetla,' perhaps Attila, king of the Huns.

English prose begins with Bede, who spent his long life in the Jarrow Monastery, — studying, reading, writing, teaching, 'in which,' says he, 'I had ever great delight.'

Not only was he our first historian, but he was one of our first classical scholars, our first teacher of science, our first interpreter of Scripture. The *Ecclesiastical History* is written in Latin, and Bede's quotations from authors, Latin and Greek, are among the first signs of the revival of that classical learning which, with Christianity, had been swept away from England by the Northern invaders, and reintroduced by the Roman Churchmen, who came over with St. Augustine in 595, and Archbishop Theodore, a hundred years later.

Bede's *Gospel of St. John*, however, is in English, and there is a touching story, which tells how he dictated the closing lines in the closing hours of his life. In 735 died Bede, and about the same date was born Alcuin, another scholar of note. He was bred in the monastery of York, where, as a boy, he would hide Ovid under his pillow, to read when the Brothers were not looking. Sent to Rome to get books for the library, he made acquaintance with Charlemagne, and followed him to the Emperor's court, where he taught him and his children, and helped to spread learning and establish schools.

John Scotus Erigena, who lived about 832, was the first philosophical writer connected with England. He lived chiefly at the Court of Charles the Bald, but died in 877, at the Monastery of Malmesbury, where his pupils are said to have put him to death for heresy. He was a Platonist, — translated the writings of Dionysius the Areopagite, and produced a work of his own, *de Divinatione Naturae*, in which he taught that evil could not last for ever, and that eternal fire was a symbol. Nennius is a writer of whom little is known, except that he wrote between 700 and 900, and in his Latin history of the Britains we have the first mention of King Arthur.

The next great figure is that of the 'Happy Warrior,' King Alfred, who tried, in addition to subduing her enemies, to give to England all that was best of the learning of the day, and to whose successful resistance to the Danes is due the fact that literature, which had almost disappeared in Northumbria, did not die out altogether in those times of invasion, but only transferred its seat from North to South.

Not only did he found schools, and aim at establishing a learned priesthood, but he was his people's own schoolmaster and presented them with translations from the Latin of what were then the most

famous works on philosophy, history and religion:—Boethius' *de Consolatione Philosophiae*, the *Universal History* of Orosius, Bede's *Ecclesiastical History*, and the *Regula Pastoralis* of Pope Gregory the Great. It is also probable that he instituted and began the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, a history which begins with an account of Britain before the Roman Conquest, and was continued to the accession of Henry II.

After Alfred we have two battle poems:—the *Battle of Brunanburh*, a poetical account in the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* of the defeat of the Danes by Athelstane in 937, and a poem on the *Battle of Maldon*, in which the English under Byrhtnoth were beaten by the Danes at Maldon in Essex.

To this period, too, belongs Aelfric's *Homilies*, his *Lives of the Saints*, *Colloquies*, and his Scripture translations. He was a scholar of the school of Aethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and became Abbot of Cerne in Dorsetshire in 1005 B.C.

The eleventh century brings us to the era of the Norman conquest —a new era in English literature.

Hitherto the language had been a language of regular inflexions, with genders and cases such are seen in ancient Greek or modern German. In various parts of the kingdom the dialect varied as did the tribes by whom it was spoken, but in its main features, early English, or Anglo-Saxon, as it is sometimes called, was the same all over the land. Nor did the Danish invasions effect any radical change: Angles, Jutes, Saxons and Danes all coming of the same Teutonic stock. Of a Teutonic stock, indeed, originally came the Normans who followed William to England in 1066; they, however, had been much changed in character by their settlement in northern France, and with wits quickened and brightened by their sojourn there, they brought to England a livelier, more cultured spirit, and a language of simpler structure, which could not but work a change on the sober, somewhat stolid, Saxon mould.

French-speaking races seem always to have considered it their special prerogative to be readily understood, and one significant illustration of this feeling is given by the historian Matthew Paris, who relates that the English Wolfstan was deposed by the Conqueror from the Bishopric of Worcester, for being 'a superannuated old idiot *who could not speak French*.' The clergy and monastic orders were the educated class of that day, and all important clerical offices in England being now filled by Normans, there was no educated class to maintain the purity of the English language. Hence English, remaining the language of the people at large, and spoken by foreigners who learned only so much of it as was absolutely necessary, underwent all the changes incident to illiterate carelessness in observing rules of gender and inflexion. The struggle between the French and Teutonic elements, that thus came in contact with each other, was continued throughout the four

centuries from the Conquest to Chaucer's time. This period has been called the period of Transition English, and it witnessed the victory of the French element, in so far that the transition was from an inflected to a non-inflected language,—but of the Teutonic element, inasmuch as English, and not French, became the language of the whole people.

The literature of this period divides itself at first into the three main streams of History, Romance and Religion, all closely connected together, and having each its representative works, both of prose and poetry, in the literary Latin, aristocratic French, and plebeian but finally victorious English.

The early writers of History were for the most part monks, who wrote in Latin their faithful record of contemporary events (generally prefaced by a sketch of the history of the world from the Creation) and shewed their anti-Norman spirit by pathetic relations of how King William loved the tall deer as if he were their father, and the poor men murmured in vain; or again, by stories such as that told with evident relish by Turgot, Prior of Durham under William Rufus; of the appearance of St. Cuthbert to one Ralph who had been sent to levy gold from the monastery, and who was so soundly beaten by the Saint, that when he awoke in the morning, he could not get up.

Taking a few central figures among the early chroniclers of the reign of Henry I. when they were at their best, we have Ordericus Vitalis, a thorough Norman, who wrote an ecclesiastical history of Normandy and England in thirteen dull but accurate books; and William of Malmesbury, who for love of learning, preferred to be librarian, rather than abbot of his monastery, and wrote interesting accounts of the deeds of English kings and prelates, from the year 449 to 1142. Gerald du Barri, or Giraldus Cambrensis, who flourished in the reigns of Henry II. and John, was no recluse, but though an ecclesiastic, a thorough man of the world. He was a Welshman, and had the ecclesiastical independence of Wales much at heart. Chaplain to Henry II. in 1184, in the following year he was sent to Ireland with Prince John, whence his works on the *Topography* and *Conquest of Ireland*, the former of which he read aloud at Oxford on three consecutive days, entertaining at his lodging not only the members of the University, but the poor of the town: a curious method of publication. His popular style may be gathered from a remark of his own: 'Is it not better to be dumb, as saith Seneca, than to speak so as not to be understood?' and his desire that his books should be translated into French, is a sign of a gradually extending circle of readers.

Matthew Paris, who wrote in the reign of Henry III., is noteworthy for the plain-spoken strictures on king and pope in his *Historia Major;* and Robert of Gloucester, who belongs to the same epoch, for the patriotism of his rhymed English Chronicle, which begins, 'England is a very good land, I ween of all lands the best.'

Under Edward II. Robert of Brunne wrote an English translation of a rhyming French Chronicle by Peter Langtoft; and Ralph Higden of Chester compiled a Latin *Polychronicon*, or history from the creation of the world. I go back to Henry II.'s reign for the connecting link between chronicle and romance, to be found in Geoffrey of Monmouth, a Welsh priest, who about 1159, produced his Latin *History of British Kings*, a book which, giving marvellous legend as authentic fact, was professedly based on a certain mysterious History of Britain in the Cymric tongue, found in Brittany by Walter Calenius, Archdeacon of Oxford. Beginning with the landing in Britain of Brut, great grandson of Aeneas; and, most important of all, including the life and acts of King Arthur, Geoffrey's book at once became popular,—popular, that is, with cheerful people who liked a joke; for the feeling of the soberer sort is expressed in the chronicler William of Newbury's indignant censure of Geoffrey's 'shameless and saucy lying'; while Giraldus Cambrensis has a story of a Welshman who was troubled by evil spirits, which were repelled if he carried with him the Gospel of St. John, but returned in twofold force if the 'History of British Kings' was substituted. In spite of these serious results, a translation into French prose by Geoffrey Gaimar soon appeared, and was shortly followed by a metrical version (1155), also in French, by Wace, a Prebendary of Bayeux. The demand for Arthurian romances grew. Little that is authentic is known of King Arthur, beyond the fact that he was a chief of the southern Cymri, who fought against the Teutons in the sixth century, and though he had long been celebrated by the *Trouvères* of northern France, it was not until Geoffrey's book appeared that he was adopted as the hero of English national romance. Walter Map, Henry II.'s chaplain and adviser,—a statesman, ecclesiastic and author in one, took up the thread, collected the old traditions, wrote them out in Latin, and, as has well been said, gave a Christian soul to the whole body of romance, by adding to it the story of the 'Quest of the Graal.' Small wonder that there was a call for tales of Sir Galahad and Sir Perceval, when the living religious romance of the crusades was being acted out by men like Godfrey and Tancred; and the Holy Sepulchre was to Christians what the Holy Graal had been to Arthur's knights. The crusades, too, brought sober Northmen into contact with the warm imagination of the South and the dreamy mysticism of the East; hence further romances dealing with 'Charlemagne and his twelve peers,' the 'Life of Alexander,' of 'King Horn,' of 'Havlok the Dane,' the 'Siege of Troy,' and many other old heroic tales.

Layamon's *Brut*, however, is the most important development of the Arthur romance, and especially so from the fact that it is written in English, the earlier of the two MSS. of the poem containing less than fifty words of Norman or French origin. Finished in all probability not later than 1205, it is an amplified translation into

the old alliterative metre, of Wace's *Brut*, which, with Bede's history and a Latin book of St. Albin, or St. Austin, of which nothing is now known, Layamon mentions as his authorities. 'There was a priest in the land who was named Layamon,' begins he, 'the son of Leovenath, may the Lord be gracious to him! He dwelt at Ernley. At a noble church upon Severn's bank. . . . It came to him in mind that he would of England tell the noble deeds' (then, after mentioning his authorities), 'Layamon laid down those books, and turned the leaves. He beheld them lovingly. . . . Now prayeth Layamon, each good man, for the Almighty's love, that reads this book, and learns this rune, that he these soothfast words say together for his father's soul that brought him forth, and for his mother's soul, that bore him to be a man, and for his own soul that it be the better. Amen.'

The thirteenth century witnessed a religious revival throughout Christendom, and this in England found expression in a demand for religious books in the language of the people. The first of the series is the *Ormulum of Ormin*, a metrical version of Church services and homilies, written in about 1215 by one Brother Orm, or Ormin, of the order of St. Augustine, 'that all young Christian folk may depend upon that only, that they with their whole might follow aright the gospel's holy teaching in thought, in word, in deed.' There are few French words in this book, or in the *Ancren Riwle* (Rule for Anchoresses), written some five years later by Bishop Poor for the guidance of a little society of Dorsetshire nuns. In 1221 the mendicant friars came to England, and there is a corresponding increase in the number of devotional treatises, while by the end of the century we have the *Handlynge synne* of the Gilbertine Canon Robert Manninge, of Brunne, in Lincolnshire. This is an excellent book, nominally a translation of the French *Manuel des Péchés*, written by the Yorkshireman, William of Waddington, but considerably expanded by Robert Manninge, and full of humour, common sense and sturdy piety, the morals well driven home by good stories gathered from every available source. The book consists of three parts, the first dealing with the seven deadly sins, the second with the sacraments, and the third with the 'twelve requisites and graces of shryfte.' It is written in un-frenchified English rhyme, and the first part concludes thus—

'Jesu I thank Thee of Thy grace,
That Thou hast lent me wyt and space,
This in Englys for to drawe,
As holy men have seyde yn sawe,
For leuede men hyt may avayle,
For them I take this travayle.'

Yorkshire contributed to religious literature the *Cursor Mundi*, a metrical review of the world's history, and the *Pricke of Conscience*, a poem by the hermit Richard Rolle; while in the Kentish dialect, we

have a metrical version of the Psalms by William of Shoreham, and the *Ayenbite of Inwyte* (Remorse of Conscience), adapted from the French by Dan Michel of Northgate, an Augustinian of Canterbury, who describes himself as writing 'mid Engliss of Kent,' that men know—

> 'How they should themselves strive
> And make them clean in this life.'

All these books abound in legend and allegory, for which the desire was so strong, that we find the *Gesta Romanorum*, a collection of tales of uncertain origin, but belonging to the 14th century, systematically arranged for the use of preachers; a moral attached to each tale in a little paragraph beginning 'my brethren.' To the same liking for instruction combined with amusement is to be referred the origin of the miracle plays, the first mention of which as being acted in London occurs in the life of Becket, by his clerk, William Fitzstephen; there are extant three of these plays by Hilarius, a monk who lived in the reign of Henry II., and they appear to have been occasionally acted in church as a kind of vivid substitute for the reading of the lessons. However, later on the acting of such 'mysteries' was taken up by the town guilds, and Robert Mannynge has a stricture upon them, calling them a 'gadenynge, a sight of synne,' though, says he, men may 'play the Resurrection in Church,' or 'howe Gode was born on Yule nyghte.'

Perhaps Mannynge objected to the comic element in the plays, such as the representation of Noah's wife as a termagant, who refuses to get into the Ark without her 'gossips,' or the Shepherds in the Nativity plays as exchanging broad jokes, eating Lancashire Bannocks with Alton ale, and swearing by all the saints in Christendom.

Be that as it may, it is to the Church that England owes her first attempt at dramatic representation, and in the Church, too, are to be found the first beginnings of science. In 1224 Robert Grosseteste went to Oxford as the first Rector of the Franciscans, to which order Roger Bacon attached himself a few years later. Secular learning was prohibited by the rule of the order, but news of Bacon's genius having reached the Pope's ear, a special dispensation was granted, to enable him to carry out his investigations as far as he could.

The result was the production of Bacon's three great works, the *Opus Majus*, *Minus* and *Tertium*, in which, setting aside the logic of the Schoolmen, he based his reasoning on the study of nature, and is said to have anticipated such later inventions as gunpowder and the telescope. Grosseteste, the eager student and patron of science, was also a diligent reformer of church abuses, but these abuses grew apace, especially in the monastic orders, which are satirized in prose and verse from the reign of Henry II. onwards, when Nigel Wireker wrote his *Speculum Stultorum*, a Latin poem,

of which the hero is an ass named Brunellus, who gives up his notion of becoming a monk after visiting each order in succession.

The *Bishop Golias* of Walter Map, is also a noteworthy bit of satire, as is the *Land of Cockayne*, of about a hundred years later; but it was not until the fourteenth century that the corruptions of the religious orders grew to a height, and then it was that in Langland, author of the *Vision of Piers Plowman*, they found their sternest censor and critic.

Of Langland himself little is known, but that he was a native of Shropshire, that he received a good education, whether or no he went to the University, and that he was a married man, although he was at one time an inmate of the monastery at Great Malvern. That he was married is certain, from the reference in his 'Vision' to a 'wife Kitte' and 'daughter Calote.' Further information about him must be gathered from his writings, and these shew a mind deeply religious, deeply in earnest, full of a 'divine discontent' with the evils around him, and, in spite of fervent faith, unable to soar for more than a short time on the wings of hopefulness. The times were indeed grave, and disasters followed so quickly upon each other, that it was small wonder if Langland saw in them divinely-sent punishments for the moral evils of which he was so keenly sensible. Thrice in his lifetime the plague visited England; in 1359 came the military reverses in France, and two years later, the whole country seems to have been startled by the great storm of Saturday, the 15th of January, 1361, Langland's reference to which, put into the mouth of 'Conscience' in the allegory, no doubt fully expressed his own feeling on the subject—

> 'He prayed the people, have pity on themselves,
> And proved that these pestilences, were for pure sin;
> And this south westerne wind, on a Saturday at even,
> Was a-pertelich for pride, and for no point else.'

How were the people to 'have pity on themselves'? Against the answer given to this question by the degenerate representatives of the Church—the advocates of pardons, indulgences, and pilgrimages, as substitutes for true penitence and upright living, Langland's whole poem is a protest. Simple-minded people would be better without such teachers, he thought, and at first Piers Plowman stands for a type of the 'plain man' who, without book lore or Church lore, hits upon the right thing to do, and does it. Further on, however, the meaning becomes higher, and the Ploughman stands for our Lord. The poem is written in the old English alliterative measure, and divided into nine dreams or visions, of which the first was seen by the poet one May morning upon the Malvern Hills. The world was typified by a 'fair field full of folk,' making their way to the 'Tower of Truth,' where dwells God. This is explained by the Lady Holy Church, who also tells how Meed, or Gain, is to be married to Falsehood, which marriage being forbidden, the case is referred to the

king. In the next dream, terror-struck by calamities, men would seek the Truth, and Piers Plowman, first in the lower and then the higher character, will shew them the way. The third and fourth dreams tell of the search for and explanation of *Do-well*, *Do-better*, and *Do-best*, respectively; the first typifying natural goodness, the second the same with the addition of Christian grace, while the third signifies the work of Christ in the Church. Further on, however, *Do-well*, *Do-better*, and *Do-best*, are identified with *Doce*, *Disce* and *Dilige*, and finally with the childhood, manhood, and risen life of our Lord, who in the fifth dream is expressly typified by Piers Plowman, in a discourse between the poet, and *Anima*, the Soul. The sixth dream deals principally with the personifications of Faith, Hope and Charity, while the seventh and eighth contain a beautiful and triumphant account of the entry into Jerusalem, the Crucifixion, the struggle between Heaven and Hell, and the Resurrection. The poet, however, cannot dwell long on the hopeful side, and in his ninth and last dream, the Church, founded by Christ as the Castle of Unity, is attacked on every side, and Conscience, its guardian, helpless against Envy, Hypocrisy, Sloth and Pride, and but little aided by Thrift, and the Flatterer Friar, who lulls contrition to sleep. Conscience goes forth on pilgrimage until such time as the true Piers Plowman shall come.

The vision, giving utterance as it did to some of the deepest convictions, the strongest feelings of the time, became at once popular, and in about 1594, an imitation of it appeared under the title of 'Piers Plowman's Creed.' The writer of this was, however, an avowed follower of Wiclif, to whom, from Langland, the transition seems natural, though it is not known that they ever even met, or that the resemblances between them were the effect of anything but the accident of their breathing the air of the same age, and representing the same tendencies of thought. Wiclif was Master of Balliol College, Oxford, in 1361, the year in which the first part of Langland's vision appeared, and a very short time after this he is found resigning his post for doctrinal reasons. Tried for heresy at St. Paul's, and acquitted through the influence of John of Gaunt, the next few years were devoted by Wiclif to his translation of the Bible, which was finished in about 1382. Before this, however, had begun his battle royal with the Papacy, and now appears the fundamental difference between him and Langland. Not only moral abuse, but doctrines are attacked, and a bold tract against 'Transubstantiation' caused Wiclif's works to be censured by the London Dominicans, and himself disowned by Oxford, and summoned to appear before the Pope. Death prevented him from obeying the summons, and for the time his work was done.

It must not, however, be thought that the evils of the age awoke indignation in the breasts only of earnest poets like Langland, and grave theologians such as Wiclif. Between the years 1330 and

1408, there flourished John Gower, a worthy if somewhat dull and pedantic country gentleman of Brabourne, in Kent. After spending some years in the composition of French poetry, a collection of which remains under the name of *Cinquante Balades*, and having in addition produced a moral poem in the same language called the *Speculum Meditantis*—in 1381 Gower was moved to indite a long Latin poem in which he attempts to meet some of the social problems suggested by the Peasants' rebellion. This work, from all accounts, must be very dull, but it is, at any rate, an honest recognition of the fact that the state of the lower classes is not all that can be desired, and that the higher classes are not wholly free from blame; while there is the inevitable lament over the corruption of the religious orders. Two other considerable works by Gower remain: the *Confessio Amantis*, an allegorical poem in English, directed against the seven deadly sins; and the *Cronica Tripartita*, a versified Latin history of the period between 1387 and 1399. Perhaps Chaucer's description of Gower is the most graphic that could be given. Chaucer calls him the 'moral Gower.'

In writing with a directly moral object, Gower resembled most of his English predecessors; poetry, as has been seen, was used in early Celtic and Teutonic times alike, as an expression of the national feeling of the whole tribe, and as an heroic recital of contemporary history. Subsequently it became a vehicle for religious instruction, and it was not for some time after the Normans had come to England, and the crusades brought Englishmen into contact with the subtle Troubadour influence, that it seems to have occurred to them that art was to be cultivated for art's sake, and not for what it could teach. Then rhyme came into vogue, and from that time we have lyrics, love-songs, and other non-didactic poetry; though perhaps most of our greatest poets have not aimed at the 'pure pleasure' only, but rather held with Sir Philip Sidney, our first literary critic, that the 'final end' of poetry, as of all learning, is 'to lead and draw us to as high a perfection, as our degenerate soules, made worse by theyr clayey lodgings, can be capable of.'

Perhaps the best example of non-didactic poetry before Chaucer's time is the *Owl and the Nightingale*, a poem which appeared in about 1280, and, though serious in tone and typifying the conflict between asceticism and aestheticism, is of lyric form, and abounds in descriptions of the country and country life. Ballads, too, were becoming popular, and centring round such heroes as Robin Hood and Clym o' the Clough, while in 1352 the wars of Edward III. find a bard in Laurence Minot, and at about the same time John Barbour, archdeacon of Aberdeen, was singing the deeds of Bruce. Meanwhile the language was taking its final form; the East Midland dialect prevailed over the dialects of North and South; it gained a hold upon the universities, and was written and spoken by educated

men. The *Travels* of Sir John Mandeville (1356), and the translation of Higden's *Polychronicon*, by John of Trevisa, at about the same date, are written in formed English; and, when we come to Chaucer, the last and the greatest figure of this transition period, we find a language in all essentials resembling our own.

In reading the English poets, who preceded Chaucer, we have perhaps something of the feeling expressed by Dr. Johnson, with regard to female writing: 'The wonder is, not that it should be done well, but that it should be done at all.' It is another thing when we get to Chaucer, for here is poetry absolutely, not relatively, good and delightful, and a poet different from all who went before and came after. We feel that he does, indeed, deserve the title of the 'Father of English poetry,' if for no other reason than that—with all due respect to its grandfathers and other collateral relations—the difference in passing from them to him, is almost a passing from darkness to light; certainly it is from comparative dullness to vivid interest.

Chaucer's father was a vintner of Thames Street, London, and there are two different dates given for his birth. The authority for the earlier one, 1328, is the inscription on his tomb in Westminster Abbey; that for the later one, 1340, the record of a trial in which he gave evidence in 1386, and which speaks of him as forty years old and upwards. The inscription was only put up in 1556, but was copied from an older one, and is correct as to the date of his death, while, on the other hand, the record has been found inaccurate as to the ages of many of the other witnesses who gave evidence in the same trial. Where Chaucer was educated, and whether he went to either University, we cannot tell, but that he had the best education the times afforded is clear enough. He knew Latin, French, Italian, and such science as there was to know; that he had studied astronomy is shown by the treatise he wrote for his little son Lewis, and that he had studied alchemy is clear from the 'Canon Yeman's tales.' Above all, he was a student throughout life, of books no less than of men and women: 'In bookes for to read I me delight,' he says, and 'to study and read alway, I purpose to do day by day,' while he lingers with evident relish over the description of the clerk of Oxenford, how he would—

> 'Liefer have at his bed's head
> A twenty bookës clothed in black and read,
> Of Aristotle and his philosophiē,
> Than robës rich or fiddle and psaltrie.'

And no doubt it was as true of himself as of that same clerk that, 'gladly would he learn and gladly teach.' Of his early years, then, little is known, but that they were probably spent in London, and that, from his father's position, the first society with which he was familiar, must have been that of the middle and lower classes, with whom his father's business brought him in contact. 'It is good,'

says Goethe, 'to have lived in common with the commonalty.' Chaucer was to mix in the course of his long life with all sorts and conditions of men, but the basis of his education, so to speak, was a good grounding in the ways of the commonalty. To this was soon added experience of court life and military life, and the consequent assimilation of all the romance and romantic mannerism that an acquaintance with court and camp of that day entailed. In 1356 Chaucer is a member of the household of Elizabeth, wife of Prince Lionel, Edward III.'s second son; in 1359 he accompanies the king's forces to France, and is taken prisoner; in 1360 the king pays his ransom, and he comes home.

His career as an author had already begun. Probably his earliest work was a translation from the French of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' that extraordinary poem of which we read with awe that it consisted of 4070 lines by Guillaume de Loris, and 18,002 by Jean de Meung—altogether 22,072—and all this descriptive of an inaccessible rose in a garden, typifying the courtship of a lady by her knight, the search for the Philosopher's stone, or the pursuit after the Divine wisdom, according to the reader's taste. No poem, however, was more widely read and imitated, and it is the model on which Chaucer's writings were formed, in this his first, or 'French' period, as it has been called, though the translation which has come down to us is perhaps not by Chaucer at all. His earliest authentic works are the *Compleynte to Pitie*, and *A. B. C.* or *Prayer to our Lady*, written to please Blanche of Lancaster, who was the first wife of his patron John of Gaunt, and to commemorate whose death he wrote the *Booke of the Duchesse* in 1369. The *Parlement of Fowles*, the *Complaint of Mars*, and *Anelida and Arcite*, are his next important works, together with which should be mentioned the *Court of Love*, the *Compleynte of the Black Knight*, and *Chaucer's dream*,' but the genuineness of these three poems is now held to be doubtful. A translation of Bœthius *de Consolatione Philosophiae*, and a poem called the *Former age*, completes the list of his writings during this first period.

After his return from France, Chaucer was attached to the king's household, and that he soon attained to a position of trust and responsibility, is shewn by the frequency of the diplomatic missions on which he was despatched abroad, during the ten years from 1370 to 1380. The most important of these, as regards his literary development, was that which took him to Italy in 1372, and kept him there a year.

The fourteenth century was the golden age of Italian literature, and Italian literature was the noblest the world had ever seen, excepting that of Greece and Rome, whose greatest authors were at that time perhaps the least read. Chaucer escaped from the influence of the *Romaunt de la Rose*, and became imbued with Italian poetry. Dante had died in 1321, but Chaucer knows enough of him to call him 'the

wise poet of Florence,' and 'the grete poet of Italie,' while parts of the *House of Fame*, and the story of Count Ugolino in the *Monke's tale*, point to a knowledge of his works.

Petrarch, Chaucer probably met at Padua, and to Boccaccio, he owed more than to any other living writer. His *Troilus and Criseyde*, written probably soon after his return from Italy, had for its model, Boccaccio's *Filostrato*, and the *Legende of Good Women* was suggested by Boccaccio's Latin *Tales of Illustrious Women*. Chaucer, however, in all his imitations, took his own way, cutting out and adding what he chose, and putting his own spirit and genius into whatever he touched. Thus his *Troylus and Criseyde* is more than half as long again as the *Filostrato*, while on the other hand the *Knighte's tale* is 8000 lines shorter than the *Teseide*, from which it is imitated. And though Chaucer was far enough from being didactic, yet his tendency is a moral tendency, while Boccaccio's is the reverse, and there is a seriousness in his address, at the conclusion of *Troylus*, to 'alle yongë fresshe folk,' not to be found in its original, the only moral of which, Professor Morley remarks, is 'la donna è mobile.'

By 1374, Chaucer was married, as is shewn by the record of a pension to him and his wife Philippa. Certain allusions in his works have been held to shew that his married life was unhappy, but the foundations for this theory appear somewhat narrow, and as he has drawn portraits of good women as true and delicate as his portraits of scolds and shrews are vivid and repulsive, it is pleasanter and perhaps not less justifiable to believe that the former, and not the latter, were taken from his personal experience at home. Meanwhile, his external affairs were prospering; in this same year, 1374, he was appointed comptroller of the Wool Customs, and three years later the king's business again took him to France. Nor did the accession of Richard II. cause any abatement of the favour in which, owing probably to John of Gaunt, he was held at Court. His pension was continued, and in 1382, he was made Comptroller of the Petty Customs. Four years later, however, he was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Kent, and a change took place in his fortunes, for the Commission of Regency appointed by that Parliament dismissed him from his office. This was probably rather due to the fact that a clean sweep was being made of all the king's appointments, than because of any active share taken by Chaucer in the king's policy; for, although as soon as Richard had got the reins into his own hand again, Chaucer received a fresh appointment, he certainly did not forfeit the patronage of the opposite party, and in 1399, one of Henry IVth's first acts was to double the pension of twenty marks granted him in 1394 by King Richard.

There is a disagreeable story, based on allusions in a poem called the *Testament of Love*, that in the troubles of 1388, Chaucer was imprisoned by the 'Merciless parliament,' and only escaped execution

by giving information against some members of the king's party. But the *Testament of Love* is now proved to be spurious, along with the *Cuckoo and the Nightingale*, and the *Flower and the Leaf*, and Chaucer's character stands pure, and unblemished by treachery. Little is known of the last twenty years of his life. In 1387 his wife died, or at any rate there is no record of the pension which had been granted to her ever since the year 1374; how many children Chaucer had is uncertain, but there was at all events the 'little son Lewis,' for whom, in these years, he wrote the *Treatise on the Astrolabie;* and he had friends, the 'moral Gower,' and the 'philosophical Strode,' Lydgate, who wrote afterwards of his 'Maister Chaucer,' and prayed God to yeve his soule goode reste, syth he in Englysche in makyng was the best,' and Occleve, who speaks of him with the same love and reverence, and has left us his portrait.

On October 25, 1400, Chaucer died, in the house which he had taken just one year before, and which stood in the garden of St. Mary's, Westminster.

The great work of his last and best period, his 'English' period, was of course the *Canterbury Tales*, that wonderful poem, unfinished as a whole, yet most finished in its parts, in which we see Chaucer himself, with all the best that he had assimilated from other sources —Chaucer as he was, after his life-long education, with the 'commonalty,' at court, in the wars, as a diplomatist, as an associate of the Italian poets.

The plan of the *Canterbury Tales* is sometimes thought to have been imitated from Boccaccio's *Decameron;* but while neither Chaucer nor Boccaccio was the first to link together a collection of stories by a single narrative, it has been well said that nothing could be more unlike Boccaccio's party of fine ladies and gentlemen, who have fled from the plague, and amuse the time of their banishment with story-telling, than Chaucer's company of pilgrims, who, diverse in rank, character and occupation, yet bound together by the tie of a common object, sweeten the hours, not of idleness, but of a purposeful ride, in the same pleasant fashion. In the prologue to the tales, we have a portrait gallery of the men and women of Chaucer's day; the 'jolly Host,' the 'slender coleric reeve,' the 'jovial wife of Bath,' the 'gentil Manciple,' all these are the fruits of Chaucer's life among the commonalty, and it is satisfactory to think of the fun he must have got out of them himself—of the enjoyment that must have gone to the writing of what it is so enjoyable to read. Nor could we delight in the portraits of the 'verray perfight gentil knight,' and the 'poor persone of a town,' had not Chaucer, too, been delighted in his own day by these chivalrous and pure-living persons.

Of the one hundred and twenty-four tales which the whole work would have comprised, had the original design of making each pilgrim tell four tales been carried out, only twenty four were accomplished, two of these being in prose, the others, with the

exception of the 'Rime of Sir Thopas,' being in ten-syllabled lines, either in couplets, or in the seven-lined stanza, which Chaucer derived from the French poet Guillaime de Machault. The tales are gathered from many different sources; wherever Chaucer found a good story, he made use of it, and the range of his reading is shewn by the way in which he turns from Boccaccio to Boethius, and from Boethius to unknown Latin versions of Arabic legend. But it is less the matter than the manner of the stories that is of importance, and in the manner Chaucer perhaps has never been surpassed. There is something childlike in his way of story-telling, and that implies a sheer delight in what he has to tell, and a fashion of pausing, as it were, every now and then to take breath and say, 'is not this a good story?' or 'was not that sad?'

And so he carries his hearer along with him, and it is almost a surprise sometimes to find that he really is grown-up and a great poet, after all; as for instance, when one comes upon a sudden dramatic flash, such as burst from Griselda in the midst of her submission—

> 'O goode God! how gentil and how kynde
> Ye seemed by your speech and your visage
> The day that maked was our marriage!'

or again, on such a powerful bit of painting as that of the temple of Mars, in the 'Knight's tale.' There is something childlike, too, in his hurry to get to the really interesting part of his story and to leave out long descriptions—

> 'Of his array what should I make a tale?'

he says in his account of Griselda's wedding, and in the 'Knight's tale,' he is not going to follow the example of his contemporaries in giving a lengthy catalogue of the 'fairest ladies,' of the 'hawkes that sitten on the perches above,' and the 'hounds that lyen on the floor adown,' but cuts it all down with, 'of all this make I now no mention.'

Most tender is the way in which he writes of little children and good women:—witness the description of Custance and her child, who are about to be set adrift on the sea in a vessel by themselves—

> 'Hir litel child lay weping in hir arm,
> And kneling, piteously to him she seyde,
> "Pees, litel sone, I wol do thee none harm."
> With that hir kerchief of hir heed she breyde,
> And ouer his litel yën she it leyde;
> And in hir arm she lulleth it ful faste,
> And into heueven hir yën vp she caste.'

Then, after a beautiful prayer to the 'moder and mayde bright, Marye,' she makes one last attempt to save the child, turning to the Constable, who is to execute her Pagan mother-in-law's cruel order—

> '"O mercy, dere Constable!" quod she;
> "As lat my litel child duelle heer with thee;
> And if thou durst not saven him, for blame,
> So kis him ones in his fadres name!"'

There could hardly be a more pathetic touch than the appeal in these last lines; but it is equalled by Griselda's farewell to her little child, who also, as she thinks, is to fall a victim to a cruel father—

'And thus she seyde in her benigne voys,
"Far wel, my child; I shal thee neuer see;
But, sith I thee haue marked vith the croys,
Of thilke fader blessed mote thou be,
That for us deyde up-on a croys of tree,
Thy soule, litel child, I him bitake,
For this nyght shalt thou dyen for my sake."'

And then, turning to the sergeant, who has come to fetch the 'litel body swete,' she says—

'Hauve heer agayn your litel yonge mayde.'

Closely allied to this tenderness, this pity or 'rewthe' for innocence and helplessness, is Chaucer's fresh love for nature; and again there is something childlike in his ever new delight in the flowers, the song of birds, the silver dewdrops on the leaves—all the country things that children care for—

'May, with alle thy floures and thy greene,
Welcome be thou, wel faire fressche May,
I hope that I som grene get may.'

This is the simple childlike song that he puts into the mouth of Arcite, and no more than the children has he heard, to quote Mr. Lowell: 'Of the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world. His flowers and trees and birds have never bothered themselves about Spinoza. He himself sings more like a bird than any other poet, because it never occurred to him, as to Goethe, that he ought to do so. He pours himself out in sincere joy and thankfulness.'

His philosophy lent itself to this easy joyous temper—

'This worlde nys but a thurgfare full of woo,'

he says—

'And we ben pilgryms passyng to and fro.'

* * * * *

Than it is wisdom, as it thinketh me,
To maken vertu of necessité,
And take it wel, that we may nat eschue;
And namelyche that to us alle is due,
And also so grucceth aught, he doth folye,
And rebel is to him that al may gye (guide).'

It is obvious that a man of this disposition was no reformer, and great indeed is the contrast between him and his contemporary Langland.

Both were satirists of all classes of society, and notably of the religious orders; but Langland wrote his satire in fierce and sorrowful indignation—Chaucer with a humorous appreciation of the foibles

he depicted, and with artistic joy in reproduction, for reproduction's sake, and not for moral effect. 'Peynë thee not,' he says, 'eche crooked to redress,' and inferior as he may have been to Langlande in earnestness of purpose, he must, with what has been called his 'genial worldliness,' have been a pleasanter person to come across than 'Long Will,' who describes himself striding down the Cornhill with sour looks, and never a friendly salute. And Chaucer was something better than worldly. If he did not write with a direct moral purpose, if it was not his mission to reform the world, yet, in spite of coarseness, the teaching of his works is pure and good, and the sympathies of his readers are enlisted on the right side. Nor perhaps could there on the whole be a better rule of conduct than that given in the three well-known stanzas which go by the name of the 'Good counsel of Chaucer,' and are thought to have been written in the troublous times of 1387–88—the stanza beginning—

'Fle fro the pres, and dwelle with sothfastnesse,'

and ending—

'That thee is sent receyve in buxumnesse,
The wrasteling of this world asketh a fal;
Heer is no hoom, heer is but wyldernesse.
Forth, pilgrime, forth! forth best, out of thy stal!
Loke up on hye, and thankë God of al;
Weyvë thy lust, and let thy gost thee lede,
And trouthe shal thee delyver, hit is no drede.'

With which lines a sketch of Chaucer may fitly conclude.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—I.

Questions.

1. The story of the literature of Great Britain begins in Ireland. Explain and illustrate this statement.

2. Trace the influence upon our language and literature of: (*a*) the introduction of Christianity; (*b*) the Danish Invasions; (*c*) the Norman Conquest.

3. What are the chief characteristics of Anglo-Saxon poetry? Give some account of its rise in Northumbria.

4. Trace and account for the growth of historical literature after the Norman Conquest.

5. Give some account of the origin of romance, and trace fully the development of the Arthurian legend.

6. Give an account of the religious literature of the 13th century.

7. What do you know of Roger Bacon?

8. Compare Langland, Gower, and Wiclif as Reformers.

9. Estimate critically Chaucer's merits as a poet. What foreign influences have been traced in his works?

10. Relate in your own words any one of the Canterbury Tales.

Answers to be sent not later than August 4th, to Miss Mackenzie, 5, Bertram Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool. Miss Mackenzie will be happy to hear from any students who require additional advice as to books, or difficulties met with in reading.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

(1.) Essential.—Stopford Brooke: *Primer of English Literature.* Morley: *First Sketch of English Literature.* Chaucer: *Prologue and Canterbury Tales* in Clarendon Press edition.

(2.) Useful.—Morley: *English Writers*, Vols. I. II. Ten Brink: *Early English Literature.* Craik: *Manual of the English Literature and the English Language.* Warton: *History of English Poetry* (ed. Hazlitt), Vols. I. & II. Freeman: *A General Sketch of European History.* Green: *A Short History of the English People.* Lowell: *My Study Windows* (Essay on Chaucer). Carlyle: *Past and Present* (Jocelin of Brakelond). Ward: *English Poets.*

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is the study of poetry and other imaginative literature more important to the young than that of the exact sciences?

Chelsea China has only received two papers on this subject, from *Bog Oak* and *Dragon-fly*. She gives *Bog Oak's* in full, as it is on the whole the most effective.

Flittermouse's paper on Reserve, hardly brings enough new elements into the discussion to be inserted so long afterwards; but *Elcaan* has a right to her answer to *Blackbird*, though Chelsea China thinks that she takes the latter's playful remarks rather too seriously.

Has not *A Learner* given rather a weak contrast? When one considers 'the exact sciences' so-called, and considers on one hand their magnitude, and on the other their absolute necessity to every-day life in the form of arithmetic, whether mental or not, it is difficult to consider poetry and imaginative literature (novels chiefly, I suppose) as a rigid antithesis to them. If one had to make a choice whether a young person of either sex should learn the one and leave the other unlearnt, one is compelled to say that it is more important by far that they should learn arithmetic and even be quite ignorant of poetry, than that they should learn poetry, and remain unable to add or subtract. A better balance would have been to give all science as opposed to all literature—for there might be a doubt whether a great knowledge of all history, secular and ecclesiastical, might not atone for a faulty education in arithmetic. And then to go further, Algebra (*now* called a science), the whole range of mathematics, astronomy, and many another glorious science, seem of such overwhelming importance that were any one master of all or only a few of these, he could almost afford to do without imaginative literature. And the enormous importance of bracing and strengthening the usually inexact mind of youth, by even one exact science, can hardly be over-stated. The artistic temperament, with no such balance, seems in the long run to come to greater grief than the rigidly scientific but absolutely prosaic mortal. On the whole, I should be inclined to drive the dreamy poetical children betimes into the range of practical mathematics, and also to encourage in the dull prosaic budding mathematician the study of poetry, and works of fiction. This is a far harder task than the former, but the most charming characters result from a union of the two. I have known a great

and truly simple-hearted old astronomer, now gone to his rest, devoted to his science, talking of it constantly, and one moment endeavouring to make one see the beauty of logarithms, and the next keenly discussing the ins and outs of a good novel—realising the characters and incidents with a clearness born of his clear exact methods of working. On the other hand, we occasionally meet with a poet who can join hands with science, as in Coleridge's Greek Ode on Astronomy, translated by Southey.

In conclusion, though it is very charming not to see a quotation from 'Alice in Wonderland' received with a blank stare, or an allusion to Hamlet *not* met with, 'Oh, where does that come from; is it the Bible?' Still it is almost more charming to find exactness, at least in money matters, in people we have to do with—and not to have profits added to losses in one harmonious whole; and receipts and expenditure entered in one column by grown-up people of some education, or to be told that Sirius was a king of Persia, B.C. 559. The old schoolmaster in Jan of the Windmill makes a very telling remark when he tells Jan that a gentleman's whole surroundings from his cradle give him an unconscious knowledge, if not of art, yet of things needful to it, among others of poetry and literary allusions, which places him at a great advantage compared with the self-educated man. It is on this account, because a certain acquaintance with literature comes naturally to the children of gentlefolks, that I would urge very strongly for them a training in at least one exact science. The self-made man, on the other hand, needs positive teaching often on the subject of the imagination, and a novel is as educating to him as Quadratic Equations to a gentleman. Your butchers' and bakers' boys and country carriers are often wonderful practical arithmeticians; their minds are peculiarly open to any information on scientific subjects that may be given them; when such an one rises a little in life it is a great thing for him to be trained to understand that the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'The Pirate,' 'Childe Harold,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' 'The Heir of Redclyffe,' or 'Thalaba the Destroyer,' are something more than 'a pack of old lies.'

Perhaps both the scientific and the poetical would do well to remember 'There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your Philosophy.'

BOG-OAK.

'IS GOSSIP EVER BENEFICIAL, RATHER THAN MISCHIEVOUS?'

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,

Having read the papers of both *Blackbird* and *Amyas Leigh*, I should like, if I may, to add a few words upon the subject of Gossip; and while thanking the latter for much that she has said, I cannot but dissent from *Blackbird* as to the advisability of hearing and repeating what is to another's discredit. For if the 'study of man-

kind,' that 'most important branch of all science,' has to be studied by hearing, and repeating with 'caution' the misconduct of our neighbours, where are we to draw the line at which our observations and communications are to stop? I heard a gentleman say not long ago, 'I don't care what is said of me so long as it is true.'

Ah, but how are we to know what *is* true? Suppose I relieve the *antimacassar-talk* with *a* history of the Vicar's quarrel; how are you to know that it is *the* history? and if what I say is exaggerated or not true, what light, except a false one, is thrown upon his character? I quite understand that if truth in the narration were always linked to a discerning wisdom in the hearer, an increased knowledge of character would be the result. But what *is* truth? And where is our discerning wisdom? Over and over again persons are injured in character, wounded in heart, slighted in society, and all this—on account of what has been *said* of them. But then steps in the question: Are we *never*, under any circumstances, to say anything in disparagement of our neighbours? Are we *never* to listen to anything against them? Let us turn to 'Gossip' itself for an answer. Look at the derivation of the word. 'Gossip,' or *Gossib*, is compounded of two words, i.e. 'God,' and the Anglo-Saxon word 'sib,' meaning *related* or *akin*. Let us remember this; let us remember that we *are* Gossips, that is—'*related* in the service of *God*,' and then as fellow-workers brotherly love shall illumine our words and works, and as each emergency arises we shall strive to speak and listen to the eternal well-being of each individual brother whom we are bound to cherish, and encourage on the road to Heaven.

Let us then put the answer to the question. 'Is Gossip ever beneficial, rather than mischievous?' And in the old old sense of the word, we answer—'Yes;' for would not we, Churchmen and Churchwomen, speak concerning each other—as brethren '*related* in the service of *God*?'

Is it not a lack of this bond of love which has turned *Gossib* into our nineteenth-century *Gossip;* and would not perfect love turn the Vicar's quarrel into a matter of sorrow rather than science?

What is a Peacemaker?

ELCAAN.

Chelsea China gives for the next subject the following, as going to the root of the present question in a more interesting way.

Is defect of imagination more harmful than excess?

Answers to be sent to the Publishers before August 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Ante-Nicene Heresies and Schisms.

Questions for July.

25. Account of the Gnostics; taking the following line—

α. The one root-principle of all Gnosticism (shortly given).

β. Names and special doctrines of the chief forms of this Heresy (not more than sixty words each).

γ. A somewhat longer account of the Marcionites.

26. Mention the various early heresies which—arising from an endeavour to maintain the Unity of the Godhead, at the expense of the doctrine of the Trinity—culminated in Sabellianism.

27. Quote the words in the Athanasian Creed and the Thirty-nine Articles which define the faith against Sabellianism.

28. An account of the times of Paul of Samosata.

Extra books recommended (for those who have access to them)—*The Councils of the Church*, by Dr. Pusey (Parker). 10*s.* 6*d.* *A History of the Holy Eastern Church, The Patriarchate of Antioch*, by Dr. Neale (Rivingtons). 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bog-Oak does not always advise members to *buy* books, but mentions some they might find in their friends' libraries or in public ones.

Primrose's paper is accepted; but if she wishes to continue a member of the C. H. S., she should send a subscription of 1*s.*

March Class List.

First Class.

Thistle	38	Moonraker, Verena	32
Edina	37	Etheldreda, Καθολικος, Veritas, Water-wagtail	31
Speranza, Vorwärts, Sycorax	35		
Papaver, Bluebell, Violets	33	Holland, Erica, Malacoda	30

Second Class.

Charissa, Ierne, Hegesippus, Countess	29	Rudge, Pet Lamb, Epsilon	25
Budgerigar, Evangeline, Excelsior, Millstone, Red-deer	28	King Cole, Mu Sigma, Dorothy	24
Frideswide	27	Golden Saxifrage, Mac, Snapdragon, Kappa	22
Mouse, J. Pen, Marjoram, Francesca, West Penwith, P. P. C.	26	Fidelia, De Maura, Irene, Regina, Wylmcote	21
		Buttered Toast, Bracken	20

Third Class.

Cecilia, Quintin	19	Portia, Hazelnut, Carlotta	17
Dog-Violet, Dormouse, Marguérite	18	Foolscap	16
		Dummie	13
		Ima	12
		Dobbin	9

REMARKS.

9. Very well given by *Etheldreda*, *Papaver*, *Erica*, *Violets*, *Malacoda*, *Sycorax*, and *Red-deer*.

Bog-Oak rather hoped to elicit that, as Pliny's information was clearly drawn from catechumens—persons 'who had been Christians but had left off some years before'—all he learnt was from outsiders (for the *ministræ*, if they were deaconesses, do not seem to have enlightened him at all), and so no more is known of the 'Mysteries' than what corresponds fairly with that part of the Pro-Anaphora in Eastern Liturgies, known as 'the Mass of the Catechumens,' which always contains a hymn and Lections from Scripture. The *Sacramentum may*—as some papers suggest—have been a rehearsal of the Baptismal vow; but if so it was beforehand, not after. More probably the catechumens used the word in the sense fast becoming usual among Christians, and *also* assured Pliny the obligations of Christians were all quite proper and not criminal. While Pliny taking the classical meaning—Sacramentum, an oath—rather confused the account, as meaning that the Christians took an oath every week. But even if the catechumens were alluding to the Ten Commandments, these would not have had any more connection with the consummation of the Mysteries, than the reading them in our office has with the act of Consecration. Apparently the catechumens then retired while the Faithful proceeded with the Eucharist itself,

which was thus clearly celebrated 'before light' (and not at midday as *Cecilia* thinks). Later in the day, probably in the evening, they met again for a love-feast. That this was not the Eucharist is evident from their cheerfully giving it up, on the Emperor's prohibition of club-feasts. *Budgerigar, Mu Sigma, Countess:* No feast in the evening at this time could have been the Holy Eucharist, which seems to have begun to be severed from the Agape after St. Paul's warnings, and anyhow, even if it lingered on in some places, had been abandoned after Trajan's Edict. *Rudge:* Pliny was Proconsul of Bithynia, and it was rather 'the character of our age,' than 'the customs of our realm' (the Roman Empire was more than a realm), that Trajan thought contrary to anonymous accusations. Bog-Oak cannot understand how, from Pliny's or Trajan's Epistles, *Portia* can gather anything about the sign of the Cross, the Kiss of Peace, Grades of Penitents, Saints' days, Fridays, etc. She must have met with a very free translation.

Fidelia says 'death was the only alternative.' One thing cannot be an alternative, there must be two. *Mu Sigma:* Though the date of the *Te Deum* is uncertain, one thing is assured, that it did not exist in Trajan's time, unless, as what Dr. Neale calls later still in Decian times, 'the infant Te Deum,' which he says began with 'Day by day we magnify Thee.'

10. Answers excellent by *Edina, Excelsior, Pet Lamb, Moonraker, Speranza, Sycorax,* and *Verena.*

The points which, among others, should have been given in all accounts of the martyrs of Vienne and Lyons are: 1. The date (177). 2. Some half-dozen names at least, which are deficient, if not including SS. Pothinus, Sanctus, and Blandina. 3. The manner of death by which some of those named glorified God. 4. The lapse of some, with their repentance. 5. The popular rage by which this Persecution was distinguished. 6. The famous Epistle of the Gallican Church to the Churches of Asia and Phrygia.

Failures in these points are as follows—

1. *Thistle, Mouse, Mac, Dummie, Buttered Toast, Dobbin, Quintin.*

2. *King Cole, Dummie, Buttered Toast, Dormouse, Foolscap, Dobbin, Bracken, Carlotta, West Penwith, Marguérite, Dorothy.*

3. *King Cole, Dummie, Foolscap, Bracken, Francesca, Marguérite.*

4. *Holland, Etheldreda, King Cole, Mac, Rudge, Cecilia, Dummie, Portia, Erica, J. Pen, Marjoram, Malacoda, Ima, Bracken, Carlotta, Ierne, Mu Sigma, Francesca, Countess, Quintin, Wylmcote, Dorothy.*

5. *Mac, Portia, Dormouse, Kappa, Dobbin, Frideswide, Carlotta.*

6. *Budgerigar, King Cole, Dog-Violet, Golden Saxifrage, Rudge, Cecilia, Dummie, Snapdragon, Portia, Buttered Toast, Dormouse, Foolscap, Dobbin, Marjoram, De Maura, Irene, Ima, Regina, Bracken, Carlotta, Ierne, Hegesippus, Mu Sigma, Francesca, Countess, Marguérite, Dorothy, Epsilon.*

West Penwith: Symphorian suffered at the neighbouring town of Autun.

Francesca: The number of these martyrs was almost certainly forty-eight; therefore this would not, as *de Maura* says, represent 'nearly all the Christians in the two cities.' *Mu Sigma* says '*all* perished'; but some were left to write the Epistle. *Evangeline:* St. Attalus ought to have been beheaded as a Roman citizen, but he actually was tortured like the others.

Regina: Pothinus was Bishop of Lyons, not Vienne, whose Bishop either escaped, or the see was vacant.

11. Exceedingly well done by *Edina, Holland, Blue-bell, Moonraker, Thistle, Vorwärts.*

The story of the miraculous fall of rain is (as *Charissa* wishes to believe) an historical fact, sufficiently attested by Aurelius' inscription. That the Church was right also in attributing this, not to Jupiter, but to Him Who sends the rain 'out of His treasures,' none will doubt; and as Christians were most likely present among the soldiers, *probably* it was an answer to their prayers. (If we had certain evidence that they prayed, Bog-Oak would say *certainly.*) What must be a legend is that at this period a whole legion could be Christian; that the Emperor attributed the providence to the true God; or that he stopped the Persecution; possibly the Christian soldiers may have received favour, but in 177 the Emperor was consenting to the cruelties at Lyons.

Budgerigar, Snapdragon, Malacoda, and others: The Thundering Legion of Augustus' days was *Fulminata,* not *Fulminatrix.*

Hegesippus: St. Ignatius was not the first martyr of the Coliseum. It was finished more than thirty years before, and almost certainly Gaudentius, its architect, was martyred here.

Erica: Vespasian died A.D. 79, and it was Titus who dedicated the Flavian Amphitheatre.

Erica and many others do not mention that it received this name in honour of the *Gens* of the Emperors who built it; Flavius being their Gentile name was the Nomen, not the *Cognomen,* as *Frideswide* thinks. *Carlotta:* The name Colossœum or Coliseum has no connection with *Columns,* but probably refers to the colossal statue of Nero, afterwards dedicated to Apollo. Bog-Oak wants to know what 'Corinthic' architecture is! as *Dog-Violet* names this just before Corinthian.

Kappa: The form of the Coliseum is elliptical, not semi-circular. When *Mu Sigma* says 'to quote Bede,' she should not, without owning it, quote Byron instead. Otherwise her account is excellent. *P. P. C.* perhaps knows the Flavian Amphitheatre best as the Coliseum, of which there is a good description in the notes to Childe Harold.

The Theory quoted by so many that the Catacombs are disused

quarries or arenariæ is now quite given up. They seem to have been exclusively formed as burial-places by those who objected to the Roman practice of cremation, these were chiefly, though not exclusively, Jews and Christians. Occasionally to baffle pursuit the entrance to an old sand pit was used. Want of space forbids a full account of the grounds of this opinion; here are some of the reasons. 1st. The strata are more compact than arenariæ. 2nd. The galleries are often at right angles, those in arenariæ with winding turns for passage of horse and cart. No marks have been subtracted where the older theory was followed. *Buttered Toast, Verena, Pet Lamb,* and *Millstone:* A cross *never* occurs in early Christian symbols in the Catacombs—the nearest thing is the X (Chi), the Greek initial of Christ. What does *Dorothy* mean by quoting 'M. D.' as a frequent inscription in the Catacombs?

12. Well written by *Veritas, Violets, Thistle, Speranza, Millstone, Vorwärts, Francesca,* and *Verena.*

Edina, and others, do not mention the date of Ignatius' martyrdom. *Holland,* and others, give it as 107. The date is, however, fixed by two circumstances—Trajan's visit to the East in 115 (he was not there in 107), and the earthquake in January. It must therefore have been 115 or 116, probably the former. The latter is the date given, though in Bishop Lloyd's letter to Pagi., *Holland* and *Carlotta* give 107 for his sentence, and 115 for his execution; surely they don't think he took eight years getting to Rome! *Dummie,* and others, omit the famous trial before Trajan at Antioch. What sort of a dignitary does *Fidelia* mean by a 'Great Mandate'? *Kappa:* Theophorus (God-bearer), not Theodorus (God-given), was what St. Ignatius called himself. If *J. Pen* thinks he was thirty in the year 70, she would be sure he had never seen our Lord. But he must have been old enough to have seen Christ, whether he actually did or not. *Excelsior:* One cannot go 'on foot from Troas to Philippi,' unless, like Xerxes, one had a Bridge of Boats. As a fact, Ignatius went by sea from Troas to Neapolis, and thence on foot to Philippi.

Ierne, and others, seem to think Ignatius journeyed to Rome partly by the same route as St. Paul, the only difference being the landing at Ostia and not at Puteoli. But as St. Paul went by sea, no part could have been the same after passing Cnidus; though St. Paul had several times visited most of the places where St. Ignatius rested. *Portia* should have named the manner of the Martyr's death; from what she says we can only gather that he fell a victim to the roar of the multitude. *Violets* alone has given the beautiful ending to the history, telling—as Bog-Oak hoped others would—how in 1857 remains, exactly corresponding to those of the martyr, were found where tradition indicated, in the old subterranean Church of St. Clement, and how, with hymns and Psalms of triumph, they were borne in

procession round that very Flavian Amphitheatre where he had suffered so gloriously.

When the initials of Anno Domini are given, capitals should be used.

Bog-Oak begs *Moonraker* to have some consideration for her own and her critic's eyesight. Her paper seems to have been written, and must anyhow be read, under strong magnifying power. 'Not greatly exceeding five pages, *might* mean occasionally six or six and a half pages, not ten or fifteen squeezed into five!

Notices to Correspondents.

NOTICE.

The prizes of books for the English Literature Class are offered *half* yearly—in January and June. The classes are open to persons not intending to attempt the Cambridge Higher Local Examination as well as to those studying for it. The answers must be sent in to Miss Mackenzie before the end of the month in which the questions are set.

Is there a text in the Bible: 'Containing in itself all sweetness.' And also: 'Lift up your hearts.' META.

The first words are not in Holy Scripture. The second is somewhat like Lamentations iii. 41.

E. S. would be greatly obliged if any one could tell her where to find the hymns quoted by S. G. in the article on the 'Ascension' in the May Number of the 'Monthly Packet'—

'Jesu, our Prince and Saviour,'

and—

'Lord Jesu Christ, Thou standest
A Priest in robes of white.'

Der Freischütz.—The libretto by F. Kind, taken from 'Apels Gespensterbuck,' where the legend is given in a poetic form, in 1810.

Caspar was a German archer, who sold himself to Gamiel, the black huntsman. The night before the expiration of his life lease, he bargained for a respite of three years on condition of bringing Max within the power of the fiend.

Max, the best marksman in Germany, was betrothed to Agatha, who was to be his wife if he won the prize in the annual match.

Caspar induced him to go into the Wolfs Glen at midnight and obtain seven charmed balls from Samiel, six of which were to hit with certainty any mark he aimed at, but the seventh was to be directed according to the will of the giver. On the day of contest, Max aimed at a dove, but killed Caspar, who was concealed in a tree, and Samiel took possession of his victim.—From 'The Reader's Handbook.' E. D'A.

Fidelio.—Fernando Floresten was a state prisoner of Seville, married to Lenora, who, disguised as a boy, named Fidelio, entered the service of the Jailor *Rocco*, in order to effect her husband's release. Marcelline, the jailor's daughter, fell in love with her. Pizarro, the governor of the prison, resolving to assassinate Floresten, sent Rocco

and Fidelio to dig his grave in the prison cell. When Pizarro descended to perpetrate the deed, Fidelio drew a pistol on him, and the Minister of State arriving at the crisis ordered the prisoner to be released. Lenore (Fidelio) unlocked her husband's chains, and Pizarro's revenge failed.

E. D'A.

HISTORICAL SOCIETY (1887).

'Clio' begs to apologise for the accidental omission of the following names in the Final Class List of the Roman History Competition. The mistake would have been acknowledged before, but for delay occasioned by illness—

First Class ... Fidelia ... 314.
Second Class ... Deryn ... 228. CLIO.

The verses *E. A. W.* wishes for are a translation from the German of Khland. E. B. will be happy to send *E. A. W.* a copy if an address is sent to—13, Park Lane, Stoke Newington, N.

Quotation wanted by *A. B.* The line in question is a not quite correct rendering of one in Pope's *Essay on Man*, Ep. 4, lines 331 and 332.

'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God.'

C. A. B. and Rev. C. W. HOLDICH.

It is said in the June number of the 'Monthly Packet,' page 558, that Bishop Wilberforce founded the first English Theological College. Allow me to say that there was a Theological College at Chichester, instituted in 1839 by Bishop Otter, of Chichester, and where I was a student.

E. R.

MADAM,

I do not know if a book entitled *Robert Elsmere* has come under your notice. It is certainly a dangerous book for young people; but it would not be worth taking much notice of, but that, having been reviewed by Gladstone, it is having a large sale. It is evidently written by a Unitarian, and has a certain amount of good writing and attractive power which might influence the young; especially as the hero is made very attractive, and the sympathies of the reader are likely to go with him.

But a great part of the book is made up of the most verbose nonsense, which the writer evidently thinks is very clever, especially as she gives it as the out-pouring of 'deep thinkers' and clever Oxford men? The conceit is amusing and her reasoning utterly weak. Perhaps a little wholesome criticism in the pages of the 'Monthly Packet' might not be out of place, and a little showing up of the absurdity of the writer in thinking she can fathom the depth of the minds of really deep and earnest thinkers, may prevent young readers from being carried away by writing which possibly they may think very deep, because they do not understand it, whereas there is little in it to be understood, as it is only a froth of the water, with certainly no depth below.

Yours faithfully,

E. B.

The Monthly Packet.

AUGUST, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XX.

IVINGHOE TERRACE.

On an east windy Friday afternoon, Valetta and Fergus were in a crowning state of ecstacy. Rigdum Funnidos was in a hutch in the small garden under the cliff, Begum and two small grey kittens were in a basket under the kitchen stairs, Aga was purring under everybody's feet, Cocky was turning out the guard upon his perch—in short, Il Lido was made as like Silverfold as circumstances would permit. Aunt Ada with Miss Vincent was sitting on the sofa in the drawing-room, with a newly-worked cosy, like a giant's fez, over the teapot, and Valetta's crewel cushion fully displayed. She was patiently enduring a rush in and out of the room of both children and Quiz once every minute, and had only requested that it should not be *more* than once, and that the door should neither be slammed nor left open.

Macrae and the Silverfold carriage were actually gone to the station, and, oh! oh! oh! here it really was with papa on the box, and heaps of luggage, and here were Primrose and Gillian and mamma and Mrs. Halfpenny, all emerging one after another, and Primrose, looking—oh, dear! more like a schoolroom than a nursery girl—such a great piece of black leg below the little crimson skirt; but the dear little face as plump as ever.

That was the first apparent fact after the disengaging from the general embrace, when all had subsided into different seats, and Aunt Jane, who had appeared from somewhere in her little round seal-skin hat, had begun to pour out the tea. The first sentence that emerged from the *melée* of greetings and intelligence was—

'Fly met her mother at the station; how well she looks.'

'Then Victoria came down with you?'

'Yes; I am glad we went to her. I really do like her very much.'

Then Primrose and Valetta varied the scene by each laying a kitten in their mother's lap; and Begum, jumping after her progeny, brushed Lady Merrifield's face with her bushy tail, interrupting the information about names.

'Come, children,' said Sir Jasper, 'that's enough; take away the cats.' It was kindly said, but it was plain that liberties with mamma would not continue before him.

'The Whites,' was Gillian's question, as she pressed up to Aunt Jane.

'Poor Mrs. White died the night before last,' was the return. 'I have just come from Kally. She is in a stunned state now—actually too busy to think and feel, for the funeral must be to-morrow.'

Sir Jasper heard, and came to ask further questions.

'She saw Alexis,' went on Miss Mohun. 'They dressed him in his own clothes, and she seemed greatly satisfied when he came to sit by her, and had forgotten all that went before. However, the end came very suddenly at last; and all those poor children show their southern nature in tremendous outbursts of grief—all except Kalliope, who seems not to venture on giving way, will not talk, or be comforted, and is, as it were, dried up for the present. The big brothers give way quite as much as the children, in gusts, that is to say. Poor Alexis reproaches himself with having hastened it, and I am afraid his brother does not spare him. But Mr. White has bought his discharge.'

'You don't mean it.'

'Yes; whether it was the contrast between Alexis's air of refinement and his private soldier's turn out, or the poor fellow's patience and submission, or the brother's horrid behaviour to him, Mr. White has taken him up, and bought him out.'

'All because of Richard's brutal speech. That is good! Though I confess I should have let the lad have at least a year's discipline for his own good, since he had put himself into it; but I can't be sorry. There is something engaging about the boy.'

'And Mr. White is the right man to dispose of them.'

No more passed, for here were the children eager and important, doing the honours of the new house, and intensely happy at the sense of home, which with them depended more on persons than on place.

'One schoolroom again,' said Mysie. 'One again with Val and Prim and Miss Vincent. Oh, it is happiness!'

Even Mrs. Halfpenny was a delightful sight, perhaps the more so that her rightful dominion was over; the nursery was no more, and she was only to preside in the workroom, be generally useful, wait on my lady, and look after Primrose as far as was needful.

The bustle and excitement of settling in prevented much thought of the Whites, even from Gillian, during that evening and the next morning; and she was ashamed of her own oblivion of her friend in

the new current of ideas, when she found that her father meant to attend the funeral out of respect to his old fellow-soldier.

Rockquay had outgrown its churchyard, and had a cemetery half a mile off, so that people had to go in carriages. Mr. White had made himself responsible for expenses, and thus things were not so utterly dreary as poverty might have made them. It was a dreary, gusty March day, with driving rushes of rain, which had played wildly with Gillian's waterproof, while she was getting such blossoms and evergreen leaves as her aunt's garden afforded, not out of love for the poor Queen of the White Ants herself, but thinking the attention might gratify the daughters; and her elders moralised a little on the use and abuse of wreaths, and how the manifestation of tender affection and respect had in many cases been imitated in empty and expensive compliment.

'The world spoils everything with its coarse finger,' said Lady Merrifield.

'I hope the custom will not be exaggerated altogether out of fashion,' said Jane. 'It is a real comfort to poor little children at funerals to have one to carry, and it is as Mrs. Gaskell's Margaret said of mourning, something to prevent settling to doing nothing but crying; besides that afterwards there is a wholesome sweetness in thus keeping up the memory.'

Sir Jasper shared a carriage with Mr. White, and returned somewhat wet and very cold, and saying that it had been sadly bleak and wretched for the poor young people, who stood trembling, so far as he could see; and he was anxious to know how the poor girls were after it. It had seemed to him as if Kalliope could scarcely stand. He proved to be right. Kalliope had said nothing, not wept demonstratively, perhaps not at all; but when the carriage stopped at the door, she proved to be sunk back in her corner in a dead faint. She was very long in reviving, and no sooner tried to move than she swooned again, and this time it lasted so long that the doctor was sent for. Miss Mohun arrived just as he had partially restored her, and they had a conversation.

'They must get that poor girl to bed as soon as it is possible to undress her,' he said. 'I have seen that she must break down sooner or later, and I'm afraid she is in for a serious illness; but as yet there is no knowing.'

Nursing was not among Jane's accomplishments, except of her sister Ada's chronic, though not severe ailments, but she fetched Mrs. Halfpenny as the most effective person within reach, trusting to that good woman's Scotch height, strong arms, great decision, and the tenderness which real illness always elicited.

Nor was she wrong. Not only did Mrs. Halfpenny get the half-unconscious girl into bed, but she stayed till evening, and then came back to snatch a meal and say—

'My leddy, if you have no objection, I will sit up with that puir

lassie the night. They are all menfolk or bairns there, except the lodger-lady who is worn out with helping the mother, and they want some one with a head on her shoulders.'

Lady Merrifield consented with all her heart; but the Sunday morning's reports was no better, when Mrs. Halfpenny came home to dress Primrose, and see her lady.

'That eldest brother, set him up, the idle loon, was off by the mail train that night, and naething wad serve him but to come in and bid good-bye to his sister just as I had gotten her off into something more like a sleep. It startled her up, and she went off her head again, poor dearie, and began to talk about prison and disgrace, and what not, till she fainted again; and when she came to, I was fain to call the other lad to pacify her, for I could see the trouble in her puir een, though she cauld scarce win breath to speak.'

'Is Alexis there?'

'Surely he is, my leddy; he's no the lad to leave his sister in sic a strait. It was all I could do to gar him lie down when she dozed off again, but there's sair stress setting in for all of them, poor things. I have sent the little laddie off to beg the doctor to look in as soon as he can, for I am much mistaken if there be not fever coming on.'

'Indeed! And what can those poor children do?'

'That's what I'm thinking, my leddy. And since 'tis your pleasure that the nursery be done awa wi', and I have not ta'en any fresh work, I should like weel to see the puir lassie through wi' it. Ye'll no mind that Captain White and my puir Halfpenny listed the same time, and always forgathered as became douce lads. The twa of them got their stripes thegither, and when Halfpenny got his sunstroke in that weary march, 'twas White who gave him his last sup of water, and brought me his bit Bible. So I'd be fain to tend his daughter in her sickness, if you could spare me, my leddy, and I'd aye rin home to dress Missie Primrose and pit her to bed, and see to matters here.'

'There's no better nurse in the world, dear old Halfpenny,' said Lady Merrifield, with tears in her eyes. 'I do feel most thankful to you for proposing it. Never mind about Primrose, only you must have your meals and a good rest here, and not knock yourself up.'

Mrs. Halfpenny smiled grimly at the notion of her being sooner knocked up than a steam engine. Dr. Dagger entirely confirmed her opinion that poor Kalliope was likely to have a serious illness, low nervous fever, and failing action of the heart, no doubt from the severe strain that she had undergone, more or less, for many months, and latterly fearfully enhanced by her mother's illness, and the shock and suspense about Alexis, all borne under the necessity of external composure and calmness, so that even Mrs. Lee had never entirely understood how much it cost her. The doctor did not apprehend extreme danger to one young and healthy, but he thought much

would depend on good nursing, and on absolute protection from any sort of excitement, so that such care as Mrs. Halfpenny's was invaluable, since she was well known to be a dove to a patient, but a dragon to all outsiders.

Every one around grieved at having done so little to lighten these burthens, and having even increased them, her brother Alexis above all; but on the other hand, he was the only person who was of any use to her, or was suffered to approach her, since his touch and voice calmed the recurring distress, lest he were still in prison and danger.

Alexis went back dutifully on the Monday morning to his post at the works. The young man was much changed by his fortnight's experiences, or rather he had been cured of a temporary fit of distraction, and returned to his better self. How many discussions his friends held about him cannot be recorded, but after a conversation with Mr. Flight, with whom he was really more unreserved than any other being except Kalliope, this was the understanding at which Miss Mohun and Lady Merrifield arrived as to his nature and character.

Refined, studious, and sensitive, thoroughly religious minded, and of a high tone of thought, his aspirations had been blighted by his father's death, his brother's selfishness, and his mother's favouritism. In a brave spirit of self-abnegation, he had turned to the uncongenial employment set before him for the sake of his family, and which was rendered specially trying by the dislike of his fellows to 'the gentleman cove,' and the jealousy of the Stebbings. Alike for his religious and his refined habits, he had suffered patiently, as Mr. Flight had always known more or less, and now bore testimony. The Curate, who had opened to him the first door of hope and comfort, had in these weeks begun to see that the apparent fitfulness of his kindness had been unsettling.

Then came the brief dream of felicity excited by Gillian and the darkness of its extinction, just as Frank Stebbing's failure and the near approach of Mr. White, had made the malice of his immediate superiors render his situation more intolerable than ever. There was the added sting of self-reproach for his presumption towards Gillian, and the neglect caused by his fit of low spirits. Such a sensitive being, in early youth, wearied and goaded on all sides, might probably have persevered through the darkness till daylight came; but the catastrophe, the dismissal, and the perception that he could only defend himself at the expense of his idol's little brother, all exaggerated by youthful imagination, were too much for his balance of judgment; and he fled without giving himself time to realise how much worse he made it for those he left behind him.

Of course he perceived it all now, and the more bitterly from his sister's wanderings, but the morbid exaggeration was gone. The actual taste of a recruit's life had shown him that there were worse things than employment at the quarries with his home awaiting him;

and his cell had been a place of thought and recovery of his senses. He had never seriously expected conviction, and Sir Jasper's visit had given him a spring of hopeful resignation, in which thoughts stirred of doing his duty, and winning his way after his father's example, and taking the trials of his military life as the just cross of his wrong-doing in entering it.

His liberation and Mr. White's kindness had not altered this frame. He was too unhappy to feel his residence in the great house anything but a restraint; he could not help believing that he had hastened his mother's death, and could only bow his head meekly under his brother's reproaches, alike for that and for his folly and imprudence and the disgrace he had brought on the family.

'And now you'll be currying favour and cutting out every one else,' had been a sting which added fresh force to Alexis's desire to escape from his kinsman's house to sleep at home as soon as his brother had gone; and Richard had seen enough of Sir Jasper and of Mr. White to be anxious to return to his office at Leeds as soon as possible, and to regulate his affairs beyond their reach.

Alexis knew that he had avoided a duty in not working out his three months term, and likewise that his earnings were necessary to the family all the more for his sister being laid aside. He knew that he hardly deserved to resume his post, and he merely asked permission so to do, and it was granted at once, but curtly and coldly.

Mr. Flight had asked if he had not found the going among the other clerks very trying.

'I had other things to think of,' said Alexis sadly, then recalling himself. 'Yes; Jones did sneer a little, but the others stopped that. They knew I was down, you see.'

'And you mean to go on.'

'If I may. That, and for my sister to get better, are all I can dare to hope. My madness and selfishness have shown me unworthy of all that I once dreamt of.'

In that resolution it was assuredly best to leave him, only giving him such encouragement and sympathy as might prevent that more dangerous reaction of giving up all better things; and Sir Jasper impressed on Mr. Flight, the only friend who could have aided him in fulfilling his former aspirations, that Mr. White had in a manner purchased the youth by buying his discharge, and that interference would not only be inexpedient, but unjust. The young clergyman chafed a little over not being allowed to atone for his neglect; but Sir Jasper was not a person to be easily gainsayed. Nor could there be any doubt that Mr. White was a good man, though in general so much inclined to reserve his hand that his actions were apt to take people by surprise at last, as they had never guessed his intentions, and he had a way of sucking people's brains without in the least letting them know what use he meant to make of their information.

The measures he was taking for the temporal, intellectual, and spiritual welfare of the people at the works would hardly have been known except for the murmurs of Mrs. Stebbing, although, without their knowing what he was about with them, Mr. Stebbing himself, Mr. Hablot, Miss Mohun, to say nothing of Alexis, the foremen and the men and their wives, had given him the groundwork of his reforms. Meantime, he came daily to inquire for Kalliope, and lavished on her all that could be an alleviation, greatly offending Mrs. Halfpenny by continually proffering the services of a hospital nurse.

'A silly tawpie that would be mair trouble than half a dozen sick,' as she chose to declare.

She was a born autocrat, and ruled as absolutely in No. 1 as in her nursery, ordering off the three young ones to their schools, in spite of Maura's remonstrances and appeals to Lady Merrifield, who agreed with nurse that the girl was much better away and occupied than where she could be of very little use.

Indeed, Mrs. Halfpenny banished every one from the room except Mrs. Lee and Alexis, whom she would allow to take her place, while she stalked to Il Lido for her meals, and the duties she would not drop. As to rest, she always, in times of sickness, seemed to be made of cast iron, and if she ever slept at all, it was in a chair, while Alexis sat by his sister in the evening.

The fever never ran very high, but constant vigilance was wanted from the extreme exhaustion and faintness. There was no violent delirium, but more of delusion and distress, nor was it easy to tell when she was conscious or otherwise, for she hardly spoke, and as yet the doctor forbade any attempt to rouse her more than was absolutely needful. They were only to give nourishment, watch her, and be patient.

A few months ago Gillian would have fussed herself into a frantic state of anxiety and self-reproach; but her parents, when her mother had once heard as much outpouring as she thought expedient, would not permit what Sir Jasper called 'perpetual harping.'

'You have to do your duties all the same, and not worry your mother and all the family with your feelings,' he said.

She thought it very unkind, and went away crying.

'Nobody could hinder her from thinking about Kalliope,' she said to herself, and think she did at her prayers, and when the bulletins came in; but the embargo on discussion prevented her from being so absolutely engrossed, as in weaker hands she might have been, and there was a great deal going on to claim her attention. For one thing, the results of the Cambridge Examination showed that while Emma Norton and a few others had passed triumphantly, she had failed, and conscience carried her back to last autumn's disinclination to do just what Aunt Jane especially recommended.

She cried bitterly over the failure, for she had a feeling that

success there would redeem her somewhat in her parents' eyes; but here again she experienced the healing kindness of her father. He would not say that he should not have been much pleased by her success, but he said failure that taught her to do her best without perverseness was really a benefit, and as arithmetic and mathematics had been her weakest points, he would work at them with her and Mysie for an hour every morning.

It was somewhat formidable, but the girls soon found that what their father demanded was application, and that inattention displeased him much more than stupidity. His smile, though rare, was one of the sweetest things in the world, and his approbation was delightful, and gave a stimulus to the entire days' doings. Mysie was more than ever in dread of being handed over to the Rotherwoods, though her love for poor Fly and pity for her solitude were so strong. She would have been much relieved if she had known what had passed, when the offer was seriously made, Lord Rotherwood insisted that his wife should do it.

'Then they will believe in it,' he said.

'I do not know why you should say that,' she returned, always dutifully blinding herself to that which all their intimates knew perfectly well. However, perhaps from having a station and dignity of her own, together with great simplicity, Lady Merrifield had from her first arrival got on so well with her hostess as not quite to enter into Jane's sarcastic descriptions of her efforts at cordiality, and it was with real warmth that Lady Rotherwood begged for Mysie as a permanent companion and adopted sister to Phyllis, who was to be taken back to London after Easter, and in the meantime spent every possible moment with her cousins. Tears, at the unkindness to lonely Fly came into Lady Merrifield's eyes, as she said—

'I cannot do it, Victoria; I do not think I ought to give away my child, even if I could.'

'It is not only our feelings,' added Sir Jasper, 'but it is our duty to bring up our own child in her natural station; and though we know she would learn nothing but good in your family, I cannot think it well that a girl should acquire habits, and be used to society ways and of life beyond those which she can expect to continue.'

They both cried out at this, Lord Rotherwood with a halting declaration of perfect equality, which his lady seconded, with a dextrous reference to connections.

'We will not put it on rank then,' said Sir Jasper, 'but on wealth. With you, Maria must become accustomed to much that she could not continue, and had better not become natural to her. I know there are great advantages to manners and general cultivation in being with you, and we shall be most thankful to let her pay long visits, and be as much with Phyllis as is consistent with feeling her home with us, but I cannot think it right to do more.'

'But with introductions,' pleaded Lady Rotherwood, 'she might

marry well. With her family and connections, she would be a match for any one.'

'I hope so,' said Sir Jasper; 'but at the same time it would not be well for her to look on such a marriage as the means of continuing the habits that would have become second nature.'

'Poor Mysie,' exclaimed Lord Rotherwood, bursting out laughing at the idea, and at Lady Merrifield's look as she murmured, 'My Mysie!'

'You misunderstand me,' said the Marchioness composedly. 'I was as far as possible from proposing marriage as a speculation for her.'

'I know you were,' said Sir Jasper. 'I know you would deal by Maria as by your own daughter, and I am very grateful to you, Lady Rotherwood; but I can only come back to my old decision, that as Providence did not place her in your rank of life, she had better not become so accustomed to it as to render her own distasteful to her.'

'Exactly what I expected!' said Lord Rotherwood.

'Yes,' returned his wife, with an effort of generosity; 'and I believe you are right, Jasper, though I am sorry for my little solitary girl, and I never saw a friend so perfectly suitable for her as your Mysie.'

'They may be friends still,' said Lord Rotherwood, 'and we will be grateful to you whenever you can spare her to us.'

'Perhaps,' added Sir Jasper, 'all the more helpful friends for seeing different phases of life.'

'And,' said his wife, with one of her warm impulses, 'I do thank you, Victoria, for so loving my Mysie.'

'As if any one could help it, after last winter,' said that lady, and an impromptu kiss passed between the two mothers, much to the astonishment of the Marquis, who had never seen his lady so moved towards any one.

The Merrifields were somewhat on the world, for Sir Jasper, on going to Silverfold and corresponding with the trustees of the landlord, had found that the place could not be put in a state either of repair or sanitation, such as he approved, without more expense than either he or the trustees thought advisable, and he decided on giving it up, and remaining at Il Lido till he could find something more suitable.

The children, who had been there during the special home-making age, bewailed the decision, and were likely always to look back on Silverfold as a sort of Paradise; but the elder ones had been used to changes from infancy, and had never settled down, and their mother said that place was little to her as long as she had her Jasper by her side, and as to the abstract idea of home as a locality, that would always be to her under the tulip-tree and by the pond at the Old Court at Beechcroft, just as her abstract idea of church was in the

The first practical proposal was Mrs. Lee's. They thought of reversing the present position, and taking a small house where their present hosts might become their lodgers. Moreover, Miss Mohun clenched the affair about Theodore, and overcame Alexis's scruples, while Lady Merrifield, having once or twice looked in, and been smiled at and thanked by Kalliope, undertook to prepare her for his farewell.

Alexis and Maura both declared that she would instantly jump up, and want to begin looking over his socks; but she got no farther than—

'Dear boy! It is the sort of thing I always wished for him. People are very good! But his things——'

'Oh, yes, dearie, ye need not fash yourself. I've mended them as I sat by you, and packed them all. Lie still. They are all right.'

There was an atmosphere of the Royal Wardours about Mrs. Halfpenny, which was at once congenial and commanding; and Kalliope's mind at once relinquished the burthen of socks, shirts, and even the elbows of the outgrown jacket, nor did any of the family ever knew how the deficiences had been supplied.

And when Theodore, well admonished, came softly and timidly for the parting kiss, his face quivering all over with the effort at self-control, she lay and smiled; but with a great crystal tear on each dark eyelash, and her thin transparent fingers softly stroked his cheeks, as the low weak voice said—

'Be a good boy, dear—speak truth. Praise God well. Write, I'll write when I am better.'

It was the first time she had spoken of being better, and they told Theodore to take comfort from it, when all the other three walked him up to the station.

(*To be continued.*)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

'Why should all the giving prove His alone?'

'For I wyll prove that faythfulle love
It is devoyd of shame,
In your dystresse and hevynesse
To part with you, the same,
And sure all tho', that doe not soe
True lovers are they none.'—*The Nut-browne Mayd.*

It has become a truism to remark that things in this world rarely turn out exactly as we expect. We are all so familiar with that fact that we sometimes try to cheat our destiny by piling up dismal expectations, and thus guarding ourselves against the exact fulfilment of any of them.

Matters had come to too tragic a pass with Maurice Caryl for him to cheat himself with such visionary precautions. And yet perhaps, as he sat there on his fallen tree, with his chin resting on his hands, and his eyes never wavering from their fixed gaze, he was nursing a little visionary hope, a poor vague little hope that could not do more than ruffle the surface of the chill deeps of his despair.

He repeated to himself, 'I shall never see her again,' and in a certain sense believed it; and yet he had a sort of hope that such a thing could not be, that somehow or other it might come about that they two should meet, and he might read in her eyes that she pitied and forgave him. Whether that would be more pain or pleasure he could hardly tell; but it seemed the only thing that he had the heart to care about now.

Nevertheless, when the thing that he hardly dared to long for suddenly came about, he was as much surprised and confounded as if he had really believed it impossible.

He had forgotten, I fear, all about poor Mr. Layton and his anxieties, as was but natural. He had been sitting motionless for so long that all the little inhabitants of the wooded hillside had grown used to his presence, and were going about their usual business within a few feet of him. All at once they heard a sound which he did not, lost in sorrowful dreams. Swiftly and noiselessly they vanished, on nimble feet or tiny wings, and the sound drew nearer; the sound of light quick footsteps moving over the mossy grass.

Maurice *felt* them before he heard them—was aware of a presence

before his ears had warned him of its coming. He looked up, and his heart gave a bound that for the moment took away all his strength. It was Dagmar and Dick, walking side by side, the girl's hand resting on the boy's shoulder. They slackened their steps a little as they drew near him, but still moved on; their fair grave young faces looking strangely alike in their identity of expression.

They came quite close, still side by side; and Maurice did not move, but looked at them, lost in wonder, and gladness, and pain that was more keen than either.

They exchanged no commonplace greeting; and for the moment neither said a word. Dick looked away. He had a big lump in his throat, and had a suspicion that if he tried to speak he should cry, of which he would have been horribly ashamed. And Dagmar looked down into the hungry eyes that were feasting themselves on her face. The last time those eyes had met her's had been when Maurice had told her that he loved her, four-and-twenty hours ago—four-and-twenty hours, that to both of them seemed more like half a lifetime. And now, as she looked, his worn face told her all that he had suffered, all that even her quick sympathy and pride in him had failed before to realise.

Her lips quivered, the clear blue heaven of her eyes grew soft and dim. With an effort she withdrew them, and half turned her face away, and so broke the spell of silence.

'*Do you know?*' he asked, in a strained half whisper.

It seemed too good to be true that she should know, and yet look at him like that; and yet if she did not know, he must tell her, though he died. Cruel! if they had left it to him.

'Of course,' she said quietly. 'I came to talk to you about it. Dick knows too.'

She sat down on the fallen tree, a little above him, and half turning towards him; and Dick sat on the chips at her feet. She was not in the least embarrassed, but she was silent for a moment, and her lover's eyes lingered over her face, wondering if seventy years, or seventy times seven, could blot out of his memory the curve of her cheek, and the bronze of her hair against the pale blue of the evening sky—far less the little quiver at the corners of her mouth and the steady kindness of her eyes.

It was Dick who spoke first, after all.

'Of course,' he said, 'it's what Day thinks that matters most. But I know all about it now, as she said; and I count for one. And I—I think—the same as she does. It mayn't amount to much now, but by-and-by, when I'm grown up——'

The sentence came to a suspiciously sudden break-down, and Dick kept his face carefully averted. Maurice did not answer him for a minute, but when he did so, his voice was quite calm, and very gentle and tender.

'You are only too good—like all the rest. But I shall not blame

you, Dick, if you think very differently of me by the time you are grown up. And we shall never meet again, most likely; so I shall only remember always that we two were good friends while it lasted.'

He just glanced at the boy as he spoke, and then his eyes went back to Dagmar's face, as if he grudged to lose one of the few moments that still lent him that vision.

'I know,' she said quietly. 'I thought that perhaps you would look at it in that way, and that was why I wanted to speak to you. I have a right to speak, you know,' she went on, with a mingling of simplicity and dignity, 'because of what you said to me yesterday.'

She did not blush at all, neither did he, but a kind of electric thrill passed from his eyes to her's, and made her pause.

'Forgive me,' he murmured. 'I was mad then, I suppose; but I am sane enough now. I know now that I had no right to ask even for your remembrance, though I love you.'

'I said,' she answered softly, 'that I claimed my right to give you an answer afterwards.'

'You could not know,' he answered, looking at her with his heart in his eyes, and his voice full of tender excuse. 'Circumstances have answered for you, and you are not bound by anything that you said then in your pity and goodness.'

'Yes, I am,' she said composedly; 'because I *knew* then, or at least I guessed!'

His eyes flashed and his lips moved, but no words came.

He did not wonder, yet, how she had guessed his carefully-guarded secret. He had not even thought of that. Her look and tone had called a hope into being—a hope that seemed to him incredible—whose birth was almost an agony, like the slow tingle of returning life along the veins of one who has been drowned, and all but dead.

'I will tell you how that happened another time,' she went on, after a moment. 'We have got to think of the future now. I never should have told any one—never; but I was waiting to see whether you would tell.'

'Yes?' he whispered, while his burning eyes never swerved from her face.

They had both forgotten Dick's very existence by this time; but the boy was not there. He had slipped quietly away, and was at a little distance, ostensibly admiring the view of the Hall.

'And now, you *have* told! I knew you would,' she said, with shining eyes, and cheeks that suddenly grew pale and then glowed with soft colour. 'I knew that you had made a mistake—that you would put it right as soon as you understood, though it was so hard.'

'Hard? Yes!' he murmured; 'and it is not over yet. But this is worth it all.'

'And now, do you know what you have to do? You have to begin again—to win more respect for your own name than ever could have

been given to that other. Not to cast off all the people who have known you, and who have been deceived, but to force them to respect you in spite of it—to blot it out of their memories. You have to do all this for your own sake, and—for mine.'

'For your sake?' he said.

He was kneeling at her feet now, just touching the tips of her fingers with his hand.

'Yes,' she said; 'if you love me. And then—I will love you, and marry you, if you wish it, some day.'

Surely never were such words so spoken! Her face and voice were full of womanly earnestness and decision, and yet she was no more embarrassed than the child of three, who protests that she will be your 'little wife.'

He looked at her in dazzled wonder, just touched with reproach, as a man condemned to die to-morrow might look at the friend who told him lightly that his pardon had just come.

'You would hardly say it—if you did not mean it,' he sighed. 'But you cannot mean it, and I ought not to let you say it if you did.'

'Yes, I am in earnest,' she said, half smiling, 'although I cannot blush and hesitate as perhaps I ought. I shall find time for that by-and-by. But if you care for what I can give you, you shall see whether I am in earnest or not.'

'If I care!' he cried passionately. 'Oh! there are no words in this cold English that will tell you how much I care. I cannot make you understand what you are to me; any more than *I* can understand why you should stoop from heaven to lift me out of hell.'

'No,' she said, with a grave considering look. 'I cannot understand you, quite. Men are so different. But I will learn.'

His eyes met hers, frankly.

'You know the worst of me already,' he said, half sadly, and yet with a kind of reviving spring of hope in his voice, and in the clear depths of those eyes. 'There is nothing else that I need be ashamed of, even before you. And I have never loved any one but you—and you from the first moment I saw your face.'

'Too soon!' she said, half smiling again. 'I did not find it out till long after that. But from the time I knew it, I knew too that I could love you if I tried; and I said to myself, that if you conquered, I would try.'

'If I conquered?'

'Yes. I guessed that there was something for you to do, long before I guessed what it was. Perhaps I should never have thought about you, if it had not been for that.'

She spoke as if it were the most natural thing in the world, with a celestial composure and gravity. And Maurice, giddy with the sudden revulsion of feeling, with the swift change from measureless despair to hope as measureless, knelt at her feet, in a rapture as unreasoning and as unworldly as she was herself.

He had no power to ask himself just then what was to be the end of all this, what view her parents and guardians were likely to take of her decision. He only knew that he had been in the bottomless depths of despair, and now was in the seventh heaven of hope and joy—that he had won her by the very act by which he had thought to lose her for ever—that his 'proud ladye' had stooped to give him, in his humiliation, what had never entered her head to give him in the days of his prosperity.

She did not hurry herself, or him; but sat like a beautiful statue, letting those hungry, almost incredulous eyes feast themselves unchecked upon her face. But perhaps their passionate gaze taught her something; and began to stir in her depths of which she herself was but half aware.

Her colour deepened and wavered, her lips parted a little, and the breath came and went between them, as if her heart were beating more quickly than before. Her eyes looked at once softer and more eager, as if some strange new feeling troubled even while it drew her to itself.

But after a few minutes she began to smile, a little mutinous smile that seemed to rebel against herself.

'This will not do,' she said softly. 'You are not to stay here any longer. You are too pale, and your eyes shine too much. Will you do what I tell you?'

'I should like to lie at your feet, and kiss the hem of your dress or the point of your shoe,' answered Maurice very quietly, and without any of that tinge of self-mockery which men who know themselves to be hopelessly in love are apt to display.

'You will do something better that that,' she answered, rising, 'you will go back at once to the Vicarage.'

'May I not at least walk as far as the gates with you?' he asked, rising also.

'No! You will go straight back to the house and straight to bed. And Dick shall go with you as far as the Vicarage. And you will take care of yourself in every possible way, because——'

'Because of what?' he whispered, looking at her with eyes that did indeed 'shine too much,' as she hesitated and faltered for the first time.

'Because you belong to me,' she answered, blushing now, and covered with lovely confusion. 'Because you have so much to do, you must begin as soon as you are well and strong; and I—shall be —waiting—for you to prove me right.'

She gave him the loveliest look, half-pleading, half-command; then added hurriedly: 'Now you must go!—Dick!'

The boy was seen emerging from the thicket in answer to her call; and she turned again to her lover, letting him take her hand. He looked at it, and at her face, and trembled a little. Her beauty and her kindness made his every pulse tingle; and yet he was

doubtful, under the circumstances, how far all the privileges of love were his. He felt his love strong enough to deserve all that she would grant him; but she was no coquette or timid maiden, to be coaxed or startled into yielding a tenderer farewell than she had intended.

Again she seemed to read his heart, with that indescribable mingling of childlike simplicity and more than womanly insight.

'By-and-by,' she said, in soft hurried undertones. 'You will have made plans—you will be going away. If you would care for it—if it would help you—you may kiss me then.'

She drew her hand from his, and was gone almost before he had had time to realise her words. She said a word or two in Dick's ear as she passed him by, and was lost to sight among the leafless stunted trees.

Maurice stood looking after her, forgetting everything else, till Dick touched him timidly on the arm.

'Day said you ought to go home,' said the boy, and the young man smiled dreamily, and obeyed.

He had forgotten Tom Pointer, and that sting of the fool's tongue of which the wise man speaks so feelingly. He had forgotten even the Squire, and Mr. Wallingford, and all the countless pangs of shame and doubt—all the difficulties and struggles—which the future must bring forth. He did not even remember himself enough to wonder why he should ache so with weariness from head to foot, and why the distance between him and the Vicarage should seem so unusually long. He did not think that he wanted rest, or that it would be possible to sleep; but he went to bed obediently as soon as he reached the Vicarage, and fortunately fell asleep and slept the clock round, without so much as a disturbing dream.

Mr. Layton had asked no questions, being only too thankful for Maurice to go to bed and to sleep, instead of—as he had rather feared—going through a repetition of the night before.

But he could not but think, in the morning, that there was a change in the young man which even rest and time could not account for, a spring of hope and purpose which made a different man of him altogether. Some little curiosity he might have had as to the cause, but Maurice told him nothing, and he waited, content to know that all the ins and outs of the matter must come round to him in time.

On some points Maurice was less reticent. He came out into the garden where Mr. Layton was busy after breakfast, and walked up and down with a restlessness which the Vicar was not sorry to see in him.

It was plain that to-day he did not even *think* himself broken-hearted, and that his thoughts were busy with the future. Presently he came and stood near where his host was digging.

'I wonder,' he said, 'if you would add to all your other kindnesses by sending some one up to the Court for me, to fetch some books I

want? They are books of my own that have no business there, and I ought to be at work upon them at once.'

'Certainly,' answered Mr. Layton, quite as a matter of course. 'I will call the man and tell him what he is to do, if you will write him a list of the books you want.'

Maurice wrote on a leaf of his pocket-book, and tore it out.

'Warn him that they are ponderous,' he said, with half a smile. 'I think he had better take a wheelbarrow.'

The Vicar gave his orders, and came back to his flower-bed, and the young man watched him for a few moments in silence.

'I know,' he said at last, abruptly, 'that you naturally want to ask me what I mean to do about going back to the Court; but will not, for fear of seeming inhospitable. So I will tell you frankly that I never mean to go back there, even for a day. It would be better in many ways if I were to be there for a day or two before I leave this neighbourhood; but I have turned coward, and I dare not. But I must not seem to run away, at once, while Mr. Tyndal and Mr. Wallingford may still think that they have something to say to me. So if you will let me, I will trespass on your kindness a little longer.'

'You know that you are welcome,' answered Mr. Layton quietly.

'I know how good you are. You have been so very good that perhaps you understand that to take kindness from *any* man is not altogether easy, under the circumstances; and that I pay you the highest compliment I can when I find it possible and pleasant to take it from you.'

It was in moments of emotion that Maurice's foreign breeding was always most apparent, in the fact that he never stammered or hesitated then as most Englishmen do when they are moved, but said what he wanted to say with a certain fluency that spared his hearers a good deal of embarrassment on his account.

The Vicar just looked at him, with a friendly fatherly smile, but said nothing; and the young man went back to his restless pacing of the narrow garden walks.

The books arrived in due course, and he pounced eagerly upon them, helped to carry them into the study, and shut himself up there with them. But at luncheon time he looked very pale and heavy eyed, and in the afternoon he appeared in the garden again, and asked to be allowed to dig.

'I cannot do any good with those, just yet,' he said. 'It was foolish to think I could. No! I don't want rest, I want the very hardest piece of digging in your garden—and believe me, I know best what is good for me just now!'

He *did* dig, with desperate energy, all that afternoon, and by the time the evening came had restored himself to comparative serenity and cheerfulness. He made no pretence at forgetting his own very peculiar circumstances, but he discussed them calmly enough, as he sat with his host in the twilight after dinner.

Mr. Layton carefully avoided asking any questions, and Maurice still shrank from any mention of his friend and of that friend's death, as from a touch on an open wound. But he talked about his father and mother, and about his own bringing-up, and the profession he had loved even while he relinquished it.

He was longing for sympathy rather than seeking to make excuses for himself; but Mr. Layton, as he listened, could not help thinking that such a bringing-up formed a very good excuse for the one great fault into which he had been betrayed.

His father, he implied, had thought and cared about serious matters just as much as might have been expected from a more than ordinarily gay and thoughtless young officer in the gayest of cavalry regiments. Even after the shipwreck of his life, his thoughts did not turn in that direction. No one suggested *religion* as a consolation to the bright young fellow who had made an end of all his worldly hopes and tarnished his honourable name. 'I think,' said his son, 'that he would have thought there was something *mean* in wishing to be religious then, when he had not cared to be so before.'

He had never stayed where there were any English residents to speak of, and consequently had never been thrown with any English chaplain; but he had a true insular prejudice against the Romish priests, which had been heightened by the fact that one astute and saintly man had made a pervert of his young wife.

'He never interfered with her religious observances in any way, but he never liked them,' said Maurice. 'The earliest thing I can remember is his making me promise that I would never let any of the priests, or even my mother, talk to me about religion. He was too fond of my mother ever to argue with her; but he was always jealous of the priests.'

Mr. Layton made no comment, but he began to understand what this meant—to realise the utter absence of all the most important part of education, in the life of this young fellow whom he had before guessed to be 'an educated heathen.'

'It was all new to me when I came to England,' said Maurice simply, after a pause. 'You were not often elementary enough for me, even when you were preaching for the most ignorant of your flock. But I soon understood enough to drive me out of my fool's paradise. Tell me! what did you guess or think, that made you refuse my offer of doing something for your church?'

'I guessed that *something* was wrong; I can hardly tell you how or why. And I guessed that, after the fashion of human nature, you might be hoping to try and atone for the wrong, whatever it was, by gifts to God. But I was not going to help you to offer a bribe to your conscience. I waited, for you to do—what you have done.'

'You were right! But I don't know whether that was altogether my motive, either. The church is better without my gifts, anyhow.'

He sighed as he spoke, and his friend answered, low, 'You may offer a better gift there—perhaps have done so already. And for the rest,' he went on, more lightly, 'by-and-by, when you have conquered fortune, as you may, and know what it is—

'To sit astride of the world,
Instead of having it astride of you'—

then, if you choose, you shall beautify this or some other church, and neither I nor any man will say you nay.'

Of his medical studies, Maurice spoke with a carefully subdued enthusiasm. He had chosen his profession for himself, and had thoroughly enjoyed his work, especially the deeper and more scientific branches of it. But the constant companionship of the friend whom he loved even more, who was free and idle, and always tempting him to wander, proved for the time too much even for his love of work.

The other Maurice wanted to travel, and would not go without his friend. There were special reasons why it was desirable that he should go at once,—Mr. Layton gathered—reasons connected with a young lady who had taken his fancy, and who was not a desirable connection in any way; as he himself had sense enough, in his calmer moments, to see.

'I had passed two of my examinations and was working up for the next,' said Maurice Caryl, in a musing retrospective tone. 'Every one was very angry with me, for I had done well, yes! and they said I was throwing away my prospects. My guardian said so, and was as angry as he could find it in his heart to be. But *his* little finger was more to me than all of them put together, and I went with him.'

He had ventured too near the forbidden subject, and his voice failed him suddenly. He sat silent in the gathering darkness, and Mr. Layton was too wise to say a word.

When at last Maurice began to speak again, he had passed over a long gap in the story.

'Six months ago,' he said, 'when I began to see that I should have to tell, I began to read up again; to try and recover the lost ground. I think now that I shall begin again at the beginning, here in England. Or I may possibly prevail upon some licensing body to recognise the value of my foreign certificates, and to allow me to enter for the final examination after less than the usual time of preparation.'

'And did you find that you could work up such subjects at a time when you had so much to distract your thoughts?' asked the Vicar, well pleased to hear him speak of the future even with such very chastened hopefulness.

'Yes!' he answered. 'It was the one comfort I had, to find that I could do so—that I had not lost as much, in those years of idleness,

as might have been expected. And now I am going to work as never man worked yet!'

'And is it permitted to inquire how you mean to live, in the meanwhile.'

'Oh! yes,' he answered, almost gaily. 'Old Kellermann still has the care of my modest fortune for me, and it has not diminished in his hands. It will not prove such a splendid provision here in England as my German friends used to think it; but it will find me bread and cheese, and a garret to live in, in London, and a coat that will not disgrace a learned profession. I shall save too, for I shall not spend one penny that is not absolutely needful.'

It did not sound a very cheerful prospect, for a man who had till the last day or two been supposed to be the owner of a handsome estate, and one of the best houses in the country. But this young man spoke as if he had Aladdin's lamp, such a suggestion of boundless hope was in his voice.

'So you are to be a doctor? It will be uphill work,' said Mr. Layton thoughtfully.

'I know it!' answered Maurice. 'I could easily discourage myself by thinking of it, but I will not. And I will tell you a secret. I have a hope too splendid to be talked about—a hope that I dare not even let myself think about often, lest I should think of nothing else! But I keep it in my heart of hearts, and look at it sometimes.'

It did Mr. Layton's heart good to hear the thrill of tender exultation in the young man's tone. But again, being discretion itself, he asked no questions, and Maurice did not seem disposed to carry his confidences any further.

He would not even make any remark, since Maurice made none, upon their having had no second visit from the Squire and his guest; though in his own mind he rather wondered at it.

'It is perhaps not altogether easy to know what to say,' he thought to himself. 'But Tyndal will be obliged to say a great deal more before he can content his honest soul, and I wonder he has not been down here to begin.'

Meanwhile the poor Squire had his troubles and difficulties, and some of them of a nature that he had not anticipated.

Mr. Wallingford nearly drove him frantic, with his methodical cautious ways of proceeding and his elaborately guarded speech. Mr. Tyndal declared to his wife in the bitterness of his soul that he did not know what the fellow would be at—that he verily believed that he meant to prosecute that poor lad to the uttermost, and drive the matter into a court of law, while protesting all the time that he did not want the estate, and would not take it when it was peaceably given up to him.

Mr. Wallingford remarked that he did not think that any good result was likely to follow from his seeing Maurice again, and that

he should like to have the opinion of his lawyer before deciding upon his future course of action. And with that he took himself off, leaving his host half-relieved at his departure, half-nervous as to what might come of a strange lawyer having a finger in this most delicate affair.

The Squire would have hurried down to see Maurice that very evening—though having not an idea of what he should say to him—but his daughter had no intention of his doing so until she had first had her say.

'Father dear,' she said, intercepting him in the hall, 'I have something to tell you, and to mother too. Come this way, and let me tell it to you both together.'

Mr. Tyndal felt his heart sink within him at the idea of more revelations; but he obeyed without a word, and took his seat beside his wife in the dimly-lighted drawing-room, vaguely wondering what was coming next.

Dagmar dropped on to a footstool at her mother's feet, laying her hand upon her mother's, but looking at her father, and speaking to him.

'If I were afraid of you, father,' she said, with a kind of stately coaxing in her tone, 'if I were afraid of you, I should have told my mother first, and have asked her to tell you. But I am not afraid, not only because you are so kind, but because you see things in their right light, as we do, and are not blinded by mere worldly considerations, as most men are.'

'Humph! That's a pretty way of telling me that I have not as much worldly wisdom as my neighbours,' said her father, looking just like a big dog that is being stroked and praised. 'Well! go on, Miss Beauty.'

'I am only afraid that you will not think that I am in earnest. Will you understand that I am very much in earnest, father dear?'

Her father did not answer. He was looking at her, curiously moved by a new expression in the lovely face that had always seemed to him that of a child.

'Did you know that I knew all about—Maurice, father? I knew, or guessed, long before he told you, but I knew that he would tell you some day.'

'How did you know?' asked the Squire, astounded.

'I will tell you another time. It makes no difference just now. Father! if he had not told you, but had asked you instead to let him marry me—should you have said Yes?'

Dagmar had never any hesitation whatever about speaking out what she wanted to say; and she did not even waste a blush over this very plain question.

'Upon my word!' said her father, after a moment's pause of utter astonishment. 'Well! since you ask me, I suppose I should.' He was too much surprised to frame a more guileful answer, and

perhaps he was too simple-minded and straight-forward to do so, even if he had had time.

'And yet,' said Day, 'he would not have been honest then; but he has proved himself honest now. And *I* would not have said Yes then, but——'

She paused suggestively, but not at all in confusion or embarrassment; and her father gazed at her with slowly dawning comprehension.

'Do you mean that he has asked you to marry him—now?' he gasped, presently.

'No; but he loves me. And I have seen him, since he told you all about it, and I promised him then that I would love him.'

Both the Squire and Mrs. Tyndal were for the moment mute. Some parents would have unhesitatingly told their daughter that she had done very wrong; but this essentially unworldly pair did not see their way clear to doing that, having a very decided belief in the sacred and irresponsible nature of love. But none the less it seemed to them that a very serious misfortune had happened to this cherished darling of theirs, whom they would so gladly have shielded from all harm.

'I wish I had known of all this before,' said the father gloomily, after a minute or two. 'I am afraid it means a great deal of trouble for both of you.'

'No,' said Dagmar, looking at him meditatively; 'it means faith —and patience—and waiting. And I can wait.'

'For what?' said the Squire, rather bitterly.

''Till he has made a name and a place in the world, and made every one respect him so much that even if they remember this they will not care. He will do all that—and more—when he knows that I am waiting for him.'

Mrs. Tyndal sighed, and her husband answered severely—

'He had no business, under the circumstances, to have spoken to you of any such thing.'

'He did not,' answered his daughter, with a flash of surprised indignation in her lovely eyes. 'He never would have said a word to me—afterwards. He never asked me, but I promised of my own accord.'

'My darling,' said her mother, very gently, 'do you think that that was quite—modest?'

She looked up, a little reproachfully, but with a smile just curving the corners of her mouth.

'Yes,' she said, 'I think it was. I had to do it anyway, and there were more important things to think of than my modesty.'

The Squire gave a little groan of troubled disapproval.

'You are too wilful, my beauty,' he said, very sadly. 'Don't you see that it will be my duty to put an end to all this, to forbid you to enter on such a miserable, hopeless engagement?'

Dagmar took his hand and caressed it softly between her arm.

'I will do all that you tell me, as far as I can,' she said; 'but you cannot help my caring—and waiting. Nor can I!'

Her father shook his head and sighed, but made no answer, and Mrs. Tyndal furtively wiped away a few tears. She was sorry, very sorry; but she could not say a word, for in her heart she knew that she would have done just the same.

'He loves me very much,' said Day presently, very seriously, and with a wonderful mingling of pride and humility. 'I don't know why men should care so much about a girl, and what she thinks, but they do. I used to think that it was only in romances that—but I found out long since that he cared for me in that way. And very soon after, I guessed what it was that was wrong with him, and what a hard struggle he would have to do the right thing. And so, since he loved me, I promised myself that if he came off conqueror he should have me, such as I am.'

(To be continued.)

ANGELA: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART II.

CHAPTER II.

'In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections.'—*George Eliot.*

How had it fared with Vyvyan in these ten years? Much the same as with most men of his calibre, you expect, making allowance for the varied circumstances of each man's life. But what of the man himself?

Granted that circumstances do affect the tone and colour of the days that make up life; but, there is a colour that is given to circumstance—in those who are strong—by the character.

Colour and tone of character were strong enough in Vyvyan—they always had been. He had faced the stern facts of life; he had not stood apart in the battle between good and evil, but had come down from the clear, calm heights of thought into the world of struggle and gain and loss. Though he was what it is the custom to call 'a prosperous man,' he never for a moment ignored the poverty and distress and need of hundreds of other men and women. In fact, he was appealed to every day for help, and when he could, in very deed, *help*, he did, more often with his brains and clear judgment than with his purse. Society never tired of him. Individuals loved him, because, as has been mentioned, of his large-hearted tolerance towards all men and women—even towards the intolerant.

Ten years in the life of such a man must needs be marked by a series of brilliant successes, you imagine?

But then, success depends so largely on one's idea of success.

Chambers, in his Etymological Dictionary, gives us the meaning of the word with all the charming triteness of dictionary phraseology: '*Success*—the prosperous termination of anything attempted.'

Vyvyan, the successful man, had been yearning all his days after some promise, at least, of a grand termination at last. Gradually, he had almost brought himself to think that it was folly to expect it; until, ten years ago, a little child had led him out at a new door in life; and, ever since, through all these ten years, had she been leading him, unconsciously to himself at first, unconsciously to herself all the while, but none the less sure was the leading.

She rarely spoke of understanding, or of knowing. Her aim was pity and help; where she could spend most love would be her idea of a prosperous termination to any attempt.

And *this* thought, if widened and deepened, may lead one into the very depths of theology, and out of them, up into the very heights of heaven.

* * * * * *

Seated at the open window of a charming sitting-room in Radley's Hotel were Mrs. Peveril and Angela. They had arrived at Southampton late that afternoon, and were now watching, with considerable amusement and interest, the ceaseless passenger traffic from the South-Western Railway Station across the road. It seemed to Angela as if all the world were arriving at Southampton that night. If any of those travellers had raised their eyes to the hotel window, it is a question whether they would ever have looked down again. There are some faces we think we have known all our life, until we suddenly see them with entirely new surroundings, and then we are surprised by the sudden revelation of a soul-side we had never seen before. Mrs. Peveril was watching Angela's face, and thinking this thought, until she was startled into an exclamation, as she glanced down below for a moment—

'Here they come! Do you see them, Angela, love?—just under the lamp—what are they stopping for? No! Yes! it *is* they, coming across now! I thought they would call at once! I knew they would be in a hurry to arrange the Netley programme!'

Perhaps the people who lead a more varied and crowded life than our Angela do not remember with such a present vividness what happened years ago; but as Vyvyan and his friend were asking down below for Mrs. Peveril, Angela was far away back in those chambers at the Temple, writing her little letter to Mr. Merton under Langford's surveillance. And it was to Mr. Langford she turned instinctively, as the door opened to admit both; for it is easier to greet a comparative stranger cordially than to welcome an old friend heartily who has not shown himself friendly. Langford returned her greeting with interest; and when she did turn from him to Vyvyan, he was not even looking at her—he was in the window with Mrs. Peveril, already engaged in conversation.

'What a world of change it is, Miss Mohun!' observed Langford with a laugh, as they, too, sat together in another window; 'it must be quite nine or ten years since you and I met in Vyvyan's chambers, when you came up to be hospital nurse—do you remember?—and you read to us about the plagues of Egypt out of your little Sunday book. We have known a little about plagues in Egypt since then.'

'I wonder you can remember anything about that time,' said Angela, her face flushing like a creamy rose at dawn, 'because you must have seen and done so much since then.'

'A little,' was the modest answer. 'And you yourself?'

'I? I am at Mohun Court, and have been there always. I have never been away from it since that day, until now, so that it has not been a world of change to me.'

'Do you never get a run up to London?' She shook her head.

'I sometimes wonder,' she replied, 'how those people can ever tire of life—as I suppose some do—who are free to follow the bent of their own impulse.'

'It would be a queer world, and scarcely comfortable, if we all did that,' was his reply.

Once more Angela was carried back in thought to Vyvyan's chambers, as she remembered how, even then, child as she was, she had felt hot at the idea that Mr. Langford was laughing at her.

'I mean,' she resumed, 'impulses for all that is good, and pure, and right; to be able to go out amongst other people, and sometimes to be able to enjoy oneself, as I am doing now.'

'Are you?' he said, with that boyish laugh of his. 'Then I hope you will enjoy yourself still more to-morrow, for Vyvyan and I expect you and Mrs. Peveril to give up the whole day to us at Netley—if you think that will be obeying a good impulse.'

'I am not going to *think* at all for these two days,' she made answer. And he wondered if she often smiled as she did then; if so, he thought Mohun Court might be a paradise.

'And how about the hospital for sickly worms and dyspeptic frogs?' he asked. 'Has that merged into something larger?'

'There is a cottage hospital now, in our village; it was started by Mrs. Peveril.'

'Has it supplanted the reptile-house in your affections?'

'I visit it every day, and I love it.'

'Then you still have the idea of being a hospital nurse? Miss Mohun, you are not really——' He stopped, for the steady glow that had burned in the eyes of the little girl Angela shone in them now.

'Is there anything higher in life for a woman to do?' she asked.

'I think so,' he replied quietly.

'Let me wait until I have seen Netley,' she pleaded.

'By all means. But you are not going to pledge yourself to a certain course of life then and there, are you?'

She did not answer; for the idea which the little child had conjured up, ten years ago, of Netley Hospital, at the time that she was saving broken butterflies and crippled caterpillars, had grown with her growth; and now it was as if on this approaching visit to Netley her life would stand or fall.

'You see there is something else to be thought of in the world besides suffering,' went on Langford gently.

'Uncle Roger always says that it is suffering which makes up the sum of human existence,' urged Adgela.

'Morbid old gentleman!' muttered Langford.

'And where there is so much pain,' went on Angela, 'there is also —or there ought to be—so much pity. To be just for those who are oppressed, to be able to give real pitying help to those who are in pain, is my ideal of life.'

He looked thoughtful; then the merry light sparkled in his eyes again as he shrugged his shoulders and said—

'*Mais oui*—but still, I maintain that there is something more; there is dancing, there is travel, there is——'

'Langford! we must be going,' came from the further window-recess; and Angela, as they all rose, and the meeting dispersed, felt as if a wintry chill were upon them, for her friend Vyvyan merely took her hand in his, with the words, 'Then we shall meet to-morrow. Is Mr. Merton well? and Lance?' Almost before she could answer, he had slipped his arm through Langford's, who seemed almost waiting for him to take it, and then the two friends passed out.

As soon as they were gone, Mrs. Peveril rang the bell sharply, and ordered coffee of the obliging foreign waiter, who was ready to do anything for them so long as they only would not attend to the injunction in the hotel-bill, 'No fees for attendance.' Then she turned to Angela, who stood in the window, looking out once more upon the busy traffic to and fro, watching through dimmed eyes the two who had just left them disappearing into the station.

An arm went round her, and a kind voice said—

'Dear child, I am going to put you on the sofa for a little while; we have had a tiring day, and to-morrow will be another. So! let me arrange this cushion. There!—now—why, Angela, love! what is it? Oh, my dear! I am *so* glad to see you can cry! I thought your Uncle Roger had perhaps taught you some stoical antidote. Never mind me, dear. Why, even my big boys cry sometimes, when they are alone with me, and they tell me what is the matter, and then they are better afterwards.'

She was sitting in a low armchair beside the sofa, and as she spoke, she laid a motherly hand on Angela's arm.

Angela dashed away the annoying tears that would not be controlled at this touch of tenderness, and murmured, as she stretched out a hand to meet her friend's—

'It is nothing; it is only disappointment. Uncle Roger would call it weakness, and so it is—only—— We are such friends, and to-day we might have been strangers.'

Mrs. Peveril was silent, but she understood, and she said at last—

'I think there is no accounting for anything strange in Mr. Vyvyan, my dear. I have always thought him, though charming, a little inconsistent. Then you must bear in mind that he is a man of the world, and that you are a dear little solitary woman; *he* is your one great friend—*you* are one of many. With that way he has of snapping his fingers at the world, and not caring a fig for what it says, he fascinates and attracts far more than if he were its slave.

He is a man of marvellous capacity and capability. He will never be old, although he is now past middle age, because of his unfailing interest in life and of his unceasing desire to make it full and satisfying for others. There is not a cause advocated on the side of right but what his name is prominent to uphold it; not a word that is likely to spare the oppressed but what he will utter it. The articles that he writes in the *Stargazer* are the salt of that paper, not because they slash the evil so much as because they make what is good stand out in a shining white light. To be such a man's friend is indeed "a liberal education." But my little Angela must not wonder if sometimes such a man is too much absorbed in wider matters to be to her, on all occasions, what he is when he goes down for a few days' recreation to Mohun Court, where her companionship is just one of the many sweetnesses of the place, after the dust and turmoil of town.'

Angela lay still and silent. Coffee came in; the obsequious waiter lighted three gas-burners, which were turned out by Mrs. Peveril as soon as he disappeared.

'The idea of desecrating this twilight with gas!' she exclaimed.

Angela raised herself on her elbow, and, lifting a face with a very moonlight smile on it, said—

'But not all the worship of the world would make up to me for hurting a friend of ten years. I mean—that in Mr. Vyvyan's place this evening, I would have shown, in some way, that it was a gladness to me to meet my friend again. It would have hurt me dreadfully to have remembered, afterwards, how cold I had been.'

'Angela, you are a little woman; he is a man of the world.'

'But a man of the world has a soul,' cried Angela passionately; 'a man of the world is my friend. If other things—other interests—might spoil friendship, it would be making it such a very poor thing, such a hollow, worthless thing. It would hurt himself.'

Mrs. Peveril put back lovingly the hair that was shaken over the shining eyes, as she made answer—

'Little Angela, that sort of friendship is so rare. Some men know it—some women also; but we live in the world, and there are very few people who live in it, and at the same time can live above it. There is such a ceaseless press and strain; almost every earnest man is obliged in the race and the struggle to sacrifice some of his heart to his brain. Men could never get on, if they were the emotional things we women are.'

'Friendship without loyalty is nothing,' said poor little Angela, 'and when one is loyal to a friend, it hurts to be treated with indifference. It is hard to understand.'

'That is exactly the point, dear child. There *are* things in the world which nobody ever understands; society is so complex, circumstances are so contradictory, men are so stupid, women so long-suffering. Now at Mohun Court everything is simple routine;

life is an idyll there; and when Mr. Vyvyan goes down there, his is one of those sympathetic natures that immediately becomes part of its surroundings, and so he becomes idyllic. But one cannot live an idyll always.'

Angela said nothing. In the spirit she was, not at Radley's, but in Mrs. Raisins' sitting-room, with the sweet fragrance of mignonette wafting in from the bed just below the deep window-seat, where a little girl sat with a huge collie's head in her lap, discussing many things in heaven and earth with a beloved old woman, who wore always a rustling black silk gown and most unbecoming caps. Angela could hear her saying—

'We can't all be wise, Miss Angela, dear, but we must all be good. And that's what we all—your Uncle Roger and Mr. Vyvyan too—must learn some day, if we don't know it now.'

And then Mr. Vyvyan himself had appeared at the window, greatly to Mrs. Raisins' confusion, increased tenfold by the little girl on the window-seat nodding to him gravely as she told him—'Everything that Mrs. Raisins says is true.'

On many an afternoon since that one had Vyvyan found his way round to that sweet mignonette-scented corner of the old house. And Angela wondered—was all *that* part of his idyll? To her it had been real life.

But even Mrs. Peverils do not always form a right conclusion. Accurate enough in practical matters, where common sense is chief factor, they may yet err greatly for want of that rare gift, a sympathetic imagination, without which, how is it possible to understand any man or woman?

* * * * * *

Vyvyan and Langford, travelling back to Netley, spoke little; both were thinking, and their thoughts ran along the same line.

'She has not altered one bit,' Langford mused, 'except in development. I should not have been surprised if she had looked up in my face with those deep, pitiful eyes, and said the very words which were almost the very last I heard her speak, and which I always thought were the oddest words to have come from a little child's lips—words that had stood out in some scenes of Langford's life, since that evening, like the writing on the wall; words on which Vyvyan had meditated, thought, argued hundreds of times since that evening; but never had he rested upon them as he did now, in the present moment, when his need of them was very great.

* * * * * *

The light in the library at Mohun Court was burning so late, that Mrs. Raisins came downstairs twice to stand at the door and listen for some sound which might tell her that Mr. Merton was making ready to retire for the night. All was perfect stillness within, however, and the same stillness reigned throughout the house. The servants' hall had been empty for an hour now, and Mrs. Raisins

went upstairs again, nervous and anxious, waiting and listening. There was such a strange solitariness about the place. Mrs. Raisins 'wished to goodness' that Lance had elected to spend the evening with her instead of in the library; but, 'there! she knew he was lonely too, spite of his books. She shouldn't wonder if he was sitting alone there crying after his little girl—that's why she had gone down and listened outside his door, for, after all, none of his books told him what that there blessed little sampler had told her all her life; they might have to do without their Miss Angela altogether one of these days, and how would his Greek and Latin help him then, poor gentleman?' But the idea of ever having to do without Angela altogether was a rousing one, and not to be faced calmly in a chair. So Mrs. Raisins rose and went into Angela's room, where she set her light down, and began to put away some of the little trinkets and belongings that were lying about. Lovingly and reverently she touched them: it was only a handkerchief, a brooch, a pair of gloves; but they were 'Miss Angela's.' She was holding one of the gloves close to her spectacled eyes, examining some necessary repairs, when the door was pushed slowly open, and, as she turned, she faced Mr. Merton with Lance at his heels. The light from the reading-lamp, held above his head, fell full on the refined, almost ascetic features.

'Oh, you are here, Mrs. Raisins, are you?' he said half shyly, pausing on the threshold as if caught in the perpetration of some foolishly weak act.

'Yes, sir, I believe I am,' she replied, with some asperity. 'It is very late—gone one o'clock. Time you was abed, sir.'

Had he been a man who was in the habit of making a confidante of an old, faithful servant, he might then and there have spoken out of the fulness of his heart; he might have asked her if she thought with Vyvyan, that all his prudential schemes for averting unhappiness and disappointment from Angela had failed; he might even have asked her whether she thought, as he himself had been thinking this very night, that Angela's love for him was being sapped by an ever-increasing sense of injustice—a daily sense that she was debarred from rights which were her due. But he did not utter these thoughts. All that he said were these few significant words—

'Let me have that glove, Mrs. Raisins, until Miss Angela comes back.'

'It wants mending, sir,' was that practical woman's comment, as she gave it up to him.

He carried it away with him into his library, and laid it on the table before him amongst his books—one six-buttoned *gant-de-Suède* of very small dimensions, but suggesting to that reserved and philosophic gentleman what was more than the whole world to him.

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD WINSTANLEY.

Miss Quirk the dressmaker, or rather 'sewing woman' of Market-Yoredale, was fortunately disengaged, and ready to take up her abode at Sunnybank, until Agatha's new dresses were made. She, like Miss Fanny Morton, remonstrated against the selection the girl had made, and Mrs. Browning was half amused by it, but quietly remarked that it was well there was but one Miss Seymour, or the washing-bill would be something frightful.

'I never thought of the washing-bill!' said Agatha: and Mrs. Browning laughed, but checked the laugh abruptly, and said with more earnestness than seemed quite necessary—

'But you ought to have thought of it, my dear. You must learn to think of such things, now that you are grown up—or nearly so.'

'It will not be half so pleasant to be grown up, if I have to think of washing-bills,' said Agatha, shaking her brown curls—she had hair exactly of the colour of the russet-brown leaves that the beech keeps on until the young leaves push them off.

'But, Aunt Mary,' the girl said presently, 'I am quite sure that Mr. Arden would allow me to change some of them; I have not even unfolded them, shall I go and ask him? and what shall I get? I really did not mean to be extravagant.'

'Go on with that spotted muslin, Miss Quirk, and we will decide this difficult question before you cut out any more. Come to the parlour, Agatha—I cannot stand here any longer.'

'Oh, now, I have let you tire yourself!' the girl cried penitently. 'I wish all the white dresses were at the bottom of the sea. Lie down, Aunt Mary—there. Is that pillow quite right? Oh, your feet are so cold. I must run to the kitchen and roast old Pussy.' Pussy being a large soft shawl, not a cat, I may as well explain.

As soon as Mrs. Browning was comfortable, and able to speak without gasping for breath, she resumed the subject of the dresses.

'Now, my dear, tell me why you bought nothing but white dresses and so many of them?'

'I bought one coloured one, that dark blue summer serge. I asked you what material to get, and you said "muslins, and a dark dress for wet days," and all my life I have meant to wear white dresses with coloured ribbons as soon as I grew up. I think it suits me best, and Lucy quite agrees with me. You see, my skin is not white like

hers, it is very brown, in fact,' holding up a little brown hand, which, although a thoroughly capable-looking hand, was really beautiful both in colour and shape, 'and blue, of which I am very fond (I mean light blue), is hideous on me, or rather I am, in it. I am not very fond of pink—and so I always mean—no, I *meant* to wear white. And then I found the white muslins so cheap! I got two thick ones, two thin ones, and two spotted, for less than the price of three of the pretty coloured and flowered ones; and so I had money enough left to get ribbons of ever so many different colours. But for all that, I'll change them if you like, Aunt Mary. I do wish to learn not to be foolish and extravagant.'

Aunt Mary looked lovingly at the earnest young face; she felt that it might be wiser to say 'yes, change them for something more like what your young friends here wear,' but wisdom is one thing, and the darling of your heart is quite another—and Agatha kept her white dresses.

Miss Quirk had an awful time over the dark blue. There was a picture in a book belonging to Mrs. Browning, an ancient 'Book of beauty,' of a fair young girl simply dressed in a dark, plain, perfectly fitting dress; not a wrinkle to be seen on either body or sleeve, and the skirt hanging in sweeping folds. Only half the figure was given, which was a blessing, for had those folds swept away into a train, it is to be feared that Agatha would have appeared in a walking dress with a long train, and that Miss Quirk's difficulties would have been greater than they were. And truly they were great enough even as it was, and the way in which Agatha, with perfect good temper, insisted firmly that it could be done, and *must* be done; that a dress like that she had always meant to have as soon as she was old enough, and no matter how often it had to be tried on, her dark blue serge must fit like that.

'It's not in mortal needle and thread to do it, Miss Seymour. You ask your aunt, and she'll tell you that it is only in pictures that dresses fit like that.'

'Not at all, Miss Quirk, it only wants patience; and I will help you. Just give me the scissors, it never could fit with all this turned in on the seams.'

'Oh, Miss Seymour! stop, I do beg you. You are really the most inconsiderate young lady. A good stuff like this, will want to be dyed before you are done with it, and then, if it shrinks, and you've cut away all the turning in, where will you be?'

'I never mean to wear dyed dresses. They always have a little queer smell. I shall mend mine, and wear them right out.'

By all this it will be seen that Miss Agatha Seymour was a young lady with opinions and a will of her own. The curious part of the matter was that she had thought out all this for herself, for Mrs. Browning never talked to her of dress, and until now had always chosen for her brown holland in summer, brown merino in winter,

and Agatha had never even made a remark about it. And not one of her girl friends approved; even Lucy, when she came home for a last visit, laughed a little at the six white dresses. But her brother, Edward Winstanley, remarked 'you may laugh, Lucy, but I do not see any young lady here as prettily dressed as Miss Seymour.'

'Well, well! considering that Agatha is my own special friend, my bridesmaid too, I think you need not be so stiff with your "Miss Seymour." Willie calls her Agatha.'

'I should never dream of doing so,' Edward answered quickly, 'unless Miss Seymour asked me. And even then, perhaps, I should be afraid.'

Agatha said nothing; but she thought that Edward Winstanley was very superior to Willie Lisle. He was not very much afraid of her either, nor did she wish him to be; but just a gentle respect for her new standing as a grown-up young lady, whose dresses touched the ground, and whose brown curls had been 'turned up' into a mighty coil of colour, which looked in the light as if a gold chain were twisted up with it. This was pleasant; and Agatha, when next alone, began to wonder—Ah, who, even when one has passed through it, can tell what a young girl's shy, half-formed 'wonders' are? Yet Agatha was too young to wonder thus, yet a bit; and she never would have done so, but for a few words said by Mrs. Browning, with the intention of keeping such thoughts far from her. It happened thus: Miss Quirk, in saying farewell to Mrs. Browning when her fortnight of dressmaking was over, said that the blue serge had added ten years to her age.

'Miss Seymour is as particular as some of the fine ladies I saw when I served my time in London. I made all Miss Winstanley's things, even to the bride's dress, and all of them together were not tried on as often as that blue serge.'

'But Miss Winstanley has such a pretty little figure that you could not help fitting her if you tried,' said Agatha. 'And I am tall —and all corners, I think.'

'Well, miss,' said poor Miss Quirk, with an ingratiating smile, 'when you are going to be married you may send to London for your wedding-dress, for I declare I won't make it. I dare say, now, you've settled exactly what it is to be?'

'Lace,' said Agatha promptly.

But before she could say more, Mrs. Browning sat up on her sofa, and said in a cold voice, and with a manner calculated to freeze an unprepared dressmaker—

'Miss Quirk, I dislike all such jesting. Good-morning.'

Miss Quirk fled, frightened out of her wits.

'Why, auntie, the poor thing did not mean to vex you,' said Agatha.

'Such idle talk is always undesirable,' replied Mrs. Browning; 'and in your case, my child, more so than usual. You will not

marry; there is no one here—Ah, well, never mind, my treasure! I am a fool to be annoyed.'

'I suppose,' mused Agatha, as she took off her white dress and crimson ribbons in her little bedroom at Crossley Farm—'I suppose Aunt Mary thinks that no one is likely to admire me because I am so brown and full of corners; but—I wonder——'

Time flew gaily at Crossley Farm. Old Mr. Winstanley, a big man, with a red face which told tales, for it was not the wholesome brown-red that comes of much sun and wind, was better tempered than usual. Lucy was as affectionate as ever, and her young husband was pleasant enough. As to Edward, he and Agatha became fast friends; he taught her to ride, and wanted to teach her to row, but his father strictly forbade it—the Yore being by no means a good boating river. It is narrow, rapid, and full of sudden descents that are just not waterfalls. But the time was filled up somehow, and all too soon came the day fixed for Lucy's departure. Agatha came home this time with her face all swollen and discoloured from much crying. Edward Winstanley went back to Oxford with a firm determination that, when he was again at Crossley, Lucy's absence should not hinder him from seeing a good deal of her friend and schoolfellow.

So when, in a few months, he left college—without taking his degree, but with the reputation of being the best cricketer of his year—Edward surprised his father by saying that he did not wish to travel. Mr. Winstanley, if the truth must be told, did not want him at home, and therefore offered to make him an allowance if he chose to go abroad for a time. Edward preferred, he said, to stay at home, and be of use to his father. It was far better for him to learn practical farming than to go about pretending to be a fine gentleman and a scholar—'two things,' he added, with his gay laugh, 'that nature had not intended him to be.'

'Well,' said Mr. Winstanley, 'it's no fault of mine that it is so, and it's a little hard on me too. I take it, Ned, you are spoiled for your own place, and not changed enough for any other. You're no great company to me, and now you tell me you don't take kindly to them you've been brought up among.'

'Well, sir, I don't say that. I have made plenty of friends, and been very jolly with them. But if you wanted me to be just the same as other men in my class, why did you send me to college?'

'It was no doing of mine. My father, and his father before him, was just a prosperous plain man, who looked sharp after the main chance, and liked a good dinner among friends after a good market, or a glass and a pipe by the fireside at home right well; and he brought me up the same. But your poor mother, Ned, when she lay dying, said to me: "John, you know well how often I've begged and prayed you to take less punch, and how I've tried to get you to read, or even to listen when I could read to you." And it was very true,

so she did; and a tedious woman she was, though a good wife and mother. "But," she said, "I do lay it upon you to bring up Ned and Lucy differently. You have a whole lot of money; it's a pity to see it growing and growing, and no one a bit the better or the happier for it. I don't want my Ned to live the life you live, John, nor my pretty Lucy to grow up ignorant and idle. Keep them at school, and send Ned to college; you can well afford it, and he will be the happier for it." And so I did, and for all the good I can see that it has done, you might as well have stayed at home.'

'No, no, father, I'm not so bad as that! I have got what my mother wished me to get, I suspect—I only mean that I shall never be a learned man, you know. But some of these days I shall bring home a bright, bonny young wife, and then, if you wish it, I will travel for a time.'

'Now look you here, my lad! I don't know Latin and Greek, nor much else, indeed, beyond what serves my need. But I'm not a fool, Ned. And if you are thinking of that little lass, Agatha Seymour, that used to be here with Lucy, you had better put her out of your head at once. She is of a different sort. Mrs. Browning is a lady, and so is Agatha, though so simple and kindly. They'd send you about your business pretty quick, I can tell you—a farmer's son, indeed, to be looking at Miss Agatha!'

'A farmer's son who has been at a good school, and has done his three years at Oxford, remember. It is exactly because Miss Seymour is a lady that I admire her. You've spoiled me, father, for marrying one of my own rank.'

The farmer groaned.

'I always knew your poor mother was wrong,' said he. 'Well, she's had her own way, and must e'en take the consequences.'

So Edward stayed at home, learning farming, and, as he was a pleasant fellow, he soon became a great favourite with the young people of Market-Yoredale, and was in request at all festivities.

Mrs. Browning, though she often wished she had the courage to keep Agatha at home, never could make up her mind to forbid her to join her old school friends when she was invited, and in summer and autumn the young people used to take long walks, carrying with them their dinner or luncheon, and resting in some quiet pretty spot, while they shared their good things with each other. Edward asked for no more; he had plenty of time and opportunity for making Agatha feel at home with him, and it must be owned that he made good use of it. It must be remembered that Edward was fresh from Oxford, where he had to a very great extent caught the tone of the young men he lived with. He had far better manners than any other young man with whom Agatha met, and this made his society pleasant to her. He felt that she liked him; and yet, with all her candid simplicity, she was shy and easily startled. So he took his time in spite of his father's jeering—'Well, boy, how

goes your courting?' It was not until she was eighteen that Edward spoke plainly to Agatha; but the two years since Lucy's marriage had been very bright years to her, and the brightness had been of his making.

It is not to be supposed that Mrs. Browning was entirely taken by surprise. As soon as Agatha began to blush, when in recounting her small adventures, she had to say—'Mr. Winstanley made stepping-stones across the water for us,' 'Mr. Winstanley played to my accompaniment. I think he plays the flute very well,' Mrs. Browning began to think.

'Does not Frederick Morton play the flute too?' said she.

'No, the violin; and he makes my teeth ache. It is too dreadful. Hannah Phillips plays for him. Fanny thinks they like each other.'

After this conversation Mrs. Browning tried keeping her brown maiden at home. She said she felt lonely, and no doubt it was quite true, and Agatha made no complaint. But she began to lose the rich soft colour from her cheek, her step grew listless, and sometimes her eyes looked as if she had been crying a little. Mrs. Browning, soft-hearted woman, could not bear it. Fanny Morton had just been nursing her younger sister through the measles, and now caught them herself. Agatha had had them, and was a good deal with her friend; and when Fanny was sent to the seaside for a while to get up her strength, Mrs. Browning sent Agatha with her, to the girl's great surprise.

'Why, I thought you felt lonely, auntie,' she said.

'I would like you to go, my dear. You don't look very well. I shall do very well with Nanny for a time.'

So Agatha went, and Mrs. Browning made use of her time by instituting searching inquiries about Edward Winstanley. It was easy enough to hear a good deal about him, for whatever the young people of the neighbourhood might think, their elders had not begun to suspect Edward of raising his eyes so high; they all knew that Agatha belonged to a higher class than theirs, though her simple pleasant manner seemed to prove that she forgot it. Mrs. Browning asked one or two of her kind neighbours to come and sit with her occasionally, while her niece was away, and from them she heard what she wanted to know. Old Mrs. Winstanley, they said, was a farmer and nothing more, though very rich—but he had brought up his children in a very superior way. Lucy was a nice girl, and her husband was a clergyman's son, Edward was 'quite a gentleman.'

Poor Mrs. Browning, in her anxiety, did what she had not done since she came to Market-Yoredale—she went to spend an evening with the Phillips's. Here she met Edward, who was naturally bent upon pleasing her. In spite of pain and weakness, and a feeling that she was out of place, and a restraining influence upon the gaiety of the evening, she talked a good deal with him. He had something of the easy, careless manner, courteous without being formal, that she

as well as Agatha found pleasant. He was very handsome, a fact to which no woman is blind—and he seemed to have right notions on serious subjects; at least he spoke very decidedly about a lately published book, declaring that to sneer away people's belief in religion was worse than murder.

When Agatha came home, Mrs. Browning, without any remark, withdrew the restrictions she had imposed; she even gave a tea-party herself, in order to see more of Edward. She was so ill after all her exertions, that Agatha would never hear of another tea-party! but this was not needed, for Edward had established the right to 'look in and have a chat with Mrs. Browning' pretty often. To do him justice, he always liked people who liked him, and he got quite fond of Agatha's aunt. All Market-Yoredale knew what was going on now—yet Edward came and went, and said nothing, for a long time. In fact, he was well pleased with things as they stood, and Agatha was content. However, soon after Agatha's eighteenth birthday, old Mr. Winstanley had a sudden illness, and finding that he was not likely to recover completely, he told Edward that he wished him to come to an understanding with Miss Seymour at once.

'She's a deal too good for you, Ned! you're nothing like the man that that girl ought to marry. But if she'll have you, so much the better for you, Master Ned, when it comes to your turn to attend the markets and the market dinners. Those dinners have pretty well killed me, and you are not a bit better than me, for all your college learning. If anything can keep you safe and happy, it is a wife like that winsome spirity girl—she always puts me in mind of a racing filly I saw once in York. You are a lucky fellow if you get her—and I should like to see you safely married.'

So Edward spoke to Mrs. Browning, while Agatha was upstairs getting ready for a walk.

Mrs. Browning said quietly—

'Speak to Agatha, Edward. If she says yes, I will not stand in your way. I have made up my mind to it'—with a sigh which made Edward aware that she was putting a strong constraint upon herself.

'But,' said he, 'I hope you don't—I want you to wish me success, Mrs. Browning; I thought you liked me.'

'I do like you, Edward—or you would not be here to-day. I have known what you meant this long time. I cannot rid myself of a feeling that it will be better if Agatha rejects you. Yet I will not interfere—I was warned, and I thought myself wiser than the speaker. I have no right to make my dear girl unhappy.'

Agatha came downstairs before Edward could answer; and during the walk, the rest of the party being dispersed, nutting, the great question was asked.

And the answer was 'Yes,' and Agatha went home, shamefaced and happy, to tell her aunt.

(To be continued.)

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

L.

ORDINATION OF PRIESTS.

Aunt Anne. It appears that the original ritual for the Ordination of Priests, so far as can be judged from the Apostolical constitutions, was very simple, consisting only of prayers said by the Bishop, and of the laying on of hands by him and the priests present, but that it was gradually added to so as to increase the solemnity.

Susan. The priests are an essential part?

A. Yes. Each Archbishop by the old English Canon, was to be attended by eight chaplains, each Bishop by two extra ones, so as to secure the 'laying on of hands by the Presbytery.'

S. There is the appeal to the people, as in the case of Deacons.

A. Yes; that is (Blunt says) as old as the days of the Emperor Alexander Severus, the 3rd century, and is found in the books of Pope Gelasius and Archbishop Egbert.

S. After that the Litany comes, as with the Deacons, only with a suitable change in the Collect, and a different Epistle and Gospel to suit them. And then begins the actual Ordination service with a long address from the Bishop.

A. Traces of such an address are, it is said, in the *Origines Liturgicæ*, to be found in an office of six hundred years old; but this was drawn up for our own Prayer-book.

S. Then follow the vows.

A. It is said, in that same *Origines*, that no Church requires such stringent vows of her clergy as our own does. Some of the questions are said to be founded on those in the older formularies addressed to Bishops, but which were thought better to apply to priests likewise.

S. The question about the outward call is not repeated, I suppose because it has been given before.

A. The second differs from the one addressed to Deacons, because the Priest has authority to interpret in virtue of his office, whereas the Deacon requires a license individually to preach. In the Roman ritual the Creed is the reply.

S. 'Drive away erroneous and false opinions!' I wish they always did.

A. I think almost all sincerely wish to do so, though there may not always be agreement as to the best mode of so doing, or as to what may be erroneous.

S. I think all clergymen's families should look at that question about being wholesome examples and patterns.

A. Decidedly they should. Clergymen's wives and daughters are, in duty to the vow of the head of the household, bound to abstain from all those amusements that are doubtfully safe or permissible. I should also say from those that may be safe for a lady but unsafe for those in a lower station, who are just the persons most likely to be led by their example.

S. People are led. They say, 'O, the clergyman's wife does it, so there can be no harm in it.'

A. Yes. The line used to be much more strict half a century or more ago, when balls, and almost all public amusements, were thought unfit for clerical families; and, indeed, dancing and all such pleasures would hardly be safely enjoyed at that time by girls in a less protected station. Things have altered so much now, that the rule is much less definite, and far more consideration is needed in deciding what ought not to be done.

S. Dress comes under the rule too. It certainly is not right that the ladies at the Parsonage should lead the fashion, or be remarkable.

A. No; and they may do much to help or hinder the clergyman in his next vow to promote peace. You remember that St. Paul gives special injunctions that the wife of the Deacon or Priest should be worthy, and the Council of Carthage required that no man should enter the ministry unless all his family were Catholic Christians.

S. Otherwise his ministry could hardly be good for much.

A. The last vow of submission to the ordinary and chief ministers is said in the *Origines* to be the oldest of all, and to be found in manuscript Ordinals eight hundred years ago. The Sarum Ordinal had the Bishop's solemn reply of blessing.

S. Then comes the silence for prayer.

'And this deep pause, that o'er us now
Is hovering, comes it not of thee?
Is it not like a mother's vow
When with her darling on her knee.

She weighs and numbers o'er and o'er
Love's treasure hid in her fond breast,
To call from that exhaustless store,
The dearest blessing and the best!'

A. It is very impressive. One feels as if one *must* pray earnestly for those champions in their white robes with bowed heads, waiting for Grace to go forth and lead in the battle with sin and Satan. You see it is in virtue of our royal priesthood that we all are called on both to pray for them and to join in the Invocation *Veni Creator Spiritus.*

S. Is not that said to have been composed by Charlemagne?

A. It is; but it is a great deal older. It is found in some of the

very earliest hymnals, and is ascribed by some to St. Ambrose, but there is no certain evidence.

S. There never seems to be of the very best things.

A. No human name absolutely connected with them, as though they grow up through Grace inspiring the Church. The hymn, in Latin of course, began to be sung as an Invocation in the latter part of the 11th century. It was translated for English use with the rest of the service; but the shorter version first appeared in Bishop Cosin's private devotions in 1627, and thence was adopted into the Prayer-book of 1662.

S. It is a Whitsuntide hymn, too.

A. As it was in the Sarum Use. The peculiar arrangement of singing verse by verse is no doubt to make it a real Invocation, not a mere hymn sung apart by the choir. The prayer which follows has no exact parallels in the ancient books; but the first and most essential words of the actual Ordination are of primitive antiquity.

S. The Bishop and all the priests present laying their hands on the heads of those to be ordained. But why do you say the first part only?

A. Because the words, 'Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained,' were only added in the 13th century.

S. Yet they are quite scriptural?

A. Entirely so. The words 'for the office and work of a priest' were added by the advice of Bishops Gunning and Pearson, because they thought more difference ought to be made between the forms for Bishop and Priest. In the 6th century the hands and in England the head of the Ordained were then anointed with the chrism. This has been dropped here, but as to the hands, retained in the Roman rite. The chasuble was also then put on, and the stole put over the right shoulder instead of being crossed from the left, and the chalice and paten were, after the 10th century, delivered to the new priest; but as this was not really ancient, it was thought well to substitute for it the giving of the Bible, with the authority to preach the Word, and administer the Sacraments.

S. What is the chasuble?

A. A long oval garment. Like almost all the distinctive vestments, it really is a continuation of lay ordinary dress, from which fashion drifted away. I have seen something similar in my own time, for when first I remember, Bishops always wore wigs, and it was only about 1840 that they were left off; whereas when wigs first came in the Bishops were the last to adopt them, as one may see by portraits of Bishop Ken and others.

S. But was there really no distinctive dress in the old times? Of course there could not be in the times of persecution.

A. Christians all generally wore white, and that you know was the genuine old Roman and Greek habit, still carried on by the better and

more simple citizens. St. Clement of Alexandria recommends white to all Christians.

S. And it must have suited the climate of Egypt.

A. Philosophers and teachers wore the long tunic and *pallium*, which last was a large woollen square, used somewhat as plaids are put on. The clergy, as teachers, used this, by preference white. They adhered to it when laymen took to short military cloaks, and when the barbarian invasions had taken place, and it was usual to wear somewhat of their costume, the clergy were bidden by canons not to conform, but to continue to wear the long tunic, which began to be called casula or chasuble; but in ordinary dress became the cassock. The *pallium* was cut and fitted and became a cloak, and then sleeves were put to it. All colours seem to have been worn in Middle Ages; but in the 15th century black was enjoined; and our canons only require 'sad-coloured' garments in common life.

S. But I thought the chasuble and pall had an especial use.

A. So they have. Special vestments seem to have been kept for ministering in Church, especially at the Holy Communion, and these remained retaining their old names, while the daily garments altered, not rapidly, but gradually. So the chasuble in common life turned to a cassock, but lasted on as a chasuble in Church. The earlier ones were long ovals, with a hole for the head, and hanging down before and behind; but they were gradually altered, richly coloured, and made stiff with embroidery, clipped at the sides, and much changed. It is the last garment put on by a celebrating priest.

S. But where does the surplice come from?

A. The surplice is another descendant of the old tunic, but retaining the original white colour; it was called an alb. While the ornamental chasuble was worn by the celebrating priest, all engaged in any ministerial office would put on the white, once considered as the Christian's colour. The name of surplice is at least as old as the 13th century.

S. I remember that Sir Thomas More wore one when he sang in the choir.

A. At one time, an alb was the first vestment put on by a priest about to celebrate, and it was then girded round his waist, the stole put over his shoulders—sometimes with little bells at the ends, and the chasuble over all. These, with the tunicle for Deacons, a lesser alb and the cope, or open chasuble, for Bishops, were the 'ornaments' commanded in the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., and which seem to have been universally used in parish churches, while abbeys, cathedrals, and great dignitaries kept a very large number adapted to all occasions.

S. I remember, Wolsey had fifteen complete sets, covered with gold and jewels, for his chaplains.

A. And the records of the articles seized and confiscated are wonderful. But in Edward's reign, between prejudice and rapacity,

a great deal more havoc was made. Since there were no more abbeys to plunder, cathedrals were attacked in their stead. Then, Queen Mary having done her utmost to turn the spirit of the country against the old order of things, Elizabeth and Archbishop Parker durst not command the restoration of all the vestments which many persons had come to think superstitious, and which were too expensive for the poor parishes to supply. So they contented themselves with enjoining the wearing of the simplest and least costly of all, the alb or surplice everywhere but in cathedral and college churches, which could of course afford to supply themselves, or might have retained the old ones.

S. And it was hard work enough to keep up even the wearing of the surplice.

A. And in these days the controversy has been whether the advertisement means that *only* the surplice should be permitted to be worn, or whether it means to dispense in case of need with the other ornaments. A legal decision has gone one way, public opinion another, and on the whole I think it is felt that in accordance with the whole spirit of Scripture, robes, 'for glory and for beauty,' may well be worn at the Celebration of the memorial of the great Sacrifice.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLV.

FRENCH INTRIGUES.

1678–1681.

THE Peace of Nimeguen was on the whole the climax of the glories of Louis XIV. He had indeed made peace with Spain and Holland, but, as Madame de Sevigné wrote, he was only reserving his full conquest of Flanders for another time. The expenses had been enormous, 300,000 soldiers were maintained, and subsidies paid to the King of Sweden, and, alas! to Charles II. and his Ministers, and half Germany was either paid to be neutral or kept in arms at the expense of France. Colbert had shown himself a wonderful financier, but even he could not prevent the debts from far exceeding the receipts, since the splendour of the Court, the buildings and gardens, and the pensions to endless officials were not abated one jot. Parliament had been beaten into submission, there was no check on the expenditure of the Court, and as the nobles and clergy were exempt, the burthens on those beneath were frightful. There had been a quickening of trade and industry under Colbert's management, which enabled the artisans to bear up, but the misery of the peasants was extreme, so that sometimes they were reduced to eating grass. In some districts lace-making assisted them. The importation of Venice and Flanders lace was forbidden, and all over Normandy the little shepherdesses in the fields made the *point d'Alençon*, that not only adorned the ladies, but bordered the cravats, sleeves, and even the breeches of the gentlemen. Tapestry, under the painter Lebrun, became very splendid at the Gobelin's establishment at Paris, and silk and wine were flourishing manufactures in the south; but do what Colbert could, war, pomp, and building still swallowed all he could raise by taxes and imposts.

Versailles was costing 600,000 livres a year, and the Court was impervious to the sighs of the miserable poor, while it was amused with Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses, in powder, hoops, and with crooks.

Strange intrigues with the English public men were kept up, not only with the King and his Ministry, but with the so-called patriots, who looked back regretfully to Cromwell's alliance with Mazarin, and imagined that they might obtain means to restore the Commonwealth, at any rate to exclude the Duke of York from the throne. One of these intrigues was brought to light, not indeed out of

righteous indignation, but for the overthrow of Lord Danby, the Lord Treasurer, who had quarrelled with Mr. Montague, the Ambassador at Paris, whom Shaftesbury had resolved to ruin.

While the Peace of Nimeguen was under consideration, Danby, contrary to his own judgment, had been compelled by the King to write to Montague to demand, on certain conditions, a pension of 6,000,000 livres in return for the King's mediation. The terms were not accepted, but the dangerous letter remained, and Montague was the channel of much more communication with the French Court than met the eye. He further quarrelled with the Duchess of Cleveland (Barbara Villiers), who had retired to Paris on being discarded for Louise de la Querouaille, and, in the course of their dispute, he threatened to let his master know of her intrigues with the French. To be beforehand with him, she wrote an abominable letter to Charles, telling him that Montague despised and hated him, called him a dull governable fool, and his brother a wilful fool, said that he always chose a greater beast than himself to govern him, and moreover that Montague had bribed an astrologer to make predictions to the King according to his own direction.

Charles apparently took no notice of this amiable letter, but Montague suddenly came over to England, contrary to express orders, entered into close intimacy both with Barillon, the French Ambassador, and with Shaftesbury, and stood for Grinstead, where he was defeated, and for Northampton, where he was returned.

Expecting an attack, Danby resolved to forestall it, so he declared to the Council that he had received information of Montague's having visited the Pope's Nuncio at Paris, whence it was to be inferred that he was connected with the popish plot. Messengers were at once sent off to secure his papers, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the proceeding in the House of Commons.

Mr. Powis, however, declared this to be a breach of privilege, unless information had been taken upon oath, for which opportune suggestion Barillon rewarded him with five hundred guineas, and another friend, Harbord, was sent to get instructions from Montague. Some of his papers had been seized, but not the really dangerous letter from Danby, so that the Ambassador could turn the tables by rising in his place and declaring that he had proofs of the guilt of a great Minister.

A casket was laid on the table of the House containing two letters, one of which was this proposition for the subsidy from Louis. There was violent excitement.

In point of fact, Montague was by far the worst traitor of the two; but he knew that Danby could not defend himself without betraying that the King was deeply implicated. Indeed, only two letters proved to be available for production, and these, though forming a fair vindication, were not regarded, but a majority of sixty-three voted that the Lord Treasurer should be impeached for high treason,

and Sir Henry Capel carried the message to the Upper House, demanding that he should be sent a prisoner to the Tower.

He defended himself with much spirit, and the Lords refused the committal to the Tower, but by a small majority, and appointed a day for a full investigation. Charles, however, put off the matter by proroguing the Parliament for five weeks, and then dissolving it in the January of 1679, after it had sat for eighteen years, and the wits had called it his wife. Beginning with enthusiastic confidence, it had passed to distrust and hostility towards the King, who had disappointed every hope, and outraged every better feeling, even while no one could personally dislike him.

Shaftesbury and Danby both strove to influence the elections; but the returns were so evidently in favour of the former, and it was so likely that an attack would be made on the Duke of York, that Danby urged the King to send his brother an order to quit the kingdom for a time. Charles could not bear to do so, but sent the Archbishop to endeavour to bring about a recantation to content the nation; but James stood firm, consenting, however, to withdraw to Brussels on two conditions—first, that the King should give him an order in writing so that he might not seem to be taking refuge in flight like a coward, and next that his rights to the crown should not be sacrificed to Monmouth, who, it was reported, had found four persons ready to swear to his mother's marriage. Charles gave the desired order in the most affectionate terms, and further took a solemn oath before the Council that he had never been married to any woman except Queen Catharine, signing the declaration and making all the Council attest it.

The Duke started with his young wife, Mary Beatrice, who always afterwards said that this banishment had ended the five happiest years of her life. She had to leave behind her infant daughter, Isabella, the only one then living of the three babes who had barely come into existence; and the Duke's daughter, Anne, was also left behind, lest it might be said that her father wanted to pervert her. The King came to their ship with them, and shed tears at the parting. Landing at the Hague, they visited the elder daughter, the Princess of Orange, who was out of health and very forlorn at the Hague. When she left England, her grief had been very great, and when Queen Catharine endeavoured to console her by saying that it had been equally sad to leave Portugal, she had exclaimed, 'Oh, madam, but you were coming to England, I am leaving it!'

The poor young thing, not seventeen, was not much regarded by her busy political husband, and she could not control her maids of honour, especially the English ones, Elizabeth and Anne Villiers, who had been her companions in girlhood and took all manner of liberties. Her chief comforter was her almoner, the excellent Dr. Ken, who kept her firmly attached to her own Church instead of joining the Calvinistic Dutch Establishment.

At home the new Parliament met in March, 1679. The great object of the King was to prevent a trial of Danby, lest disclosures should be made which might bring his own royal self into ill odour with the nation; and when the Lords ruled that a dissolution did not annul an impeachment, he declared before the two Houses of Parliament that whatever Danby had done had been by his own authority, and therefore was shielded by a free pardon, which he was ready to renew a dozen times.

Both Houses disputed his power to do this, and a bill of attainder was prepared in the Commons, which the Lords altered into a bill of banishment. As soon as it had passed the two Houses, Danby surrendered, was sent to the Tower, and received the King's pardon, though he was not released for five years.

Thus for that time closed the embroilment about French bribery, not that the bribery ended, for the public men on both sides, even the most anxious for a Protestant succession and liberty, were in the pay of Louis. Probably that King's object was to be able to embarrass the Government, and pull the strings as he pleased, for Charles and James must have been far more congenial to him than the alternatives of the Duke of Monmouth or the Prince of Orange, who was certainly his greatest enemy and the chief obstacle to that constant ambition of the French of making their the Rhine frontier. However, as soon as the war was over, a marriage took place between Charles II., King of Spain and Marie Louise of Orleans, the eldest daughter of poor Henrietta Stewart. The poor girl was wretched at being sent to the stiff formal Court where the name of France was detested, and where her bridegroom was feeble, sickly, and almost imbecile; and she was greatly disappointed at not being given to the Dauphin.

'I could not do more for my daughter,' said Louis to console her.

'Ah, sire, you could do more for your niece!' she answered.

The Dauphin, in spite of being a pupil of Bossuet, was a very dull youth, and Marie Christine of Bavaria, to whom he was married in January, 1680, was not much more brilliant.

A new influence was, however, coming over the French Court. Agrippa d'Aubigné, the friend and historian of Henri IV., had left a scapegrace son, Theodore d'Aubigné, whose little daughter, Françoise, was bred up by his relations in the Roman Catholic Church. She was so poor that when a mere girl a marriage with the deformed but most kindly old poet Scarron was gladly hailed for her, and in his apartments she became accustomed to the most cultivated and wittiest society in Paris. Devout, decorous, and well-educated, she was extremely agreeable and highly esteemed, and when she was left a widow, after a few years of poverty, she was selected by Madame de Montespan as governess to the children, though the King at first objected to a *bel esprit*. The eldest of these, whom Louis had caused the Parliament to legitimatise and had created Duke of Maine, was a clever child, but very weakly. Mme. Scarron was

devoted to him and his sister, called Mademoiselle de Nantes; and the King, who was very fond of them, was struck by her tenderness to them.

'She can love,' he said; 'it would be pleasant to be loved by her.'

One day, when the King was playing with the children, he was so pleased with the boy's answer that he said—

'You are very sensible.'

'So I ought to be,' returned the child; 'I live with a lady who is sense itself.'

'Tell her,' said the King, 'that you will give her 100,000 livres for your comfits.'

This enabled her to purchase the estate of Maintenon, from which she took the title by which she was known for the rest of her life.

The King began to enjoy conversing with her. She was not dull like the poor Queen, nor sentimental like Louise de la Vallière, nor passionate and exacting in the midst of brilliancy like Madame de Montespan, but equable, thoughtful, religious, well-informed, and yet with plenty of wit. There was a repose in her which Louis delighted in, and Madame de Montespan began to grow jealous, though there was no question of such relations being recommenced as her own had been with the King. Madame de Maintenon was a religious and virtuous woman, who commanded respect, and was a year or two older than the King, who was not far from forty when their acquaintance commenced; but there was peril to the favourite lady in any one who had an attraction for him, and she began to dislike the governess for being too much beloved by the children if not by their father. As Madame de Maintenon wrote, 'The mother makes trouble for me with the King, the son reconciles me. I am never on the same terms two days together, and I cannot accustom myself to this kind of life, I who thought I could get used to anything!'

She often thought of retiring, and in 1675 wrote to her confessor, Abbé Gobelin: 'As I tell you everything sincerely, I will not say it is for the sake of serving God that I should like to leave my present situation, for I think I can be saved here as well as elsewhere; but I can find nothing that forbids one thinking of rest, and of freeing oneself from a continual state of vexation.'

Still she never did leave the Court, except when her pupil, after violent convulsions, developed his complaint and became lame. Then she took him to the springs of Barèges, which were just becoming known. There was hardly any accommodation, but the boy was out of doors all day, living on milk and simple food; and this, together with the waters, so restored his health that on his return he astonished his father by walking into the room, with no more than a slight lameness.

The King was so much delighted that the return was a triumph; and his preference for the governess's conversation became so evident

that Madame de Montespan began to reproach her as a supplanter. Once, when they had to go in the same Court carriage, 'Do not be the dupe of this affair,' said Madame de Montespan; 'let us talk as if there were nothing amiss; but we will go back to our disputes afterwards.'

To both King and Duchess Madame de Maintenon spoke with seriousness of their duties, but the lady only took the remonstrance as a token of an understanding with the lover who had grown weary of her, and there were tears, upbraidings, poutings, and attempts to bring the King back again, which, poor woman, only wearied and alienated him more.

When the Dauphin was married, the post of *dame d'atours* was given to Madame de Maintenon, so that she became independent of her former mistress, and had apartments, where the King spent hours in conversation with her. She succeeded in bringing him back to his neglected wife. 'The King never has been so kind and tender to me as since he has listened to her,' said the poor Queen; and she could not show gratitude enough to the lady. Moreover, the young Dauphiness had a forest of flaxen hair so thick that every one who combed it hurt her, except Madame de Maintenon, who in after years used to say, 'You cannot think how much a talent for combing contributed to my elevation! No one quite believed in the continuance of her influence, and Madame de Sevigné says, 'They call Madame de Maintenon, Madame de Maintenant.' For full ten years the King vacillated, before his conscience and old habit; but at last, in 1681, Madame de Montespan finally left the Court. But the evil example had been set, and the society of France, nay, the Courts of Europe, were infected by it long after Louis was in his grave.

There was terrible corruption all round, chiefly in the highest classes of society. In 1676, a fearful disclosure of crime had taken place. The Marquise de Brinvilliers, a handsome and rich young woman, was suspected of having poisoned her husband, and, on the demand of her family, her lover, Sainte Croix, was also imprisoned in the Bastille, as well as an Italian named Exili.

This last had studied the art of poisoning at Rome. Innocent X., though a good man himself, had left preferment in the hands of his sister-in-law, Donna Olimpia Odescalchi, who took bribes extensively, and when she had promised a benefice, employed Exili to remove the holders. It was said that a hundred and fifty clergy were thus poisoned. Sainte Croix had taken lessons in the art, and had taught Madame de Brinvilliers. While she pretended great devotion, this wretched pair made experiments on all around—on the lady's father, her two brothers, her sister, the sick in the hospitals. The record was all given in her own handwriting, in fifteen or sixteen pages, by way of preparation for Communion! She was taken to the torture-chamber, where three buckets of water were prepared to be poured down her throat to make her confess. 'It is not necessary,' she

said; and she spent the whole day in telling the horrible story—how she had tried ten times before succeeding in killing her father, and the like details.

Madame de Sevigné actually took a place in the window of one of the sixty-one houses on the bridge of Notre Dame to see the wretched woman pass to her execution, lying back on the straw *en chemise*, and with a low cap, a priest on one side and the executioner on the other. All Paris was in the utmost excitement. She made confession in front of Notre Dame, and then taken to the Place de la Grêve, where she was beheaded, then burnt, and her ashes cast to the winds; but the populace tried to obtain her bones, and called her a saint!

The poisoning mania continued, and deaths and unaccountable sicknesses directed suspicion to a woman named La Voisin, who dealt in cosmetics, philtres, and the like. She grew rich, set up a carriage and servants, and, in 1679, there was reason to trace to her what by euphemy was called 'Succession Powder!' She was arrested and taken to the Bastille with forty accomplices. Under interrogation as to her customers, she named two of the nieces of Mazarin, the Duchess of Bouillon and the Countess of Soissons, and the Marshal de Luxembourg. The Countess was the wife of the son of the Prince of Carignano, of the ducal house of Savoy; and the King, with a tenderness for the memory of Mazarin and his own intimacy with the nieces, sent her warning by her brother-in-law, the Duke of Bouillon, and she escaped beyond the frontier. Her son, Prince Eugene, was to have been provided for by Church preferment, and was called 'Le petit Abbé du Roi,' though not in Holy Orders. After his mother's disgrace, the Court became intolerable to him, and he fled to the Austrian army with some other young nobles, wearied to death of the stately pride of the Court. They wrote lively letters, which were seized and read by Louis himself, and when he found himself called a chess-king in war and a stage-king in peace, the offence was unpardonable!

The Duchess of Bouillon was proved to have been more giddy than criminal, and several more ladies were shown to have gone to La Voisin only as a fortune-teller, so that no one was actually put to death except the woman and her meaner accomplices.

In 1681, there was great rejoicings over the King's first grandson, an event the more important as the Dauphin was the only surviving child of the Queen. The King gave his hand to be kissed by every one. One person actually bit his finger, and on his crying out, said, 'Sire, I beg pardon, you would not have heeded me had I not bitten you.'

All this time, in spite of the peace, there were fortifications in full progress, especially on the eastern frontier. Strasburg was an old free city, Protestant, self-governing, and, like Hamburg, Frankfort, and other free cities, only acknowledging the Emperor as superior.

But Louvois found means to bribe the municipal corporation, and they actually sold the great old town and their fellow-citizens to Louis! On the 30th of September, 1681, they opened their gates to the Baron de Montelar, and soon after Louis made his entry in great state. The Cathedral was restored to Catholic worship, and the Bishop and Chapter reinstated, while the fortifications were strengthened so as to render it one of the strongest places in Europe. Germany was greatly aggrieved, but for nearly two hundred years was forced to endure the usurpation, a simple exertion of the right of the strongest.

REMEMBRANCES OF THE FIRST EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF GERMANY, AND A PEEP INTO ONE OF THEIR HOMES.

'My Dear Agnes, 'Coblenz. August, 1880.

'. . . . You tell me that you wish to hear something about the Emperor and Empress. The latter we have seen frequently during our stay here, both in our own English church,—the services of which she constantly attends—(and which is indeed under the roof of her palace), and in the Anlagen, the public garden on the left bank of the Rhine. It is a charming pleasure-ground, well shadowed by large trees, chiefly limes, which just now are laden with blossoms, and ornamented, after the favourite German fashion, with seats made of china, in imitation of green and brown cushions; with stumps of trees in brown china; with large blue vases filled with scarlet geraniums; and miniature hogsheads, also of blue china.

'There is a prettily designed *Trink Halle* for the sale of refreshments, and in front of this, on the Thursday in last week, a half-circle of chairs had been arranged for the Empress and her ladies. Carriages are not allowed beyond a certain part of the Anlagen, therefore from that point the Kaiserin walked, like every one else, and took her station on the central chair provided for her. She was accompanied by the betrothed bride of Prince Wilhelm, the future Emperor of Germany, and the eldest grandchild of our own dear Queen. Two ladies were in attendance, and they, like the Princess, were simply and prettily dressed. I dare say you wish to know how the Empress herself was attired. She wore a gown of two shades of purple linen, rather full, and much bunched up behind, and well fastened up from her feet, leaving them quite free, and showing neatly laced bottines. She wore no extra out-door covering, not even a lace shawl over her tight-fitting bodice. Her bonnet was of black silk, almost entirely covered by a very handsome maize-coloured ostrich feather. Many-buttoned maize-coloured kid gloves, and a purple silk parasol, deeply edged with black lace, completed her toilette; and you will doubtless be a little surprised when I tell you that on the seven occasions in which I have had the pleasure of seeing her (and one of those was at the theatre) she wore exactly, point for point, the same costume; but the gloves were each time irreproachable in their dainty freshness.

'As the Empress, escorted by two officers, one of them the President of the Rhine Provinces, approached the chairs, every one in the immediate neighbourhood stood, curtseying low until she had seated herself. At a little distance was stationed the band of the "Augusta

Regiment," one of the many now quartered in Coblenz; and with the band were several officers, all of whom were called up, one by one, to be spoken to by the Empress. Each advanced with plumed hat in hand; but each was immediately desired by her to cover himself. In the intervals of receiving these gentlemen, she conversed with animation with some ladies, wives of high officials of the town and who were seated on her left hand; the *Verlobte* of the Prince and her own attendant ladies being on the right.

'After having chatted thus for rather more than half an hour, the Empress rose; every one near her did the same, and continued standing until, accompanied by a few ladies and gentlemen, she proceeded to walk further down the Anlagen. Some people followed her at a respectful distance, amongst them Nellie and myself. A footman and a policeman in plain clothes followed also, and quietly waved back the very few persons, chiefly children, who tried, by running quickly along one of the side paths, to get into the main broad walk, and so come in front of the Empress and meet her. This was not permitted, and was the only attempt at guarding or taking special care of her that we could perceive. She frequently paused in her walk, which was brisk enough in its pace for a lady of her years, and turned to chat with the members of her immediate *entourage*. She did not return up the Anlagen, her carriage being in readiness for her at one of the many higher entrances into the garden from the *Mainzer Chaussée*, the main road into the town.

'Twice some of us have had the pleasure of seeing the Emperor. On leaving our English church after evening service last Sunday, we noticed that there seemed to be more people than usual walking in front of the "Schloss," and that there was some little excitement amongst them. On inquiry, we learnt that the Emperor and Empress were expected shortly to leave the palace and drive to the theatre, so my father, Nellie and I (my mother was not with us), strolled about in the gardens, waiting to see the Imperials. They were rather long in appearing; a carriage ladened with ladies in full evening dress drove away at least half an hour before the right carriage came on the scene, and then, behold! the Kaiser was accompanied only by the Prince of Servia; the Kaiserin was not with him. We were close to the carriage, which was being driven slowly, and the Emperor returned our bows with smiles and kindly politeness. I think the good-natured Germans stood aside to let us, unmistakable strangers, have a good view of their grand old Kaiser. He is a particularly fine-looking man, with a benevolent and yet shrewd countenance, and seems much younger than his years. It is difficult to realise that that upright, alert, soldierly man can be in his eighty-fourth year. I admired him exceedingly, and my father (himself, as you know, a thorough soldier) came home the following day from attending his Levee, in company with General von R., sharing to the full my enthusiasm, and expressing great pleasure at the kindly genial notice

he had been honoured with from the distinguished Imperial soldier.

'The second occasion of my seeing the Kaiser was at the theatre. He and his Empress came into the Imperial box rather late in the evening, and showed themselves for a few seconds at the front before taking their seats. There was no cheering, nor any particular enthusiasm shown on their entrance; every one throughout the house stood until they were seated; those in the boxes near them bowed low, and the actors and actresses on the stage ceased playing for about two minutes; but although there was so little show of welcome, many of the ladies present (we three, mother and Nell and I amongst the number) wore or carried bouquets of the sapphire blue cornflower—the *cyanus*—which is so great a favourite with the aged Emperor that it is commonly called *Die Kaiser Blume*. During his late brief stay in Coblenz, several of the fancifully-shaped flower-beds in the Anlagen were decked with its cut blossoms set thickly into patterns, or making a blue line round such mottoes as "*Gott mit uns*," "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott*," which words were worked in white pebbles with red earth between each letter. . . . The particular object before my own mind for the writing of this epistle is to give you a little glimpse into the "Schloss," the Empress Augusta's favourite home, for such it is well known to be; and I think I had better now hasten to make an entrance there. As the Kaiserin had vacated it only in the morning of the day on which we visited it, we saw her apartments exactly as she had left them.

'The exterior of the palace is like that of most German palaces that are not mediæval castles—long, two-storied, with a high-pitched, almost straight roof, pierced with innumerable tiny windows, resembling pigeon-holes, more than anything else. A stone colonnade, open on the garden side, extends the entire front of the building. Military guard rooms are on the left, forming a sort of wing; domestic offices and stables on the right. It is not a large palace, many of our noblemen's mansions are larger and grander; but the interior is more "home-like" and more "comfortable" than I should have imagined any German house could be. One reason for this is that in most of the sitting-rooms there are open fire-places; and another, and more *reasonable* reason is the presence of numerous pictures and statuettes of our own Queen and various members of our royal family. "The *salon*," at the head of the grand staircase, is a beautiful room, filled with costly and interesting objects of art, many of them gifts from crowned heads to the Kaiserin; amongst these are certain large porcelain jars, valued at £5000, given by the late Sultan of Turkey.

'There are several low chairs, cushions and stools in elaborate needlework, worked and given by the Empress's only daughter, the Grand Duchess of Baden. I was much struck by the numerous appliances for games; there are chess and backgammon boards of lovely inlaid ebony and ivory or of sandal-wood, with richly and

fantastically carved men; a set of parlour croquet with a large green baize-covered board for playing it; Chinese billiards; highly ornamented boxes of dominos and loto; solitaire and German tactics are there in profusion, besides others, the names of which I do not know. This room, *the* salon *par excellence*, opens into the ball-room, a stately apartment, and the most really palatial in appearance in the Schloss. It is much gilded, with perilously polished floor, and lighted by many huge, crystal-dropped chandeliers; from it opens a whole suite of apartments, the first of which is called "The Throne Room," for there, upon a dais, stands a purple velvet chair surmounted by an Imperial crown, and here all levees and State receptions are held. On the walls are portraits of various Electors of Treves and Brandenburg, the founders and ancestors of the proud family which now rules Germany. A clumsily-fashioned writing-table that belonged to Frederick the Great is shown in this room; but the relics of the past in which I felt most interest were the Gobelin tapestry hangings, presented by poor unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth of France to Frederick the Great. That conjunction of names is a good starting-point for a very maze of historical memories; besides which, the hangings themselves are of real artistic beauty and worth. One of them symbolises, by groups of men and women, and pretty Cupids, the festivities on the marriage of the Rhine with the Moselle; and it is exceedingly beautiful both in design and execution, whilst the colouring has that happy blending of the bright and the sombre, the brilliant and the neutral in tint, which only the looms of Hindostan and of France ever show in full perfection.

'We were now admitted into the ordinary private living-rooms of the Empress; and these we liked the best. The dining-room is, point for point, like any one in the houses of the upper and middle class people in our own country, for it is entirely covered with a Turkey carpet, and is the only wholly carpeted room I have as yet seen in Germany. A vast mahogany table, brilliantly polished, stands in the centre of the room. Ranged at equal distances along two of the walls are handsome brown leather-seated chairs adorned with brass-headed nails; and the orthodox massive sideboard, with its silver salvers, flagons, and cups, and the stiff family portraits in heavy gilded frames, are not wanting; in fact, all the arrangements are those dear to the heart of the well-to-do British householder, whether he live north or south of the Tweed, even the black marble chimney-piece and respectable bronze clock, with accompanying vases and candle-sticks, are there to carry out the resemblance to the minutest points; but in the Kaiserin's boudoir and drawing-room there is much that is distinctively foreign, whilst both have that unmistakable air and stamp of their owner's individuality which many women and a few men are able to impart (generally unconsciously to themselves) to their ordinary living rooms.

'One can easily guess that the Empress loves reading, for the many

low open bookcases are filled with books that have evidently been frequently read, although also carefully handled. These books are in almost every European language; but a large proportion are in English. I noticed several novels by Miss Yonge, Dickens, Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, and by other lesser lights of fictitious literature; but no novel of what is called "the sensational type" fell under my eye. I noticed a marked absence of poetry, but there were many works on Theology and ecclesiastical history, notably amongst the latter, some on the Scottish and American Episcopal Churches, whilst on a little low table drawn close to a luxuriously comfortable reclining chair were two or three religious and devotional books, emanating from that school of thought commonly known as High Church. In about these private rooms—near the easy chairs, above the Kaiserin's writing-desk and her upright piano, and on her work-table—are good copies of devotional pictures of the highest and most reverently beautiful types—"The Madonna of the Chair"; Agnese Dolci's "Salvator Mundi"; Delaroche's "Mater Dolorosa" (as dignified as she is sorrowful, a very woman, yet indeed the Mother of the LORD); and a sweet little study of the Annunciation, by some painter unknown to me, a bright sunny bit of work, the only shadow being that cast by the lily-branch in the angel's hand. Also there are two unpretending but beautiful Crucifixes, one of wrought ivory, from Dieppe doubtless, the other of delicately carved woodwork, as unmistakably German or Swiss.

'That her Kaiserlich Highness likes bodily comfort (small blame to her at her age) is evident, for all the chairs are veritable "sleepy hollows," soft and low, and deliciously inviting to rest, and possibly to slumber. That the lady is strong in home affections, and that she cares to accumulate little tokens of her absent relatives and friends, can also be seen, for there are numberless photographs, miniatures, engravings, and small marble and bronze busts of her husband, her handsome son, her daughter, her many grandchildren; and also of our Queen and of the late Prince Consort. We were told by our guide (a *grande dame* with the magic *von* before her name, and an intimate acquaintance of the two ladies who accompanied us, and who also are *wohlgeboren*), that most of the writing and working materials, homely, simple things such as we might give to our mothers, were gifts on birthdays and wedding anniversaries from members of the Empress's own family, and constantly used, therefore undoubtedly valued. The nice old lady also loves flowers, for they were everywhere, in vases and baskets of almost every imaginable shape and material; there were great bowls of costly Dresden or Sèvres or Worcester china; or of simple crystal, crowded with roses; and here and there tiny specimen glasses, each holding one delicate orchid, or other rare hothouse blossom; and as the Empress had left the Schloss only that morning, none of these flowers was faded.

'In the boudoir, the most private sanctum, where the good little

books and the prettiest of the devotional pictures are, was a literal bank of greenery, trained upon a wire framework, and stretching in a pretty curve from the three long narrow windows far into the room.

'The last room of the suite is the Emperor's—one full of light and troubled with very little furniture, what there is being of the simplest possible kind; there are no lounging chairs and no devotional pictures. There is one large and not particularly well executed Crucifix hanging in a recess; and there are a few portraits, chiefly photos and prints of the Empress, and one of the Crown Prince and Princess, also a large handsomely framed copy in oils of Winterhalter's celebrated picture of our Queen as a happy young wife and mother, seated in one of the glades of Windsor Park, surrounded by her husband, those of their children then born, and some of her favourite ladies. My mother and I carefully studied the picture that she might have the pleasure of identifying and showing me the portraits of some amongst the latter who were acquaintances of her girlhood, and now, like herself, and their Queen, elderly women. The Kaisor's writing-desk is of unvarnished deal and very high, just like a national schoolmaster's. And the lady-housekeeper told us that His Majesty always stands when he writes. The most notable and interesting article in the room, and one which will some day be of great value to historians and antiquarians, is an immensely large map of the seat of the Crimean War, whereon is carefully traced by the hand of the Kaiser himself all the battles; the armies of Russia, England, Turkey, and France being distinguished by differently coloured bits of paper, blue, white, red, and yellow, neatly cut into tiny squares, and stuck on by the "wee-est" imaginable pins into their proper places on the "Heights of Alma," the square of the Redan, the Pass of Balaclava, etc. Now was not *that* something worth seeing? To my father as a soldier, and to me as his daughter, it was an object of the greatest interest. My father was in ecstacies over it, and kept pointing out to me spot after spot with—"Here we did this, and there we did that!" and glorying once again in the achievements of his own regiment, our own Scots Greys. Mamma held a little aloof; it recalled to her a time of terrible sorrow, when she, just after Janet's birth, had to say good-bye to our father, and face a lonely anxious winter at Valloch Linu.

'"Chrys has more enthusiasm about that great war, although she wasn't born until years after it took place, than you have, Alison," my father said at last, a little reproachfully.

'"I dare say," replied mother, with the sweet smile and in the low tones that always soothe father; "just because she was not born, and cannot realise what it was to be a young wife left without her husband and with two wee bairnies who might any day be made fatherless by that cruel war."

'Father smiled, but thought it necessary to add, "Not *that*, it was

a noble, righteous war; and if I had fallen you would have had the consolation of knowing that I had been doing my duty."

'"I am afraid that *that* would not have consoled me," said mother, but under her breath, for she knows that father does not like to be reminded of her unmartial sentiments, and indeed I cannot understand how it is that she should have such.

'To return to the palace. I must tell you that the view from the windows of all these rooms is charming, not only of the Rhine (Dickens' "brimming river") and the opposite hilly, wooded shore, with Ehrenbreitstein standing sentinel over all, but also of the gardens elaborately laid out with fancifully designed beds, gay with flowers. The Germans make great use of coloured stones and earths in the formation of garden beds, and seem to delight in working them into mottoes and heraldic symbols, the "Eagle" being the predominating favourite amongst the latter. One feature of this garden charmed us specially—a long raised terrace, arched over with trellises, on which are trained grape-vines, just now in all their loveliness of fresh leafage, and half-ripened fruit clusters.

'We were taken back through the suite of living and State rooms, and conducted to the front of the palace to see some of the bed-chambers allotted to guests. There was not much there to attract us; they are bare of ornament and stiff and formal, and the washing arrangements are not more comfortable nor more liberal in the supply of water than any that we have yet seen in Germany.

'It gave us much pleasure to have these glimpses into the home-life of the great leaders of a great nation, and I hope my remembrances, fresh at least from the immediate sight thereof, will be of interest to you, and be in some sense a satisfactory answer to your questions, "Have you seen the Emperor and Empress? and what do you think of them?" . . .

'Ever yours affectionately,

'CHRYSTAL MACKENZIE.'

A REMINISCENCE OF IRELAND.

'WHAT will we do, and he is gone!' and the two women embraced each other in their trouble and distress. One of these, and the mistress of the house, was short, with pensive brown eyes, and a sad and gentle mouth, which was now quivering with agitation, while her sweet face was flushed. The other, her sister-in-law, was tall and pale, with red hair and a plain and kindly face.

'What will we do?' again wailed the little wife; and her sister-in-law's sobs were the only answer.

Near them, and with her back to a heavy black oak kitchen door, stood a girl of eighteen. She looked on with flashing eyes, and an air of alertness, of anger, and of curiosity. Near her, lying on the stone floor, was a large official-looking letter. The room was dark, for the walls were black with age and dirt, and the long low window on one side was obscured by iron bars that crossed and recrossed it. A red glow came from the peat fire that smouldered on the hearthstone, and from the high-backed settle a hugh Irish hound was uneasily eyeing the group.

The girl pointed to the letter, and picking it up, said: 'Oh, if Mr. Power had but remembered to have that chink stopped up; and now it is too late!' and turning to the dog, impetuously exclaimed: 'Pat, why didn't you worry it?' and in response the brute wagged his tail with a deprecatory air.

With hesitating hands the letter was opened, and alas, it was too true, and they were certain now of what they had feared. It was a summons in the name of the law to Mrs. Power, to appear at the Dublin Four Courts to give evidence in a libel case, and as usual a five pound note was enclosed for expenses. Mr. Power had left for Dublin that morning, not having attempted to evade his summons; but for three weeks or more every door and window of the house had been carefully closed and guarded, and his wife and sister had kept indoors—for it was determined that at all risks they should not be dragged into the publicity of a quarrel between her husband and a quondam friend, or exposed to the ordeal of a bullying from Irish pleaders.

The process servers had haunted the house and grounds, trying by every means to serve the warrant, and they had met with a good deal of rough usage from 'the boys' on the farm. But at last they had succeeded, and there it lay, served *into* the house if not on the person.

They had found the slit in the top of the door, under the little penthouse, and they had gone off in triumph, having, at all events, partially achieved their purpose.

Presently a low whistle was heard at the door, and a look of relief came to the faces of the three as the girl turned and cautiously opened it. A man came in—a big, wild-looking man, with unkempt hair, and a frieze coat down to his heels. He was the bailiff and a trusted servant, and soon they had told him what had happened. He scratched his head, and with a bewildered air, exclaimed—

'Och, an' I knew it! For the leprechauns were dancing by the lake last night.'

The three ladies were in a dilemma and wanted advice, and all Ned did was to enlarge on the erratic behaviour of the fairies of evil.

The only gentleman near was the coastguard officer, but he was almost certain to be from home; then ten miles off lived a retired barrister, but it was almost certain that he would be tipsy. Slender as was their chance of succour, they determined to try, and I, an English girl and the third in the helpless trio, volunteered to go to Captain Maguire. There was no danger for me, I was 'a sthranger,' and was not wanted by the law, and, besides, was well known in the village. Ned was to go with me, and in default of my success, was to go on to the barrister's with a note that was hastily penned.

We soon set out. Ned leading his shaggy pony, I walking, and the hound with us. Both errands were unsuccessful. The Captain was away, the barrister hopelessly drunk.

It was now evening, and if the summons was legal, Mrs. Power must start early in the morning, for the trial was on the following day. We were in the old, oddly-furnished drawing-room, sad and silent. I looked out on a dreary scene of peat bog and morass, and low stone walls, with here and there a bit of bright green, and a group of low trees. The distance was bounded in a circling sweep by the wild Donegal mountains, which now in the glow of a summer sunset towered into the sky like a range of lofty ramparts. I had made up my mind, and turning from the window, said—

'I will ride to Londonderry and consult Mr. Murphy, and if you must go, I will send a message by the mail car, and then you must start at once; and you will be in good time for the train to Dublin.'

'Ride!' answered Mrs. Power, 'oh no; take the outside car. I know the other is broken.'

'But if I take the car, how will you get to the station, in case you have to go? No, I will ride—I must ride, if I am to be of any use; and if Bob is properly shoed, and Ned goes with me, I shall come to no harm.'

I was a little frightened; a night ride by a road I had but once traversed, and through the heart of those rugged mountains furnished plenty of food for the imagination; but when I saw the look of relief in my friends' faces, and the ready Irish smile back again there, I

was amply repaid, and besides, it would be really great fun, and it was glorious weather.

So we made our preparations. Ned declared Bob's shoes were all right; but I thought a personal inspection advisable, for I had learnt in the short three months I had been at Carnalough, that nothing was to be taken on trust, and yet I was very much attached to them all. One of Bob's shoes would have been off in a mile, so he was marched away to the village smithy.

It got darker; the twilight had faded into the solemnity of that quiet hour before the moon rises. It was twenty Irish miles to Londonderry, making twenty-five English ones, and it had been settled that we should start at midnight, for it might be difficult, and it was unnecessary to rouse Mr. Murphy, the lawyer, before five o'clock in the morning.

At that time the north was quiet—it was before the atrocities of dynamite, and after the days of O'Connell and O'Brien, and in one of those lulls of the perennial tempests of rage and revenge that afflict poor old Ireland.

At last the hour for starting came, and Ned, riding his long-tailed pony, and leading Bob, was at the front door. With kisses and ejaculations and fervent blessings, I mounted—sandwiches and a flask of whisky—whisky that had never been seen by the 'gauger' (my friends at Carnalough are no longer there, they have all—every one of them—migrated to the land of the setting sun, so I am not breaking faith, or turning informer by letting you into that little secret about the whisky), were in the saddle pocket, and Miss Power's fox-fur cloak across my knees. Bob was a wiry little beast with a largish head, his paces were free, and he could jump the low walls and ditches like a cat. As for Ned's pony, it was so skinny, and yet so covered with hair and general shagginess, that I defy any one to have discovered any points about him, except a pair of very bright wicked-looking eyes.

I was quite glad to be off, and my spirits rose as we emerged into the moonlit road, from the avenue of fir-trees and gorse bushes. The air was still, and a noiseless calm rested on the sleeping world. Soon we reached the village, or correctly speaking, the town, for it had shops and a post-office. The soft light, and the shadowing clouds hid the meanness of the small houses, and the squalor of the cabins. A dead silence reigned; the public was shut up, and even at the police-station there was no light, neither a pig, nor a dog was abroad.

We trotted on, and in half an hour we had come to a ruined chapel and a holy well, which no good Catholic would pass without saying a pater. Here a decrepit old woman lived, literally in a hole near the well. There was a low sort of shutter to her dwelling, which was not more than five feet high, but it had no window or chimney. In the day-time the shutter was down, and there the poor creature sat crouched like an old cat, her back hunched up,

and her arms clinging round her knees, on which she rested her chin. She was a 'wise woman,' and was supposed to have been kidnapped in her youth by the fairies, and was as much feared as loved, and Ned muttered and crossed himself as we passed.

Our horses went well and steadily, as they nearly always do at night, for they are too much occupied to shy or play tricks, and with the moon careering overhead we trotted briskly over the dreary stretch of road that followed. The bog lay on either side; here and there pools of water showed smooth and bright like burnished mirrors; stacks of peat of all shapes and sizes dotted the plain, and low bushes of gorse broke the wide expanse. The air was fragrant with the perfume of the bog myrtle, and sighing winds swayed the reeds.

So weird and strange was the scene that I was glad to turn Ned's attention from stories of White Boys and midnight raids, to the failure of the 'praties,' and the wants and woes of his large family. And now the road gradually ascended a spur of the mountains, and for nearly an hour we walked our horses as we toiled to the top of the pass.

'If the fairies be abroad this night we will pass their ladder,' whispered Ned.

The cliffs rose to a tremendous height on both sides, making strangely black and gloomy the shadowed road, while all round the moon shone brightly. When almost at the top, there was a break in the sloping cliff wall, and Ned, looking aghast with fear, pointed to it; and sure enough the moonlight rippled down from tiny ledge to ledge in a brokenly spiral form, for all the world like steps of light.

We drew rein and gazed, and instantly my ear was caught by a soft wailing sound apparently close at hand.

'Holy Mother, save us!' ejaculated Ned, and he flung himself from the saddle, and holding the bridle, he knelt in the road and crossed himself and prayed. 'Och hone! Miss, there is death on the road; do ye see the blood on the ladder? and do ye hear the Banshee?'

It was indeed a moment of terror, and I felt as if against my will I was being bewitched. The awful stillness, broken by the plaintive wail; the dark road pierced by the silver staircase, on the lower rungs of which large spots of reddish light shone. It was as real to me as to the man praying there in the road, and I trembled violently, and I felt that Bob was trembling also.

At this juncture, a cold night wind rose in a gradual burst and sweep of sound, and the moon was blotted out by scurrying clouds, and the ladder was no longer there. I called to Ned; and without a word he mounted his horse, and we emerged from the shadow of the rocks, and began the descent of the pass on the other side. There in the distance lay the level sea, calm and glistening; the air came up from it fresh and free, and gradually the enthralling fear vanished; but to my dying day that strange scene will remain vivid and true.

I can account for the Banshee's wail, for as we rode on we heard it at intervals, and I knew it was the crooning for the dead in some far away cottage in the hills. Ned was silent. It might be crooning now, but it was the Banshee we had heard in the pass, was all he said, and I was too much awed to argue. The moon was setting, but the road, like all those engineered in times of military occupation, was a good one, and we jogged steadily on, the hardy horses showing no signs of fatigue.

We had not met a human being, nor seen life in any form in the long night journey. The country was now more cultivated, and here and there were belts of wood and houses in the distance, and the road which had hitherto held its lonely course over bog and mountain, branched off in various directions. A heavy shower fell, and it became so much colder that I was glad to wrap myself in Miss Power's cloak. It was very dismal and dreary, for there was only the strong grey light of reflection to guide us, and both Ned and I were quite ready to refresh ourselves with the sandwiches, and a drop of the 'cratur.'

I was very tired and chill, but soon the grey dawn broke, and the sky was spread in gleams of pale rose and silver—in shadowy blue and soft greys. Day's harbinger, the skylark, soared into the clearing air and sang his song of praise. Flocks of wild duck in compact wedge-shaped bodies sailed across the upper vaulting. The hedges were alive with gentle twitterings, and a mountain fox stole across the roadway.

From the lanes and bye-ways came groups of barefooted women on their way to market, with baskets on their heads, and their shoes and stockings slung over their arms.

We passed the pleasant houses and charming grounds on the shores of Lough Foyle, and soon our horses' hoofs struck sharply on the beams of the long wooden bridge which crosses its broad waters, and entering under the arch of the old water-gate, we were in the stony streets of Londonderry, and in a few minutes we were at Mr. Murphy's door.

My ride was ended. The object of it gained; but as it belongs not to my story I shall say no more. My life is uneventful now—a murmurous stream of simple duties. The Sunday-school, and the sewing class, and a picnic by the river mark the flowing time, but my night ride in Donegal stands clear and white in the receding years; and the remembrance of those dear Irish friends, who treated life so gaily, and who have now no interest save that of memory in either stick or stone of their ancestral home—is to me a possession that I cherish.

LENNA.

THACKERAY'S LETTERS.

BY C. E. PLUMPTRE.

THERE are so many of us familiar with Thackeray's novels, and so few of us who know anything of the character and inner life of their writer, that the publication of this volume of letters may be regarded as a genuine contribution to literature. Unfortunately, the earliest of them dates no further back than the year 1847, and the majority were written a good deal later than this. *Vanity Fair* was commenced in serial numbers in 1846; and with the publication of *Vanity Fair* Thackeray's failures and struggles and difficulties may be said almost to have ceased. But the struggling portion of a man's life is always the more interesting, and very often, I think, the more instructive to the majority of his admirers. We are incited to bear bravely our own troubles when we find that others have been tried with like troubles. We are more likely to rouse ourselves to conquer all obstacles when we find that similar obstacles have not been found insuperable by one who at last fought his way to world-wide reputation.

But still let us be grateful for what we have. Though we should have preferred the publication of letters written in that dreary period of an author's life—a period unusually prolonged in Thackeray's case—when publishers reject his works and editors decline his papers, or accept them more or less under protest, the period next in importance and interest is that immediately following his first real success. And this collection of letters beginning in 1847, and ending in 1855, may be said all to have been written during this period. It is perhaps a little strange that Thackeray, who could portray the character of his own sex so admirably, but so far failed in delineating the opposite, that he seldom drew a woman who was not either silly and good, or wicked and clever, should have invariably preferred women as the confidantes of his hopes and fears, his troubles and successes. Yet why should it be strange? Under all Thackeray's cynicism and sarcasm lay a shy, acutely sensitive nature; and though frivolous women of fashion are, Heaven knows, shallow and unfeeling enough, the tender-hearted, intelligent woman has, I think, a finer tact and power of sympathy than the tender-hearted, intelligent man. There are about a hundred letters contained in this volume, and over thirty illustrations, more or less humorous, all from the pen of Thackeray. More than two-thirds of these letters are written to Mrs. Brookfield; the rest being divided between the

Rev. W. H. Brookfield, her husband, and a Mrs. Elliott and her sister, Miss Perry. They are all written with a charming spontaneity and affectionateness, and many of the later ones with such a playfulness and buoyancy of spirits, that makes one regret that his success came so tardily, and that his married happiness was so grievously marred by the terrible affliction of his wife's madness. We cannot but feel that brilliant as are his works, had his domestic surroundings only been happier, his commercial difficulties less pressing, those writings might have been equally brilliant, yet free from that tinge of cynicism which, as has been well expressed, leaves behind a 'bitter taste in the mouth.'

Two or three of the earlier letters are of especial autobiographical interest, in so far as they contain passages evidently relating to the progress and reception of *Vanity Fair*. For instance, in the first letter to Mr. Brookfield, dated January, 1847, he says, 'I am being brought to bed of my seventh darling with inexpressible throes, and dine out every day until *Juice* knows when.' Strange to say, *Vanity Fair* had found little favour with publishers, and none at all with editors of magazines. At last it was brought out in numbers—twenty-four in all—under the auspices of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Later on, in 1847, some one wrote to congratulate Thackeray on the success of his novel, assuring him that he had 'completely beaten Dickens out of the inner circle.' One of the most refreshing traits in Thackeray's character is his absolute freedom from jealousy, and his hearty undisguised admiration of his more successful rival. Still, on reception of this letter, he is too *naively* pleased to be able to refrain from sending it to his kind sympathiser, Mrs. Brookfield. As the months slip on, and the tale progresses, unfavourable as well as favourable reviews naturally have to be borne. 'Did you read the *Spectator's* sarcastic notice of V. F.?' he writes. 'I don't think it is just, but think *Kintoul* is a very honest man, and rather inclined to deal severely with his private friends, lest he should fall into the other extreme; to be sure he keeps out of it, I mean the other extreme, very well.'

The next letter to which I wish to draw attention (for limited space necessarily makes me pass over many that deserve to be carefully read) is one upon the death of the lamented Charles Buller, and with which all sons and daughters who have elderly parents will be able to sympathise. 'I am very much pained and shocked at the news brought at dinner to-day that poor dear Charles Buller is gone. Good God! think about the poor mother surviving, and what an anguish that must be! If I were to die, I cannot bear to think of my mother living beyond me, as I dare say she will. But isn't it an awful, awful sudden summons? There go wit, fame, friendship, ambition, high repute! Ah! *aimous nous bien*. It seems to me that is the only thing we can carry away. When we go, let us have some to love us, wherever we are.'

The next letter deals with a subject more necessary to be exposed and fought against in his generation perhaps than in our own; I mean asceticism, or the doctrine that all amusement and enjoyment, however innocent, is sinful in the eyes of the Almighty: 'I was thinking about Joseph Bullar's doctrine after I went to bed, founded on what I cannot but think a blasphemous asceticism, which has obtained in the world ever so long, and which is disposed to curse, hate, and undervalue the world altogether. Why should we? What we see here of this world is but an expression of God's will, so to speak—a beautiful earth and sky and sea—beautiful affections and sorrows, wonderful changes and developments of creation, suns rising, stars shining, birds singing, clouds and shadows changing and fading, people loving each other, smiling and crying, the multiplied phenomena of Nature, multiplied in fact and fancy, in Art and Science, in every way that a man's intellect or education or imagination can be brought to bear. And who is to say that we are to ignore all this, or not value them and love them, because there is another unknown world yet to come? Why, that unknown future world is but a manifestation of God's Almighty will, and a development of Nature, neither more nor less than this in which we are, and an angel glorified or a sparrow on a gutter are equally parts of His creation. The light upon all the saints in Heaven is just as much and no more God's work, as the sun which shall shine to-morrow upon this infinitesimal speck of creation, and under which I shall read, please God, a letter from my kindest Lady and friend. About my future state I don't know; I leave it in the disposal of the awful Father, but for to-day I thank God that I can love you, and that you yonder, and others besides, are thinking of me with a tender regard. Hallelujah may be greater in degree than this, but not in kind, and countless ages of stars may be blazing infinitely, but you and I have a right to rejoice, and believe in our little part and to trust in to-day as in to-morrow. God bless my dear lady and her husband.'

Even after the success of *Vanity Fair*, Thackeray had a good many commercial difficulties to contend against. The following letter, dated April 10th, 1849, is interesting, as showing how bravely he resolved to struggle through with them, as if determined to make good come out of misery—

'After lying in bed . . . exceeding melancholy from want of sleep . . . shall I tell you what it was dissipated my blue devils? As I was going towards London the postman stopped me in the street, and asked me if I would take my letters, which he handed to me—one was an opera-box, which I sent off to Mrs. M. for to-morrow; and one was a letter from an attorney, demanding instantly £112 for that abominable Irish Railway; and in presence of this real calamity, all the sentimental ones vanished straight. I began to think how I must raise the money—how I must go to work, nor be shilly-shallying any longer; and with this real care staring me in the face, I began

to forget imaginary grievances, and to think about going to work immediately; and how for the next three months I must screw and save in order to pay off the money. And this is the way, ma'am, that the grim duties of the world push the soft feelings aside; we've no time to be listening to *their* little meek petitions and tender home-prattle in presence of the imperative Duty, who says, "Come, come, no more of this here—get to work, mister"—and so we go on and join the working gang, behind which necessity marches cracking his whip. This metaphor has not been worked so completely as it might be, but it means that I am resolved to go to work directly. . . I have been to the banker's to see how much money I have got. I have got £120; I owe £112; from £120 take £112, leaves £8 for the rest of the month. Isn't that pleasant?'

A letter written from Brighton in 1849, gives us a glimpse into the progress of *Pendennis*. 'Being entirely occupied with my two new friends, Mrs. Pendennis and her son, Mr. Arthur Pendennis, I got up very early again this morning, and was with them for more than two hours before breakfast. He is a very good-natured, generous young fellow, and I begin to like him considerably. I wonder whether he is interesting to me from selfish reasons, and because I fancy we resemble each other in many points, and whether I can get the public to like him too . . . I had a mind to send you a weekly paper containing contemptuous remarks regarding an author of your acquaintance. I don't know who this critic is; but he always has a shot at me once a month, and I bet a guinea he is an Irishman.'

In the succeeding letter he tells his friend: 'I have written a wicked number of *Pendennis*, but like it rather; it has a good moral, I believe, although to some it may appear naughty. Big Higgins [Jacob Omnium], who dined with me yesterday, offered me, what do you think? "If," says he, "you are tired and want to lie fallow for a year, come to me for the money. I have much more than I want." Wasn't it kind? I like to hear and to tell of kind things.'

Another letter in this same year is written in a sadder strain. 'What you say about Mrs. —— being doomed does not affect me very much, I am afraid. I don't see that living is such a benefit, and could find it in my heart pretty readily to have an end of it,—after wasting a deal of opportunities and time and desires in vanitarianism. What is it makes one so *blasé* and tired, I wonder, at 38? Is it pain, or pleasure? Present solitude, or too much company before? Both very likely. You see I am here as yesterday, gloomy again, and thrumming on the old egotistical string. But that I think you would be pleased to have a letter from me, dear lady, I'd burn these two sheets, or give my blue devils some other outlet than into your kind heart.'

Probably the real cause of his occasional fits of despondency was the consciousness of what he and his little ones had lost through their mother's affliction. In another letter, written in this same year,

he tells his friend: 'Yesterday I went into the country to see Miss R.'s husband, my old friend S. They have just got a little son, a beautiful child, and the happiness of this couple was pleasant, albeit somehow painful to witness. She is a very nice, elegant, accomplished young lady . . . she is a little thing, and put me in mind of my wife somehow . . . When I saw that nice little Mrs. S. with her child yesterday, of course I thought about somebody else. The tones of a mother's voice speaking to an infant, play the deuce somehow; that charming nonsense and tenderness work upon me, until I feel like a woman or a great big baby myself—fiddlededee.'

As his successes increase upon him, so, naturally, do invitations crowd in upon him. In a letter, dated 23rd April, 1850, he mentions: 'I have an awful week of festivities before me; to-day, Shakespeare's birthday at the Garrick Club, dinner and speech. Lunch, Madame Lionel Rothschild's; ball, Lady Waldegrave's—she gives the finest balls in London, and I have never seen one yet. To-morrow, of five invitations to dinner, the first is Mr. Marshall, the Duke of Devonshire's evening party, Lady Emily Dundas' ditto. Thursday, Sir Anthony Rothschild. Friday, the domestic affections. Saturday, Sir Robert Peel. Sunday, Lord Lansdownes'. Isn't it curious to think —it was striking my great mind yesterday, as Annie was sorting the cards in the chimney-glass—that there are people who would give their ears or half their income to go to these fine places?'

In another letter, written some time in 1850, again occurs a painful allusion to his great sorrow. 'As I am waiting to see Mrs. Bullar, I find an old review with an advertisement in it, containing a great part of an article I wrote about Fielding, in 1840, in the *Times* . . . My wife was just sickening at that moment; I wrote it at Margate, where I had taken her, and used to walk out three miles to a little bowling-green, and write there in an arbour, coming home and wondering what was the melancholy oppressing the poor little woman. The *Times* gave me five guineas for the article. I recollect I thought it rather shabby pay, and twelve days after it appeared in the paper, my poor little wife's malady showed itself. How queer it is to be carried back all of a sudden to that time and all that belonged to it, and read this article over; doesn't the apology for Fielding read like an apology for somebody else too? God help us, what a deal of cares and pleasures and struggles and happiness I have had since that day in the little sunshiny arbour, where, with scarcely any money in my pocket, and two little children (Minnie was a baby two months old), I was writing this notice about Fielding. Grief, Love, Fame, if you like—I have had no little of all since then (I don't mean to take the fame for more than its worth, or brag about it with any peculiar elation).'

In this same year is written a touching letter upon the death of H. F. Hallam, brother of Arthur Hallam, well known as the inspirer of Tennyson's *In Memoriam*—

'I went to Clevedon and saw the last rites performed for poor dear Harry. I went from here and waited at Candy's till the time of the funeral, in such cold weather! Candy's shop was full of ceaseless customers all the time—there was a little boy buying candles, and an old woman with the toothache; and at last the moment drew nigh, and Tinling, in a scarf and hat-band driving himself down from the Court, passed the shop, and I went down to the church. It looked very tranquil and well ordained, and I had half an hour there before the procession came in view. Those ceremonies over a corpse—the immortal soul of a man being in the keeping of God, and beyond the reach of all undertakers—always appears to me shocking rather than solemn; and the horses and plumes give me pain. The awful moment was when the dear old father—the coffin being lowered into the vault where so much of his affection and tenderest love lies buried—went down into the cave and gave the coffin a last kiss; there was no standing that last most affecting touch of nature.'

Still Thackeray's letters are not all written in this strain. His brilliant success, at all events during the first flush of it, gave him undoubted gratification; and he had, moreover, within him a boyish love of practical jokes, a keen perception of the humorous side of human life, that is in itself a source of pleasure to the possessor. One of his whimsical oddities was to have himself announced by some name other than his own; more often than not the name he would select would be that of some notorious murderer or forger, whose trial might at the time be going on. In one of his letters, dated September 14, 1849, he mentions: 'I am afraid I disgusted Macaulay yesterday at dinner at Sir George Napier's. We were told that an American lady was coming in the evening, whose great desire in life was to meet the author of *Vanity Fair*, and the author of the *Lays of A. Rome*, so I proposed to Macaulay to enact me, and to let me take his character; but he said solemnly that he did not approve of practical jokes, and so this sport did not come to pass.'

Apropos of this love of Thackeray for passing himself off under some other name than his own, an amusing anecdote is contributed by his friend Miss Perry, which is printed, among other anecdotes, as a sort of appendix to the 'Letters': 'Thackeray had been asked to join some friends at dinner, but not arriving at the prescribed hour, the guests sat down without him. Among them was Mr. H——, the author of some of the most charming books of the day. The conversation being more literary than otherwise, Thackeray (then at the very height of his fame) came under discussion, and some of his greatest friends and admirers being present, he was spoken of with unqualified admiration. Mr. H—— was the exception, and dissented from us, in very unmeasured terms, in our estimate of Thackeray's character. "Judging," he said, "from the tenor of his books, he could not believe how one who could dwell as he did on the weaknesses and absurdities and shortcomings of his fellow-creatures, could possess

any kind or generous sympathies towards the human race." He concluded his severe judgment by saying that "He had never met him, and hoped he never should do so." We were all so occupied by this fiery debate, that we did not observe that, under the sobriquet of some jail-bird of the day, Thackeray had slipped into his chair, and had heard much that was said, including the severe peroration. A gentle tap on Mr. H——'s shoulder, and, in his pleasant low voice, Thackeray said, "I, on the contrary, have always longed for the occasion when I could express personally to Mr. H—— the great admiration I have always felt for him as an author and a man." It is pleasant to think they became fast friends thereafter.'

As the years pass, notwithstanding the vein of humour that never entirely leaves him, it is impossible not to see that worldly success and mere applause gradually begin to weary him, while the consciousness of his domestic desolation increases upon him. The following deeply touching letter was written from New York in January, 1853—

'At present I incline to come to England in June or July, and get ready a new set of lectures, and bring them back with me. That second course will enable me to provide for the children and their mother finally and satisfactorily, and my mind will be easier after that, and I can sing *Nunc Dimittis* without faltering. There is money-making to try at, to be sure, and ambition—I mean in public life; perhaps that might interest a man, but not novels, nor lectures, nor fun, any more. I don't seem to care about these any more, or for praise or for abuse, or for reputation of that kind. That literary play is played out, and the puppets going to be locked up for good and all. . . . O! I am tired of shaking hands with people, and acting the lion business night after night. . . . What a weary, weary letter I am writing to you. Have you heard that I have found Beatrix at New York? I have basked in her bright eyes, but—ah, me! I don't care for her, and shall hear of her marrying a New York buck with a feeling of perfect pleasure. . . . She has a dear woman of a mother, upwards of fifty-five, whom I like the best, I think, and think the handsomest—a sweet lady. . . . I can't live without the tenderness of some woman, and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley-sugar loving in a pinafore. . . . Crowe is my immensest comfort; I could not live without some one to take care of me, and he is the kindest and most affectionate henchman ever man had.'

Thackeray's gratitude to the friend he thus mentions is best shown by the fact that he adopted Amy Crowe, making her in all respects one of the family; and she afterwards married Edward Thackeray, one of her benefactor's cousins.

On Christmas Day, 1863, William Makepeace Thackeray died very suddenly in his bed, early in the morning. His labours had ceased; his troubles over at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. He was

of an essentially shy, retiring nature, and more than once desired his daughter to publish no memoir of him. That daughter has (rightly, I think) thought it her duty to obey this injunction literally, and has even withheld from publication all his letters to his family. But, however we may approve of the daughter's adherance to her father's wishes, it is impossible not to regret the father's injunction, since his private reputation has, I think, thereby suffered. If all Thackeray's private letters resemble in any way those he wrote to Mrs. Brookfield, it is certain that his inner nature was no less loveable than his genius was admirable.

AN INDIAN VIEW OF ENGLAND.

THE following letter from a native Christian gentleman from Calcutta may be of some interest as a genuine Indian view of English habits and customs. The writer came to England to learn agriculture at Cirencester College, with a Government Scholarship, and passed through the course with the greatest credit, carrying away the gold medal and all the highest honours. He has now returned to Calcutta.

MY DEAR MR. H.—

Banerji says you wish me to write a short account of my two years' experience in England. A short account of two years' experience is not a very easy thing to accomplish. If, therefore, by the time I have finished this letter, I find that it is a short one, and yet contains anything like an adequate account of my experience in this wonderland during the two years, I shall have accomplished a wonder.

Of course the greater part of my time I have wasted in gathering agricultural experiences both in season and out of season, in college during term times, and at farms, and factories and manufactories elsewhere, during vacation times. But as probably what I could tell you on these subjects will not be what you would care to hear of from me, it is more of my vacation or spare-time experiences that might interest you, more of the social, and in particular, religious aspect of English life so far as I have seen it. I consider it rather an advantage than otherwise, that I have been spending most of my time at a country place like Cirencester. Here a foreigner can see English life to better advantage than in this vast solitude of London, where I am spending this vacation. In India, in country places you are almost out of the reach of civilisation and humanity; but here, in England, I can see the conveniences and blessings of civilised life to a far greater extent in the country than in London. And I believe many of the false ideas regarding English frivolity and irreligion carried back to India by Indian students have been gathered in the unreal life of London boarding-houses. If my experience had been confined to London I would have also formed the same kind of opinion about the English. In the country, in the midst of truly English families, however, a foreigner would see a different picture altogether. . . . I have come to find that the civilised life of England all over the country is built round her Church. In London this does not seem to be the case—not, at least, in

that sphere into which foreigners have access, for there the English home life and social life are not seen in their true characters. In the country, however, the Church and the clergy are the springs that give motion to the whole machinery of society, and as Nonconformity has been visibly diminishing almost everywhere, even so far as my experience goes, the people outside the Church feel as if they are not members of the society. In India we are apt to think that the Church of England is just the same kind of thing as the Baptists, or Congregationalists or Wesleyans; but in England these seem *now* quite meaningless societies. They have now given up the pretension even of being better or doing any better than the Church of England. They try to do the same kind of good as the Church of England, only more imperfectly, and with less resources. . . . But I believe the Nonconformist laxity will hasten on the reunion with the Church in no distant date, and the greatest obstacle, I am afraid, is the consciousness of intellectual and social superiority among the clergy and the upper classes of the laity. There is not that social cordiality of feeling in England which there is in Calcutta among the ministers of the different denominations. If that had existed, I believe the Church of England would have been still stronger. For people are beginning to get tired of wrangling about rituals and unimportant doctrines in England. The spirit of toleration and mutual appreciation with regard to doctrine is more noticeable in England than in India; and I believe this feeling of toleration will lead to something still better, at no distant date, throughout the world wherever the Anglo-Saxon race has planted its banner of faith.

I must now tell you something of my purely social experiences. While in India I could never take to English ways, they seemed so artificial and meaningless. But in their natural home they appear quite natural and full of meaning. I should not say I understand the good of every custom here; it requires more than ordinary experience to appreciate the bare knee in the Highland costume, or the low neck in evening dress for ladies. They seem to be a paradox in this cold country, being particularly helpful to bring on rheumatism in one case, and lung disease in the other. But most of the English customs which I could not appreciate in India, I can fully appreciate now. One thing particularly annoyed me in India, and that was the system of calling on English people. The Sáhib always shuts himself up in his room, for fear of 'draughts,' and you have to knock at his door or send in your card before you can be visible. This word 'draught' I could never understand in India, but here I have had to understand it at my own cost. I would frequently catch cold at first, and I would be told by the landlady that I must have been sitting in a draught, and then perhaps it would be discovered that the window was not properly shut, or the blind and the curtains were not properly adjusted. This makes one very punctilious about 'draughts,' and I have become perforce quite a

Sáhib in this respect. Then the English houses look so inhospitable: the doors and windows are almost always shut, for the purpose of avoiding draughts. If you were to call out as we do in India, the sound would not reach the person you were calling on, and so knocking or ringing, or leaving of cards, or sending in of name becomes a necessity. Another custom which horrifies Indian sensibilities is dancing. But this winter I have got rid of that prejudice also. If men and women were to be shut in inside their houses, and to look out on the desert of snow, and feel that they cannot go out to-day, nor yet to-morrow, nor perhaps for a whole week, they will feel quite miserable if they were not to take some kind of exercise. Dancing appears a very appropriate amusement under such circumstances. My friend Banerji was amused to see me, a regular Babu, beginning dancing the other evening. I was tempted to try dancing, seeing how it made the dancers warm, and enjoying the hand-punkah even on such a cold night, while I was feeling miserable not being able to go out all day; but I would prefer swimming as the best exercise and amusement in India, to dancing or football or cricket. And above all, as the English dress, every part of it is a necessity in England, so the Bengali mode of dressing is the best for Bengal, and I seriously mean to go back to my 'Dhoti.' The more I appreciate and follow the English customs in England, the more I appreciate the Indian, at least Bengali customs, and mean to take to them again. Just as here we get on so well with English people, and feel quite at home with them because we take to (and cannot help taking to) English customs, so in India, if we do not follow the customs of the country, we alienate ourselves from our country people, and have to mix with the people whose customs we adopt. But it is better for the native Christian community to be socially more at one with Hindus than with Europeans.

Perhaps you would like to know how I like English people. You may have heard it said in India, that English people are considered simply perfect in their own home, by Indians who have been to England, but that as soon as they land in India the change begins, and that an old Anglo-Indian is the most contemptible character imaginable. Frivolity and irreligion go to add to this perfection according to this opinion. But in England they find them so cordial, so hearty, more attentive and kind to Indians than to their English friends, and the difference between the English people in India and those in England at once strikes them as very wonderful. But I have greater reasons to like English people in England, and I believe when I go back to India my prejudices against English people in India will also vanish. I don't see why they should be so entirely different in India from what they are at home, and it must be the veil of social customs, which I am afraid will always remain different, and ought to be allowed to remain different for very natural reasons, that hides the beauty of the English

character from our view in India, and *vice versâ*. It is only this natural barrier that prevents mutual confidence and friendship in India between the two nations, and to remove this barrier would be an outrage to nature and the experience of ages. If this be better understood in India, the feeling of hatred between the English and the Bengali will be altered.

I do not think it will interest you much if I tell you how I like the different English scenes—the golden valley of Gloucester, or the sceneries round Bala Lake and Cader Idris in North Wales, the seaside places such as Torquay, New Quay, Dover, Broadstairs, all so different from one another, and yet all leaving a permanent impression on one's mind. Nor, I believe, would you care to hear the praises of some of the famous buildings I have seen reiterated, such as Gloucester Cathedral, or St. Paul's, or the Abbey, or the British Museum, or the Bodleian Library. I should have liked to say something of the sublime and heavenly pieces of music such as Handel's 'Messiah' or Mendelssohn's 'St. Paul,' as the grandest expressions of the National Faith, but I think I must stop somewhere. Believe me your's affectionately,

NITYA GOPAL MUKERJI.

A FAITHFUL SERVANT.

'Think ye the spires that glow so bright
In front of yonder setting sun,
Stand by their own unshaken might?
No; where th' upholding grace is won,
We dare not ask, nor Heaven would tell,
But sure from many a hidden dell,
From many a rural nook unthought of there,
Rises for that proud world the saint's prevailing prayer.

THIS is a real life-story, every word absolutely true, and I think you will agree with me, that it is a very beautiful one.

The life of a faithful servant, a faithful daughter, and a faithful Christian. Can any good woman's ambition soar higher than that? Anne was born in Wiltshire, in one of the prettiest villages I have ever seen, a truly original one; it has neither school, public-house, nor dissenting chapel, Sunday-school being held at the Rectory. The cottages are dotted about in picturesque groups, some by the side of the little river, and some on the edge of the hill, and many only accessible by crossing the wooden foot-bridges over the water.

The tiny church, old and quaint, recently restored, and fitted up with curious carved oak, is on the top of a hill, keeping guard, as it were, over all below, and there is peace and calm in this village, which belongs to certain spots, the which one can't describe; even the sheep have their bells in tune, and make a delightfully harmonious sound when browsing at a little distance.

Certainly the beauty of the home made a fitting frame to the living picture, about which I wish to tell you.

Anne's father was the village clerk for fifty years, and throughout her life her devotion to him was one of the most marked features in her character. She could hardly bear not to see him every day, and perhaps this very devotion may have been one of the reasons why she never would change her situation. I am anticipating, however, and will explain further on. The mother is one of those old-fashioned cottage dames we come across now and then, who have lived most of their life in one place, and who find their only happiness in their own home and family. She told me herself that she had never had to find fault with Anne from her babyhood; and though there were other daughters and sons, she seems to have been the favourite child. At fifteen Anne went to service for four pounds a year wages, and she never left her first place, but died there, having been there for the same wages for thirty-six years.

Think of that, you who are always wanting to change, and 'better' yourselves, thirty-six years in her *first* place; and now I want to show you why she never sought higher wages and less work—this is the beautiful part.

In the beginning of her service she had two mistresses, sisters, one married, the other not; and the former seems to have been a most gentle lovable woman. On her death-bed, the married mistress asked Anne to promise she would live on with her sister and be as good a girl to her as she had ever been in their service. Perhaps it was an inconsiderate promise, without due regard to the girl's humble, truthful, gentle character; but Anne gave it—and we shall see how she kept it. With this mistress's death she lost her best friend, but she stayed on of course. Often and often when urged to leave, and get an easier place and more money, which she could have done at once, for she was an excellant servant, she refused, saying, 'I promised to do my duty to mistress, and I will try; if I don't better myself here, God will reward me afterwards,' and so she stayed on, sometimes having very hard work, for besides her domestic duties, she did the brewing, baking, and gardening, always being particularly fond of plants—and of course out of such small wages quite unable to save. It was a comfort to her, that her situation was in her native village, and she could often see her parents, especially her father, whom she so passionately loved. I have seen her twice, a woman of moderate height, very thin, with a sewet expression, beautifully clean and neat, and most respectful in her manner. On one occasion she opened the door for us, when we went to visit her mistress, and on the other she came down the garden path, as we were passing the house, to slip sixpence into the hand of a missionary clergyman, who was of our party, and who had preached the night before for the Japanese.

I was a little behind and saw the gift given; it was done so simply and prettily, I could not help speaking about it afterwards, and then it was I learnt that sixpence from her was untold riches. Those only, though, who knew her well and often went to the house, can tell what her service was—of her sweet temper, her loving devotion, her simple humble piety, and truly of her, if of any one, it can be said, 'she hath done what she could.'

There was no Girls' Friendly Society, remember, in her day—to encourage and help her—with its sympathy, its premiums, and its various gifts.

Her mistress's health at last began to fail, and she became very helpless and finally bed-ridden, and Anne was now her sick nurse, as well as her servant, waiting on her all day, and sleeping in her room at night; in fact, but seldom off her feet. She would read to her, sing to her, talk to her—and no one saw, while watching and sympathising with the mistress, how the servant was failing under the strain.

The mistress grew worse, and Anne now became very ill; still she kept about, and would not give in, not even telling her mother what she suffered. Nothing would induce her to leave her mistress, in her great need now she was blind and ill, and wanted her more than ever. Her mother came backwards and forwards to help her when she could, and so the weeks passed, and no one guessed the real truth.

At last one night, Anne broke down altogether, and could not, after an attack of terrible sickness (which attacks she now admitted had been troubling her for a long time), sit up at all—much less stand; and her mother and those in authority, with little difficulty now, made her lie down in another room.

The doctor came, but told them he could do no good. She had literally worn herself to death, and was dying as truly in harness as any soldier on the battle-field, a fellow-creature for his friends, and her's was the truest self-sacrifice, for she never knew it herself; she had done her duty, she said—that was all.

It must have been a pathetic scene, the mistress very ill, in one room, and the servant in the other, longing to go to her, yet unable to move. She knew she was dying, and was perfectly happy and contented; and almost her last words were: 'I want to rest,' and those who had seen her work, knew how much she needed it. A few hours after she passed away peacefully to that Land,

'Where the weary are at rest'

for ever and ever. She was very weary in Time; well, she has Eternity to rest in now.

As her poor tired body was carried over the threshold of the house, where it had lived and worked faithfully so long, the mistress died, surviving her servant only a few days. Anne was about fifty-one when she entered into rest, having been in her first place thirty-six years.

Surely such a life is a lesson in itself, and her duty, humility, and self-sacrifice speak to us from her grave; think of this, and try to follow in some small degree her faithful example.

Anne was a deeply religious woman, a Church woman, and a communicant. She is buried under the shade of the old church, in the same little village where nearly all her life was spent, and where in the grass-grown grave her body will rest till the Resurrection Day, when surely she will hear the glorious words, 'Well done, good and *faithful* servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'

ANNIE CAZENOVE.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

II.

1400-1558 A.D.

THE fifteenth century is perhaps the least interesting in the history of English literature; it was certainly the least productive. Coming between the splendid promise of Chaucer's age and the more splendid fulfilment of that promise in the Elizabethan age, its want of great masterpieces and interesting personalities strikes the student with a sense of disappointment.

Into the causes of this deficiency it is perhaps unprofitable to inquire; some have attributed it to the baneful and narrowing influence of foreign and civil war and of religious intolerance and persecution; others to the simple fact and more prosaic reason that no man of genius happened to be born during the period. Whichever reason be the true one, the fact remains; originality is wanting both in poets and prose writers.

Taking the poets first, they may without exception be classed as Chaucer's followers and imitators.

'Fool, said my Muse to me, look in thy heart and write,' thus Sidney in a later age; but 'look at Chaucer and write,' was the command of the Muse who inspired the fifteenth-century poets, and hence a certain uniformity of diction and ideas. Thomas Occleve or Hoccleve is the first in chronological order; he was born in about the year 1370, and after spending the early part of his life at the Court of Richard II. as a writer to the Privy Seal, seems to have sought and failed to obtain Church preferment, and finally, in despair, to have married and settled down to secular life. His most important work was the *Governail of Princes*, or *De Regimine Principum*, a long allegorial poem in Chaucer's stanza, adapted or translated from the Latin of one Aegidius, a Roman disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas, and intended as a moral treatise for the guidance of rulers. Of this poem, the most interesting part is the prologue, in which occurs Occleve's well-known address to Chaucer, his 'maister dere and fader reverent,' the 'floure of eloquence,' the 'mirrour of fructuous entendement,' and 'universal fadir in science.'

Lydgate is the next of the school. He was born about the same year as Occleve, and after a wild boyhood, of which he has left us an amusing account in his *Testament*, he entered the monastery of Bury St. Edmunds, though it was apparently some time before he became reconciled 'of blessed Benet to folowe the doctrine,' and he tells us

how at first 'of religioun I weryd a blak habite Oonly outward as by apparence.'

Once settled down, however, he became a voluminous writer, and was employed by other monasteries, as well as by his own, to versify the legends of their saints.

Besides his work in this direction, he wrote the *Falls of Princes*, a translation of Boccacio's *Falls of illustrious Men;* the *Troy Book*, a metrical version of the *Historia Trojana*, by Guido della Colonna; and the *Story of Thebes*, founded on the *Thebaid* of Statius and *Teseide* of Boccacio. Of these three poems, the second is put into the form of an additional Canterbury Tale; and the third was undertaken at the request of Prince Henry (afterwards Henry V.), who wished that the 'noble storye' of Troy should be as well written in English 'as in the Latyn and the Frenshe it is.'

Meanwhile, in Scotland also, there were disciples of Chaucer; and of these perhaps the most ardent was King James I., who not only imitated his master's style, but in very deed acted the part of his *Arcite*, since it was from his prison window at Windsor that he caught sight of and fell in love with Lady Joan Beaufort. James wrote the *The King's Quair* to commemorate this event, which resulted in his marriage with Lady Joan, and his restoration to the Scottish throne in 1424. Thirteen years later he was murdered at Perth, and his 'faire Emilye' was wounded twice in trying to defend him.

Robert Henryson, a schoolmaster of Dunfermline, is the next Scotch poet. He lived between the years 1425 and 1508, and wrote, besides his *Testament of Cressid*, which is a continuation of Chaucer's *Troilus and Cressida*, several ballads of moral tendency, in imitation of Chaucer's *Good Counsel*.

But he also introduced a new style of composition—in the versified fable, and his *Robyn and Makyn* is our first specimen of pastoral poetry.

William Dunbar, Gawain Douglas, and Sir David Lyndsay are all illustrious members of the Scotch Chaucerian School, and each has some claim to originality, though each began by passing through the inevitable course of poetical allegory. Dunbar, when he had finished this process, took to writing homely but powerful satire, such as the *Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, and half humorous, half pathetic ballads like the *Lament for the Makers*, in which he counts over the poets whom Death has taken away, and ends each verse with the refrain 'Timor mortis conturbat me.' Douglas, on the other hand, is to be remembered for his translations of Ovid's *Art of Love*, and Virgil's *Æneid*, to the latter of which he prefixed original prologues containing vivid descriptions of natural scenery, especially of Scotch scenery. Lyndsay was a truly voluminous writer, and rather a reformer than a poet.

It has been said that he stood in the same relation to Knox as

Langland did to Wiclif, and his *Dreme*, *Complaynt to the King*, *Testament of the Papingo*, and *Tragedy of the Cardinal* are all directed against the misgovernment of the kingdom and corruption of the religious orders. His *Satire of the Three Estates*, a 'Morality' on the same theme, was acted before James V. in 1435; and this was followed in 1553 by a dialogue called the *Monarchie*, which treats of similar subjects, and ends with a diatribe against the Pope as Antichrist.

In England, some few years later, we have another satirist in John Skelton, who was born in about 1460, and after studying at Oxford, Cambridge, and Louvain, at each of which universities he obtained what was then known as the degree of poet laureate, became tutor to Prince Henry, afterwards Henry VIII., and began by writing courtly Latin poetry. Leaving this phase of authorship behind, he took to writing attacks upon the Court, and subsequently upon Cardinal Wolsey, in a style which he himself describes in the following six lines—

'Though my rime be ragged,
Tattered and jagged,
Rudely raine beaten,
Rusty and moth eaten;
If ye take wel therewith
It hath in it some pith.'

His principal satires were *Why come ye not to Court*, and *Colin Clout;* but he also wrote a good deal of lyrical poetry, including the *Boke of Philip Sparrow*, a lament, imitated from Catullus, for the death of a tame bird kept by Jane Scrope, a young pupil of the Black Nuns of Carow, near Norwich. Stephen Hawes completes the list of Chaucer's followers. The date of his birth is unknown, but he was a native of Suffolk, received his education at Oxford, and was Groom of the Chamber to Henry VII. His principal work was the *Pastime of Pleasure, or the Historie of Graunde Amour and La belle Pucel*, an allegory of the training of a true knight. This poem has been called the 'link between the *Canterbury Tales* and the *Faerie Queen*,' and it contains at least one stanza that should be remembered—

'O mortall folke, you may beholde and see
Howe I lye here, sometime a mighty knight;
The end of joye and all prosperitie
Is death at last, thorough his course and mighte.
After the day there cometh the dark nighte;
For though the daye be never so long,
At last the belle ringeth to evensong.'

Turning to the prose writers of the age, we find there are three worthy of note, who carried on the work of establishing and fixing the English language, and who represented the three lines of religious controversy, political science, and allegorical romance. Of these, the first is Reginald Pecock, Bishop of Chichester, who, in about 1449, wrote a book against the Lollards, called the *Repressor of overmuch Blaming of the Clergy*. As he based his arguments upon reason and

not upon authority, his method displeased one party as much as did his conclusions the other. The book was burned, and its author forbidden to write for the future.

Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench under Henry VII., exiled by Edward IV., and subsequently recalled, wrote a treatise on *The Difference between Absolute and Limited Monarchy*, in which he contrasts the French and English systems greatly to the advantage of the latter, noting especially the superior condition of our peasantry. Very different was the work of Sir Thomas Malory, in whose *Morte d'Arthur*, a long and carefully compiled English version of the French romance, we have one of the last manifestations of the old dreamy mysticism of the Middles Ages, which was so soon to give way before the searching scientific spirit of the Renaissance. The *Morte d'Arthur* was finished in about 1469; it was printed by Caxton in 1485; and this brings us nearly to the close of a century, of which it is perhaps not too much to say that it produced no English work either in prose or poetry which has exercised a lasting or, so to speak, indispensable influence upon literature. For such influence we must look less to the books than to the events of the age; and of such events the two of paramount importance are the Fall of Constantinople in 1453, and the Invention of Printing about 1450.

Of the first of these, Professor Morley has said that it 'made Plato a power in Europe.' Its immediate effect was an influx of Greek scholars to Italy at the most auspicious moment. An enthusiasm for Greek literature had been smouldering since the days when Petrarch lamented that there were not ten persons in Italy capable of appreciating Homer; it was further kindled by the teaching of Emanuel Chrysolaras, who began to lecture at Florence in 1395; it was fanned into a flame by the Greek exiles. Popes, princes, and scholars alike became infected with a rage for Greek and Latin manuscripts, and the writings for which such new zeal and interest were felt were soon multiplied, and spread abroad by the printing press, so that while to Italy was due the impulse towards classical learning, to Germany was due the power of gratifying it, for it was in Mainz that John Gutenberg first set up his moveable types. Caxton, the earliest English printer, was in the Low Countries from 1464 onwards, in the service of Margaret, Duchess of Burgundy. Whilst at Cologne, 'at great charge and expense,' he acquired the art of printing, and, in 1471, he printed his first book, which was a translation of his own from the French *Game and Play of Chess*.

The literary history of the sixteenth century is, in a great measure, the history of the effects of the new learning and the new invention; but the different character of these effects, as manifested in Italy and in England, should be carefully observed and borne in mind.

The spirit of the Renaissance in Italy was one of revolt against the asceticism of the Middle Ages, of delight in beauty for beauty's

sake, in human nature unrestrained by theological dogma. This humanism found its highest expression in the classics; hence the enthusiam with which they were cultivated, the foundation of great libraries at Rome by Nicholas V., at Florence by Cosmo de Medici, and such episodes as the granting of an amnesty by Pius II. to the citizens of Aretino, because they were the fellow-citizens of Cicero.

But while in Italy, humanism was degenerating into paganism, in England, on the other hand, the outburst of literary enthusiasm was coincident with an equally strong outburst of religious enthusiasm.

Literary England had had some intercourse with Italy since the days of Chaucer's diplomatic missions, and Italian scholars were brought to England to translate Greek manuscripts by men like Duke Humphrey of Gloucester, who died in 1447, and, at a later date, by John Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester, who was himself a scholar, and wrote translations from Cicero. Thus a growing interest was felt in literature, but it did not reach its height until the end of the religious Reformation; and this fact, combined with the deeper and more serious Teutonic character, prevented the English Renaissance from terminating in a mere worship of culture.

The work of the leaders of the movement in England may be said to have begun with John Colet's Oxford Lectures on St. Paul's Epistles in the Michaelmas term of 1496. Three years before, Colet, then recently ordained, had left Oxford to pursue his studies in Florence, where he came under the influence of the Platonists Ficino and Pico della Mirandola, and of the reformer and martyr Savonarola.

Fresh from their teaching, full of enthusiasm, yet a practical man rather than a mystic, and, unlike Ficino whose two lamps burning before images of the Virgin and of Plato were typical of the standpoint from which he regarded religion and philosophy, Colet returned to wage war with the methods of the Schoolmen, which still obtained at Oxford, and to preach a purer, simpler religion than was taught by the religious teachers of the day. He aimed at no changes in Church government or doctrine, and herein, with his whole school, differed as much from the later reformers as he did from the leaders of the Italian Renaissance in his profound religious sense. The classics, in his view, were to be studied with enthusiasm, but only or chiefly with a view to the better interpretation and understanding of the Scriptures. He found a kindred spirit in the Dutch scholar Erasmus, who came to Oxford in 1497, and who wrote of himself that he had 'given his whole soul to Greek learning,' and that as soon as he had any money he should buy first Greek books and then clothes.'

Their affection and admiration was mutual. 'When I listen to Colet,' said Erasmus, 'it seems to me like listening to Plato himself.' And again he wrote: 'You say what you mean, and mean what you say. Your words have birth in your heart, not on your lips. They

follow your thoughts, instead of your thoughts being shaped by them.'

A third member of the Oxford company of fellow-workers was 'young Master Thomas More,' who came up to Canterbury College in 1497, with a reputation for wit and wisdom gained in the household of Cardinal Morton, and soon attracted Colet's notice. 'When did Nature mould a character,' wrote Erasmus, 'more gentle, more endearing, more happy?' and indeed the fascination of that character has endured to this day. Two important dates in the history of the New Learning are 1510, when Colet, Dean of St. Paul's since 1505, founded his new St. Paul's school, making the Greek scholar Lilly headmaster; and 1516, when Erasmus published his *Novum Instrumentum*, or parallel Greek and Latin version of the New Testament, and Thomas More the first part of his *Utopia*.

These three events illustrate well the principles of the English Renaissance with regard to education, religion, and politics. Education was to be based upon a thorough study of the classics, and conducted upon a milder, gentler system than had hitherto prevailed. Learning was to be made pleasant to the children. 'I pray you, all little babes, all little children,' says Colet in his preface to Lilly's Grammar, 'learn gladly this little treatise, and commend it diligently unto your memories, trusting of this beginning that ye shall proceed and grow to perfect literature, and come at last to be *great clerks!* And lift up your little white hands for me which prayeth for you to God.' The same principles are inculcated in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Governor*, published in 1531; and in Roger Ascham's works, the *Toxophilus*, a treatise on archery, which appeared in 1544, and the *Scholemaster*, which, though written some years earlier, was not printed until 1570.

Returning to Thomas More, we find him in 1499 leaving Oxford and entering New Inn as a student, at the instance of his father, who seems to have feared that too much Greek would engender a distaste for law. Legal studies nowithstanding, he kept up his old interests, and, two years later, was delivering lectures on St. Augustine's great work *De Civitate Dei*, and numbering among his audience his former instructors in Greek, Grocyn and Linacre, together with 'all the chief learned in London.'

In 1504 he was returned to Parliament, but had soon to retire, having successfully opposed a subsidy to the king; and in 1506 his thoughts seem to have turned in the direction of a monastic life, for he is found in chambers near the Charter House, living to all intents and purposes as a Carthusian monk. The habits of self-discipline there acquired he observed to his life's end; but he did not enter the order, and three years later had married and returned to public life, being in high favour with the young king, who showed every disposition to patronise the New Learning.

His success as a lawyer was such that, according to his biographer

and son-in-law Roper, 'there was in none of the prince's courts of the laws of this realm any matter of importance in controversy wherein he was not with the one party of course.' In 1515 he was sent on a mission to the Netherlands, and, three years later, became definitely attached to the king's service, though, says Erasmus, no one ever tried harder to get admitted to Court than he did to keep out of it. Honours were heaped upon him; Treasurer of the Exchequer in 1520, he was knighted in 1521, and in 1523 became Speaker of the House of Commons. As Chancellor, to which office he was appointed in 1530, he laboured honestly in the cause of peace and of uniformity of religion, defending Catholicism in a series of controversial pamphlets, which were directed against Tyndal, and in which the one blemish is that they advocated persecution. If in theory he would have put others to death for their opinions, in practice he never did, and he was at all events equally ready to die for his own. The Acts of Supremacy and of Succession effected abrupt and merely external changes, at which the Oxford reformers had never aimed, and More could not in honesty subscribe to them. So he met his death in 1535, two years after he had resigned the Chancellorship, dying cheerfully, even merrily, and faithfully, as he had lived. Of his works, the most important is of course the *Utopia;* but during the monastic phase of his life he translated the life of Pico della Mirandola, and, in 1513, he wrote the *History of Edward V.* It was two years later, when on his mission to the Netherlands, that he conceived the idea of the *Utopia*, and wrote the second part. The book was originally written in Latin, but is best known in the translation of Ralph Robinson, published in 1551. It gives the picture of an ideal commonwealth, under the guise of a narrative by one Ralph Hythloday, a returned traveller, who is supposed to meet with More in Antwerp, and relate his adventures. The leading ideas are government by democracy, community of goods, division of labour, with culture, pleasure, and leisure for all. War is regarded with abhorrence by the Utopians, and never entered upon but with just cause; wealth they despise, education is of paramount importance. Religious intolerance is unknown; and this is curious when considered in the light of More's opinions as expressed elsewhere. All the Utopians meet for public worship, but there is a variety of sects, whose peculiar rites are celebrated in private.

The satire of the book consists in the gravity with which customs and institutions directly opposite to those prevalent in Europe are described and praised, while in the first part, which was written a year later than the second, the author becomes more explicit, and, making Hythloday pay a visit to Cardinal Morton in England, points out, in a conversation between them, the evils resulting from the war, the poverty of the labouring classes, the increase of crime; and in some of his suggestions, such, for instance, as that relating to the

modification of the criminal law, he anticipates the reformers of this century.

The political views of the Oxford School were further expressed in the *Institutio Principis Christiani*, written by Erasmus at about the same date as the *Utopia*; their religious aims, by Colet's bold sermons as Dean of St. Paul's, and also, as before said, by the *Novum Instrumentum* of Erasmus, in the introduction to which he says, 'I utterly dissent from those who are unwilling that the Sacred Scriptures should be read by the unlearned, translated into their vulgar tongue. . . . I wish that even the weakest woman should read the Gospels. I long that the husbandman should sing portions of them to himself as he follows the plough, that the weaver should hum them to the tune of his shuttle, that the traveller should beguile with their stories the tedium of his journey.' This brings us some way on towards the work of the Protestant reformers, and indeed it was on the Latin version of Erasmus, as well as on Luther's German translation, that William Tyndale, assisted by a friar named Roy, based his English translation of the New Testament. This translation, written in pure idiomatic English, in which the Teutonic element prevailed over the Latin element, did more perhaps than any other book to fix the standard of the language. Tyndale's New Testament appeared in 1525. Twelve years later was published a complete edition of the Scriptures, known from the name of its printer as Matthew's Bible, but in reality the work of Tyndale, Miles Coverdale, and Rogers. The same version was re-edited as Cromwell's Bible in 1539, and Cranmer's Bible in 1540. It is to Cranmer that we owe the first version of the Book of Common Prayer, which was published in 1549, and which, with its stately rythmic prose, has rendered services to the language hardly inferior perhaps to those due to Tyndale's Bible. But indeed long before the appearance of English translations, the effects of the printing-press had been felt in the wider diffusion of the Vulgate as well as of the authors of Greece and Rome; and constantly in studying the period one is impressed by the paramount and sometimes curiously parallel importance to the scholars of that day of the Scriptures and the Classics.

'He that will dwell in these few books onlie,' writes Ascham, 'first in God's holie Bible, and than joyne with it Tullie in Latin, Plato, Aristotle, Xenophon, Isocrates, and Demosthenes in Greke, must needs prove an excellent man.' However, in spite of devotion to his 'old masters,' the classic writers, Ascham was the first to set the example of cultivating a good English style, and in the preface to his *Toxophilus*, he complains how 'everything has been done excellently well in Greek and Latin, but in the English tongue so meanly that no man can do worse,' and at the same time recommends 'him that will write well in any tongue, to follow this counsel of Aristotle, to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do.' 'I have written this English matter,' he goes on to say, 'in the

English tongue for Englishmen.' Good service was thus rendered to English prose by Roger Ascham, quaint, stiff and Latinized though his own style was; and meanwhile, though no great things were done in this direction before the reign of Elizabeth, history was represented by the chroniclers Hall and Fabyan, and by Lord Berners, the translator of Froissart; topography by Leland, the King's antiquary: and a vigorous if homely type of theology by Latimer in his sermons at St. Paul's.

It remains to speak of the work of the Renaissance as seen in its effects upon English poets and poetry. 'In the latter end of Henry VIII.'s raigne,' says Puttenham, in an often-quoted passage of his *Arte of English Poesie*, 'there sprung up a new company of courtly makers, of whom Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, and Henry, Earl of Surrey, were the two chieftaines, who, having travelled into Italy, and there tasted the sweete and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie, as novices newly crept out of the schooles of Dante, Arioste, and Petrarch, they greatly pollished our rude and homely maner of vulgar Poesie, from that it had bene before, and for that cause may justly be sayd the first reformers of our English meetre and stile.'

Wyatt, born in 1503, and Surrey, born in about 1518, were, as Puttenham says, the chief representatives of this new school, and the friendship that existed between them lends an additional interest to this work. Their lots were very different—Wyatt living, on the whole, prosperously as a statesman and diplomatist in the service of the King, with whom his talents made him popular; Surrey, suffering imprisonment more than once, and dying an untimely death upon the scaffold at the age of thirty-one. The exact influence which each exercised upon the other it is hard to define, but in all probability Wyatt's superior age and strength of character made him the master, Surrey the scholar, in the art of poetry, though Surrey has the advantage in originality and the power of musical versification. To their united efforts is due the naturalisation of the Sonnet on English soil, and the earliest lyric poetry, while to Surrey we owe the first English blank verse, which he employed in his translations from the *Æneid;* and to Wyatt, besides a paraphrase of the Penitential Psalms, the first attempt at classical satire in his adaptations of and translations from Martial. Their poems were published in 1557, together with those of Nicholas Grimald, Vaux of Harrowden, Berners, Churchyard, and a host of anonymous writers in the first printed collection of English poetry, known as *Tottel's Miscellany*. This is an important date in the history of English literature, for it marks the transition from the old mediæval imitations of Chaucer and the *Romaunt de la Rose*, with their endless allegories and personifications, to a new style of which the characteristics were attention to form and metre, and the expression of personal sentiment, personal emotion, undisguised by allegory.

In reading the book, indeed, one is tempted sometimes to wish for a

little less of the personal emotion, for the merest glance at its contents shows the overwhelming preponderance of the one theme of love; and the 'plaints,' 'rejoycing,' 'confessions,' 'escapes' and 'renouncings' of the conventional 16th century lover are sadly apt to pall upon the modern reader, though the music of some of the verse, Surrey's in especial, makes up for the tedium of the subject. Here and there too we light upon something of pathetic interest, such as the lines in which Surrey, 'prisoned in Windsor, recounteth his pleasure there passed;' and again those on the death of Sir Thomas Wyatt, containing the description of his

> 'Visage stern and myld, where bothe did grow
> Vice to contemme, in vertue to rejoyce,
> Amid great stormes, whom grace assured so
> To lyve upright and smile at fortune's choyce.'

Surrey's feeling for his young fellow-student Richmond and for Wyatt are on the whole more attractive, and have a more genuine ring than his exaggerated passion for the mythical Geraldine, the lady-love who was as indispensable as pen and paper to the poet of that age.

Tottel's Miscellany was the last publication of importance before the accession of Elizabeth, and it marks, as has been said, the commencement of an epoch. Its character and contents were due to a close study of Italian and Classic writings. And it will be seen how that study produced in succession the results of attention to style, exaggerated worship of style, criticism of style, leading to what may be called the emancipation of English from the imitation of foreign models, and the beginning of independent work both in poetry and prose.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—II.

Questions.

11. Mention the chief poets (English and Scotch) of the 'Chaucer School,' and give some account of the principal work of each.

12. How did the capture of Constantinople and the invention of printing influence the New Learning?

13. Contrast the general characteristics of Mediæval and Renaissance literature.

14. Write a short essay on the Oxford reformers.

15. Comment on the following saying, quoted by Erasmus: 'Beware of the Greeks, lest you become a heretic.'

16. Give an account of the several translations of the Bible and New Testament made during the first half of the 16th century.

17. Trace and account for the growth of the 'New Poetry' towards the close of this period.

Answers to be sent not later than September 4th to Miss Mackenzie, 5, Bertram Road, Sefton Park, Liverpool.

The class list of the answers to the July questions will be given on the 1st of September.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Warton: *History of English Poetry* (ed. Hazlitt), Vols. III. & IV. Seebohm: *Oxford Reformers.* Minto: *Characteristics of English Poets.* Hallam: *Introduction to the Literature of Europe* (so far as it relates to English literature).

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is amusement and secular occupation lawful, and if lawful, expedient, on Sunday?

As *Felicitas* remarks, this discussion has been conducted almost entirely as the question applies to the writers and readers of it themselves; and there is certainly much to be said even within these limits, though, as would be expected, there is very little difference of opinion. Difference of opinion as to the *spirit* of keeping Sunday between people owning the same religious obligations, there hardly can be; but it seems to Chelsea China that the difficulty in this case is not in the spirit, but in the letter. We all agree that our Sundays should be days of worship, rest and joy; but we differ in our powers as to times and length of worship; and different things are restful and joyful to different natures.

The decision is, however, in favour of the old-fashioned Church of England Sunday, as distinguished both from the puritanical and from what may be called the continental one, that is to say, the view is taken of allowing letter-writing, walks, pleasant dawdling, and what is rather indefinitely called 'high-toned' fiction; but of forbidding tennis, public amusements, and indiscriminate novels. In this *via media* Chelsea China personally greatly prefers to walk, nor does she think that, though its principles might be rather vague to an outsider, there is really any difficulty in understanding how to carry them out.

She would have liked to see a paper from some one face to face with the ways of modern London society on this point.

There are two remarks that she would like to make. First, as to the needlework, the abstaining from which is the symbol of keeping Sunday to most women. The feeling about it has, of course, been handed down from days when needlework in some form *was* the only work of women, and when they laid it aside, as men did the spade or the ledger. Nowadays, of course, the 'work' of many women is something quite different, and nobody can maintain that using a needle is in itself more secular than writing a letter; indeed, as regards church and charitable needlework, a very good case can be made out for it. But it *is* the time-honoured recognised symbol of holy rest for all our sex—at least in this country; and women of leisure or of different work should remember that the moment using the needle on Sunday ceased to be regarded as a *sin*, it would become for thousands of women a *duty* to give up their day of rest. Busy

mothers would mend for their children, poor workwomen would never stop sewing, as most at any rate do now on Sunday; and, in Chelsea China's opinion, nothing would so prevent the holy day from being a much needed *holiday* for womankind as giving up the half-superstitious feeling about 'needlework on Sunday.'

Nor does the idea of doing church work secretly, for fear of a bad example, at all recommend itself to Chelsea China's mind.

Secondly, there are many maidens who may read this paper, who never dream of playing tennis, or of going to parties, or even of reading novels on Sunday, but whose day of rest is—where? Sunday schools and classes fill up all the time between services; and where children have to be managed in church, an organ played, or a choir looked after, the services are too apt to be a matter of business also. Girls who are young, strong, and conscientious, but with somewhat undeveloped spiritual capacities, often do not feel this kind of Sunday to be a hardship; but though, as was once prettily said, 'they may be of those who make Sabbath rest possible for others,' they certainly work on Sunday themselves, with a strain on their characters which they sometimes find out in after years. The work is sometimes inevitable, often most useful; but it would be well to realise that something else is missed or resigned.

Anarad, *Ivy-leaf*, *Mignonette*, *Jackdaw of Rheims*, *Corisande*, *Ira*, *The Muffin Man*, and *Felicitas* have all sent excellent papers, coming to much the same conclusion. *Mignonette's* view is the strictest, and *The Muffin Man's* the most lenient in detail, but there is no real difference in principle.

As Chelsea China especially likes the tone of *Felicitas's* paper, she gives it entire. She gives *Muffin Man's* extract from Dean Hook, and would like to have space for much more of her paper, especially her remarks as to tolerance for those differently situated and perhaps less developed than ourselves.

Dean Hook says, 'The Sabbath was a Divine institution, for the observance of which direct and particular commands had been given by God Himself. The Sunday was of ecclesiastical origin. It had, indeed, been set apart by the Church for worship, mental repose, and bodily rest, but with these objects innocent recreation was not incompatible, and could not reasonably be prohibited, if it did not involve severe labour on the part of those who provided it, or interfere with religious duties.'

Dear Chelsea China,

This is a subject on which it is not easy to lay down hard and fast rules, but one on which 'every man must be fully persuaded in his own mind,' for what seems lawful to one may not appear so to another conscientious person.

If one cares to serve our Blessed Saviour, it appears to me that any difficulty with regard to one's own doings on Sunday is very slight,

and if *not*, it is not much such difficulties will be regarded (I am not going to refer to what seems to me the real Sunday problem—the suitable recreation of the poor, or rather the uneducated, on that day · that is one which perhaps goes beyond the powers of our 'Debatable Ground,' or of the 'Monthly Packet.') What I understand by the question, is the lawfulness or the reverse of amusement and secular occupation for those who are able to afford themselves recreation at other times as well, and who can perhaps, at the cost of a little self-denial, grant freedom to those who depend on them, which is not by any means necessarily done by those who profess a very strict observance of Sunday themselves. Our Blessed Saviour's example is surely the safest and highest, and the principal guide we can find in it is, that He rebuked those who would bind stern rules on tender consciences—that He loved on the Sabbath day, as on every other, to occupy Himself in works of mercy, and that He made a practice of joining in public worship wherever He found Himself on that day.

I do not like to dogmatize, but I should say occupations which give needless work to others had best be avoided, and the largest amount possible of peaceful pleasure given to those with whom we come in contact, and above all, let Sunday be a day of happiness to the little ones; hymn-singing I find contributes largely to this end.

I should think to many it would be only a solace to avoid when possible the writing of business letters, while those of affection and friendship may as well be written—when not interfering with more important duties—on this day as on any; perhaps indeed it is even a good plan to have some dear ones who will always look forward to their 'Sunday letter,' and some whose letters are due on Sunday morning, though I know it would be a most desirable thing for the poor letter-carrier's sake if the example of London were followed with regard to the Sunday post, though human nature misses the letters; and I have found it a satisfaction (when making a long stay there from illness) when some kind friends used to let me receive a good supply on Saturday night by the latest post, to accompany breakfast the next day! These are perhaps trifles; but is not life made up of so-called little things? Now as to reading, again 'let every man, etc.,' I have myself the old-fashioned idea, that merely amusing and wholly secular reading had best be kept for week days; but it is not a subject for *rules*, though possibly (I know it to be often the case indeed) when children have not been too strictly kept, but nevertheless encouraged to have 'Sunday books,' the old custom will remain with them in older years, like the tender faint perfumes of rose leaves from gardens of long ago.

It is a little Pharisaical to wait until Monday to open a newspaper, which may convey some news of a friend in a far-off land; and yet there are some gentle souls, with nothing of the Pharisee about them, who have little scruples about what to us may seem quite lawful; and

it may be Christian to deny ourselves sometimes a little harmless gratification rather than cause a 'weak brother to offend.' 'Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' FELICITAS.

SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

Do limited views produce the most effective work?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before September 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Ante-Nicene Heresies and Schisms.

Questions for August.

29. Give a short account of those schisms which turned on the forgiveness of sins, and the discipline of penitence.

30. What is known of the doctrines of the Manicheans.

31. Name one or more Councils with their dates, which condemned each of these heresies.

32. Write a life of Tertullian.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by September 1st.

April Class List.

First Class.

Thistle 40	Pavaver, Veritas, Speranza, Wylmcote, Dorothy . . . 33	Golden Saxifrage, Erica, Charissa . . 31
Edina, Moonraker 39	Frideswide, Water Wagtail . . 32	Budgerigar, Pet Lamb, Isca (Kappa II.), Francesca, Verena . . 30
Bluebell 36		
Violets, Vorwärts 35		
Etheldreda, Hegesippus . . . 34		

Second Class.

Malacoda, Countess . . . 29	Hazelnut, Millstone . . . 26	Marjoram, Bracken . . . 23
Evangeline, Snapdragon . . . 28	Dog-violet, Irene, West Penwith . . 25	Rudge, Carlotta 22
Red-deer . . . 27	King Cole, Mouse, Excelsior . . . 24	Portia, Gwladys, Quintin . . . 21
Καθολικος, Mac, Fidelia, Hoffnung . . . 26		Mu Sigma . . . 20

Third Class.

Regina, P. P. C. 19	De Maura, Ima . . . 16	Dobbin, Nero, Ivy, Primrose . . . 15
Cecilia, Dormouse . . . 18		

REMARKS.

13. Few answers note the controversy on the date of St. Polycarp's Martyrdom—important through its bearing on St. John's Gospel. Tillemont gives 166, in Marcus Aurelius' reign, and most text-books follow him, including Bp. Wordsworth. But lately M. Waddington, Letronne, and others have fixed it at 155 in Antoninus Pius' reign, and this is accepted by the Bp. of Durham. Very barely stated this is the authority:—An inscription at Ephesus, and a medal of the marriage of Marcus Aurelius, tell us that one Julianus was Pro-consul of Asia from May 145 to May 146. Aristides the Rhetorician, says that this was in the second year of a curious malady, from which he suffered, and says in the tenth year of the malady (i.e. 153–154), Severus was Pro-consul. Again he tells us, 'Severus was Pro-consul a year before my friend.' 'My friend' is identified as the Statius Quadratus of Polycarp's Martyrdom, bringing it to the spring of 155.

Cecilia, *Ima*, and others: It is not certain that he was a slave. St. Ignatius says to him: 'Despise not slaves, male or female, neither let them be puffed up, but let them live in service all the more,' which would hardly have been said if St. Polycarp were a freed man. Excellent answers from *Excelsior*, *Moonraker*, *Thistle*, *Speranza*, and *Dorothy*.

14. Very good answers by *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Moonraker*, and *Vorwärts*. St. Cyprian did not suffer in the Decian, but in the Valerian Persecution. *Fidelia:* It was St. Babylas, Patriarch of Antioch, who caused the Emperor Philip to take his place among Penitents. St. Chrysostom is the authority for the story. Καθολικος: The exact motto of Heliogabalus was: 'Whatsoever thou wouldest *not* that men should do to thee, that do not to them.' *Marjoram* gives an utterly unchronological list of tolerators, before and after this period, and includes a Persecutor or two. *Nero:* 'Him merging himself into a universal High Priest,' is neither sense nor grammar! We cannot be sure that Mammœa openly embraced Christianity, though she had Christian teachers at Court.

15. Well answered by almost all. *Cecilia* attributes the story of St. Babylas and Philip to Decius, and alters the ending accordingly.

16. Well done by *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Moonraker*, *Violets*, *Water Wagtail*, *Countess*.

The famous Hexapla should have been given by all. It was the first attempt to collate the various Greek texts of the *Old Testament* (not the whole Bible, which was scarcely collected yet), and to compare them with the Hebrew. Polyglott is a bad word for it. *Rudge* is so incorrect, she can scarcely have read for this answer. The Hexapla occupied most of his life, and was not written at Rome.

The fact of his ordination at Cæsarea without reference to his Diocesan, and *not* at Alexandria, is so famous, she and others ought to have known it. It was on this ground, and not merely through jealousy, that Demetrius condemned Origen. One answer credits him with 60,000 books. At the rate of a book a day regularly, he would have taken 164 years to produce them! *Bracken:* Please define a 'categorical school.' *Hoffnung* should not call Origen's ideas 'half-Christian.' He was the first to find Christian thought in Greek philosophy, and to show that—

> 'As little children lisp and tell of Heaven,
> So thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high Bards were given.'

He certainly went very far in this direction.

Red-deer: No paper was received of January answers up to Feb. 7th by the Publishers. There is one unsigned paper. *Gwladys'* answers are rather short, but she often misses some important point, e.g. Origen's ordination and subsequent quarrel with Demetrius. They are also rather wanting in sequence. Bog-Oak only says this in answer to her question.

Will *Red-deer* say how her name is to be spelt? It has been *Red-dear* three times!

Subscription received from *Patience.* Received in time—June answers by Καθολικος, and *Hazelnut's* answer to 19. *Blue-bell's* answers are usually good and full.

Wylmcote: The church, alas! appealed to the civil power before the days of Constantine. *Wyliecote* was a misprint for *Wylmcote.*

Notices to Correspondents.

St. Catherine is the patron saint of potters, probably, as *Cahier* suggests, on account of her emblem, the wheel. There are other local patrons, but she is the principal. E. D'A.

M. A. B. writes to say that the fairy tale inquired about by *C. E. C.*, in the May number of the 'Monthly Packet,' is called 'The Prince of the Fair Family,' and is by Mrs. S. C. Hall. *M. A. B.* will gladly lend it to *C. E. C.*, if the latter will send an address, by post, to 'Miss Blagg, Greenhill, Cheadle, Staffordshire.'

R.— 'Not all who seem to fail have fail'd indeed.'

I beg to say that in the 'Notices to Correspondents' in the 'Monthly Packet' for September, 1886, the sonnet was given in full, and was mentioned as being taken from 'Politics for the People,' 1848.

H. M. B.

E. A. W.— 'Many a year is in its grave,'

is by the German poet Uhland, and is to be found in Longfellow's 'Hyperion.'

'*Soul-like* were those days of yore,'

is surely the expression, not *soul-fraught?* A. H. C.

Another *Grannie* begs leave to state that in Stowe's 'Survey of London' (Strype's Edition, 1720), there is a full account of Wat Tyler's Rebellion, and due credit is given to William Walworth, 'a bold, courageous, brave-minded man.' . . . 'The Maior being a man of an incomparable spirit and boldness, without any further delay or doubt straight arrested him' (Tyler) 'with his Mace upon the Head, and in such sort that he fell down at the Feet of his Horse . . . The King called for his valiant Lord Maior of London, William Walworth, whom (with great honour) he knighted there in the Field. The like he did to Nicholas Brember, John Philpot . . . Aldermen,' who were present, and also rendered service (Book I. p. 87).

At p. 261 the same statements are repeated, and we are told that 'John Philpot, some time Lord Maior,' 'a most noble citizen,' several times hired soldiers and ships for the defence of the realm at his own cost, 'often relieved the King by lending him large sums of money,' and endowed the city with lands 'for the relief of thirteen Poor People for ever.' A noble example of public spirit, which might well be followed in our own day.

Judith would be much obliged if any of the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' would tell her, (1) Who is referred to in the following line from 'The Palace of Art'?

'The throne of Indian Cama slowly sail'd.'

(2) The meaning of the words 'apolaust,' 'soteriology,' and 'avuncular.'

Soteriology is the science of health; avuncular, the adjective of uncle—ED.

Faxi-Faxi would be much obliged if any reader of the 'Monthly Packet' could tell her the meaning of the following epitaph—

'We were not slain, but raised.
Raised, not to life,
But to be buried twice
By men of strife.
What rest could the living have
When dead had none?
Agree amongst you;
Here we ten are one.'

HEN. ROGERS. APRIL 17. 1641.

She saw it at Christchurch Minster, Hampshire.

'An *egentruk* line, like a path.' Could it be 'eccentric'? Fr. *excentrique;* Late Lat., *eccentricus;* Greek, ΕΚΚΕΝΤΡΟΣ = out of the centre. E. S. B.

Can any one tell *L. G. A.* where to find a poem beginning—

'We see the winner in the race,
'Tis but of victors poets tell;
Who knows, but in a humbler place
Runs one who has run just as well?'

Metellile would be much obliged if the Editor, or any reader of the 'Monthly Packet,' could inform her what is the derivation and meaning of the name of *Catchedecam*, one of the peaks of Helvellyn.

MADAM,—

Mr. Calderon, R.A., the new Keeper of the Royal Academy, paid one of his official visits to the Art College for Ladies at Wimbledon a few days ago. He told the students that they could, if they tried, get straight into the Royal Academy School from us, which is the highest praise any Art School could receive; it is so difficult to pass in. Whether any of our girls will ever avail herself of the power given to her does not affect the question; but every one who comes to us to study, either for pleasure or profit, will now know that she gets as good instruction as she can get in any Art School in London, with the addition of a home, and the companionship of girls in her own rank of life; and parents know their daughters have care, and the advantage of Church influences.

Yours truly,
L. J. BENNETT,
Hon. Lady Superintendent.

The Editor ventures to make another entirely personal request. There is a boy in her own village, deaf and dumb, whom she is very anxious to be able to send to a school where he can be educated. The cost is £12 10*s.* per annum—£42 would secure the entire three years required. Will her kind readers help her by each sending a few stamps addressed to Miss Yonge, Elderfield, Otterbourne, Winchester.

Meta.—'Containing in itself all sweetness' is the translation of the Vulgate rendering of Wisdom xvi. 20: *Omne delectamentum in se habentem.* It has come to be so well known as a Vesper response for the feast of Corpus Christi.

BOG-OAK.

Miss Young, Dorchester, Wallingford, has a copy of the 'Parents' Assistant' in good condition, though it has been used in a library. She would be glad to know what price would be offered.

Will the author of the beautiful story 'Friday's Child' send her address?

The Monthly Packet.

SEPTEMBER, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXI.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

In the search for a new abode Mrs. Lee was much exercised, for it was needful to be near St. Kenelm's, and the only vacant houses within her means were not desirable for the reception of a feeble convalescent; moreover, Mr. Gudgeon grumbled and inquired, and was only withheld by warnings enhanced by the police, from carrying the whole charivari of the Salvation army along Ivinghoe Terrace on Sunday afternoon.

Perhaps it was this, perhaps it was the fact of having discussed the situation with the two Miss Mohuns, that made Mr. White say to Alexis, 'There are two rooms ready for your sister, as soon as Dagger says she can be moved safely. The person who nurses her had better come with her, and you may as well come back to your old quarters.'

Alexis could hardly believe his ears, but Mr. White waved off all thanks. The Mohun sisters were delighted and triumphant, and Jane came down to talk it over with her elder sister, auguring great things from that man who loved to deal in surprises.

'That is true,' said Sir Jasper.

'What does that mean, Jasper,' said his wife. 'It sounds significant.'

'I certainly should not be amazed if he did further surprise us all. Has it never struck you how that noontide turn of Adeline's corresponds with his walk home from the reading-room?'

Lady Merrifield looked rather startled, but Jane only laughed, and said, 'My dear Jasper, if you only knew Ada as well as I do! Yes, I have seen far too many of those little affairs to be taken in by them. Poor Ada! I know exactly how she looks, but she is only flattered, like a pussy-cat waggling the end of its tail—it means nothing, and never comes to anything. The thing that is likely and hopeful is that he may adopt those young people as nephews and nieces.'

'Might it not spoil them?' said Lady Merrifield.

'Oh! I did not mean that. They might work with him still. However, there is no use in settling about that. The only thing to be expected of him is the unexpected!'

'And the thing to be done,' added her sister, 'is to see how and when that poor girl can be got up to Cliff House.'

To the general surprise, Dr. Dagger wished the transit to take place without loss of time. A certain look of resigned consternation crossed Kalliope's face on being informed of her destiny; but she justified Mrs. Halfpenny's commendation of her as the maist douce and conformable patient in the world, for she had not energy enough even to plead against anything so formidable, and she had not yet been told that Ivinghoe Terrace was her home no longer.

The next day she was wrapped in cloaks and carried downstairs between her brother and Mrs. Halfpenny, laid on a mattress in the Merrifield waggonette, which went up the hill at a foot's pace, and by the same hands, with her old friend the caretaker's wife going before, was taken upstairs to a beautiful large room, with a window looking out on vernal sky and sea. She was too much exhausted on her arrival to know anything but the repose on the fresh comfortable bed, whose whiteness was almost rivalled by her cheek, and Mrs. Halfpenny ordered off Alexis, who was watching her in great anxiety. However, when he came back after his afternoon's work, it was to find that she had eaten and slept, and now lay, with her eyes open, in quiet interested admiration of a spacious and pleasant bedroom, such as to be a great novelty to one whose life had been spent in cheap lodging-houses. The rooms had been furnished twenty years before as a surprise intended for the wife who never returned to occupy them, and though there was nothing extraordinary in them, there was much to content the eyes accustomed to something very like squalidness, for had not Kalliope's lot always been the least desirable chamber in the family quarters?

At any rate, from that moment she began to recover, ate with appetite, slept and woke to be interested, and to enjoy Theodore's letter of description of St. Wulstan's, and even to ask questions. Alexis was ready to dance for joy when she first began really to talk to him; and could not forbear imparting his gladness to the Miss Mohuns that very evening, as well as to Mr. White; and running down after dinner with the good news to Maura, Mrs. Lee, and Lady Merrifield. Dinners with Mr. White had on his first sojourn in that house been a great penance, though there were no supercilious servants, for all the waiting was by the familiar housekeeper, Mrs. Osborne, who had merely added an underling to her establishment on her master's return; but Alexis then had been utterly miserable, feeling guilty and ashamed, as one only endured on sufferance out of compassion, because his brother cast him out, and fresh from the sight of his mother's dying bed; a terrible experience altogether, which had entirely burnt out and effaced his foolish fit of romantic calf-love, and rendered him

much more of a man. Now, though not a month had passed, he seemed to be on a different footing. He was doing his work steadily, and the hope of his sister's recovery had brightened him. Mr. White had begun to talk to him, to ask him questions about the doings of the day, and to tell him in return some of his own experiences in Italy, and in the earlier days of the town. Maura came up to see her sister every day, and tranquillised her mind when the move was explained, and anxiety as to the transport of all their worldly goods began to set in. Mrs. Lee had found a house where she could place two bedrooms and a sitting-room at the disposal of the Whites if things were to continue as before, and no hint had been given of any change, or of what was to happen when the three months' notice given to Kalliope and Alexis should have expired.

By the Easter holidays, Mrs. Halfpenny began to get rather restless as to the over-looking of the boys' wardrobes; and, indeed, she thought so well of her patient's progress as to suggest to Mr. White that the lassie would do very well if she had her sister to be with her in the holidays, and she herself would come up every day to help at the getting up, for Kalliope was now able to be dressed, and to lie on a couch in the dressing-room, where she could look out over the bay, and she had even asked for some knitting.

'And really, Miss Gillian, you could not do her much harm if you came up to see her,' said the despot. 'So you may come this very afternoon, if ye'll be douce, and not fash her with any of your cantrips.'

Gillian did not feel at all in a mood for cantrips as she slowly walked up the broad staircase, and was ushered into the dressing-room, cheerful with bright fire and April sunshine, and with a large comfortable sofa covered with a bright rug, where Kalliope could enjoy both window and fire without glare. The beauty of her face so much depended on form and expression, that her illness had not lessened it. Gillian had scarcely seen her since the autumn, and the first feeling was what an air of rest and peace had succeeded the worn harassed look then almost perpetual. There was a calmness now that far better suited the noble forehead, dark pencilled eyebrows, and classical features in their clear paleness, and with a sort of reverence Gillian bent over her, to kiss her and give her a bunch of violets. Then, when the thanks had passed, Gillian relieved her own shyness by exclaiming with admiration at a beautiful water-coloured copy of an early Italian fresco, combining the Nativity and Adoration of the Magi, that hung over the mantelpiece.

'Is it not exquisite?' returned Kalliope. 'I do so much enjoy making out each head and dwelling on them! Look at that old shepherd's simple wonder and reverence, and the little child with the lamb, and the contrast with the Wise Man from the East, whose eyes look as if he saw so much by faith.'

'Can you see it from there?' asked Gillian, who had got up to look at these and further details dwelt on by Kalliope.

'Yes. Not at first; but they come out on me by degrees. It is such a pleasure, and so kind of Mr. White to have put it there. He had it hung there, Mrs. Halfpenny told me, instead of his own picture just before I came in here.'

'Well, he is not a bad-looking man; but it is no harm to him or his portrait to say that this is better to look at!'

'It quite does me good! And see,' pointing to a photograph of the Arch of Titus hung on the screen that shielded her from the door, 'he sends in a fresh one by Alexis every other day.'

'How very nice. He really seems to be a dear old man. Don't you think so?'

'I am sure he is wonderfully kind; but I have only seen him that once when he came with Sir Jasper, and then I knew nothing but that when Sir Jasper was come, things must go right.'

'Of course; but has he never been to see you now that you are up and dressed?'

'No; he lavishes anything on me that I can possibly want; but I have only seen him once—never here.'

'It is like Beauty and the Beast!'

'Oh, no, no; don't say that!'

'Well, George Stebbing really taught Fergus to call him a beast, and you—Kally—I won't tease you with saying what you are.'

'I wish I wasn't; it would be all so much easier.'

'Never mind! I do believe the Stebbings are going away! Does Maura never see him?'

She has met him on the stairs and in the garden; but she has her meals here. I trust by the time her Easter holidays are over, I may be fit to go back with her. But I do hope I may be able to copy a bit of that picture first, though, any way, I can never forget it.'

'To go on as before?' exclaimed Gillian, with an interrogative sigh of wonder.

'If that notice of dismissal can be revoked,' said Kalliope.

'But would you like it—must you?'

'I *should* like to go back to my girls,' said Kalliope; 'and things come into my head now I am doing nothing that I want to work out, if I might. So you see it is not at all a pity that I *must*.'

'And why is it must?' said Gillian wistfully. 'You have to get well first.'

'Yes, I know that; but you see there are Maura and Petros. They must not be thrown on Alexis, poor dear fellow! And if he could only be set free, he might go on with what he once hoped for, though he thinks it is duty to give all that entirely up now, and work obediently on. But I know the longing will revive, and if I only could improve myself, and be worth more, it might still be possible.'

'Only you must not begin too soon and work yourself to death.'

'Hardly after such a rest,' said Kalliope. 'It is not work I mind,

but worry'—and then a sadder look crossed her for a moment, and she added, 'I am so thankful.'

'Thankful!' echoed Gillian.

'Yes, indeed! For Sir Jasper's coming and saving us at that dreadful moment, and my being able to keep up as long as dear mamma wanted me, and then Mrs. Halfpenny being spared by dear Lady Merrifield to give me such wonderful care and kindness, and little Theodore being so happily placed, and this rest—such a strange quiet rest as I never knew before. Oh! it is all so thankworthy'—and the great tears came to dim her eyes. 'It seems sent to help me to take strength and courage for the future. "He hath helped me hitherto."'

'And you are better?'

'Yes, much better. Quite comfortable as long as I am quite still.'

'And content to be still?'

'Yes, I'm very lazy.'

It was a tired voice, and Gillian feared her half hour was nearly over, but she could not help saying—

'Do you know, I think it will be all nicer now. Mr. White is doing so much, and Mr. Stebbing hates it so, that Mrs. Stebbing says he is going to dissolve the partnership and go away.'

'Then it would all be easier. It seems too good to be true.'

'And that man Mr. White. He must do something for you! He ought.'

'Oh, no! He has done a great deal already, and has not been well used. Don't talk of that.'

'I believe he is awfully rich. You know he is building an Institute for the workmen, and a whole row of model cottages.'

'Yes, Alexis told me. What a difference it will make! I hope he will build a room where the girls can dine, and rest, and read, or have a piano; it would be so good for them.'

'You had better talk to him about it.'

'I never see him, and I should not dare.'

'I'll tell my aunts. He always does what Aunt Ada tells him. Is that really all you wish?'

'Oh! I don't wish for anything much—I don't seem able to care now dear mamma is where they cease from troubling, and I have Alec again.'

'Well, I can't help having great hopes. I can't see why that man should not make a daughter of you! Then you would travel and see mountains and pictures and everything. Oh, should you not like that?'

'Like? Oh, one does not think about liking things impossible! And for the rest, it is nonsense. I should not like to be dependent, and I ought not.'

'You don't think what is to come next?'

'No; it would be taking thought for the morrow, would it not? I don't want to, while I can't do anything; it would only make me fret, and I am glad I am too stupid still to begin vexing myself over it. I suppose energy and power of considering will come when my heart does not flutter so. In the meantime, I only want to keep quiet, and I hope that's not all laziness, but *some* trust in Him who has helped me all this time.'

'Miss Gillian, you've clavered as long as is good for Miss White, and here are the whole clanjamfrie waiting in the road for you. Now be douce, my bairn, and mind you are not in the woods at home, and don't let the laddies play their tricks with Miss Primrose.'

'I must go,' said Gillian, hastily kissing Kalliope. 'The others were going to call for me. When Lady Phyllis was riding with her father she spied a wonderful field of daffodils and a valley full of moss at a place called Clipston, two miles off, and we are all going to get some for the decorations. I'll send you some. Good-bye.'

The clanjamfrie, as Mrs. Halfpenny called it, mustered strong, and Gillian's heart lept at the resumption of the tumultuous family life, as she beheld the collection of girls, boys, dogs, and donkeys awaiting her in the approach; and, in spite of the two governesses' presence, her mind misgave her as to the likelihood of regard to the hint that her mother had given that she hoped the elder ones would try to be sober in their ways, and not quite forget what week it was. It was in their favour that Jasper, now in his last term at school, was much more of a man and less of a boy than hitherto, and was likely to be on the side of discretion, so that he might keep in order that alway difficult element, Wilfred, whose two years of preparatory school as yet made him only more ingenious in the arts of teasing, and more determined to show his superiority to petticoat government. He had driven Fergus nearly distracted by threatening to use all his mineralogical specimens to make ducks and drakes, and actually confusing them together, so that Fergus repented of having exhibited them, and rejoiced that Aunt Jane had let them continue in her lumber-room till they could find a permanent home.

Wilfred had a shot for Mrs. Halfpenny, when she came down with Gillian, and looked for Primrose to secure that there were no interstices between the silk handkerchief and fur collar.

'Ha, ha, old Small Change, don't you wish you may get it'—as Primrose proved to be outside the drive on one of the donkeys. 'You've got nothing to do but gnaw your fists at us like old Giant Pope.'

'For shame, Wilfred!' said Jasper. 'My mother did Primrose's throat, nurse, so she is all right.'

'Bad form,' observed Lord Ivinghoe, shaking his head.

'I'm not going to Eton,' replied Wilfred audaciously.

'I should hope not!'—in a tone of ineffable contempt, not for Wilfred's person, but his manners, and therewith his Lordship

exclaimed 'Who's that?' as Maura came flying down with Gillian's forgotten basket.

'Oh, that's Maura White!' said Valetta.

'I say, isn't she going with us?'

'Oh, no, she has to look after her sister!'

'Don't you think we might take her, Gill?' said Fly. 'She never gets any fun.'

'I don't think she ought to leave Kalliope to-day, Fly, for nurse is going down to Il Lido, and besides, Aunt Jane said we must not take *all* Rockquay with us.'

'No; they would not let us ask Kitty and Clement Varley,' said Fergus disconsolately.

'I am sure she is five times as pretty as your Kitty!' returned Ivinghoe. 'She is a regular stunner.' Whereby it may be perceived that a year at Eton had considerably modified his Lordship's correctness of speech, if not of demeanour.

Be it further observed, that in spite of the escort of the governesses, the young people were as free as if those ladies had been absent, for, as Jasper observed, the donkeys neutralised them. Miss Elbury, being a bad walker, rode one, and Miss Vincent felt bound to keep close to Primrose upon the other; and as neither animal could be prevailed on to moderate its pace, they kept far ahead of all except Valetta, who was mounted on the pony intended for Lady Phyllis, but disdained by her until she should be tired. Lord Ivinghoe's admiration of Maura was received contemptuously by Wilfred, who was half a year younger than his cousin, and being already, in his own estimation, a Wykehamist, had endless rivalries with him.

'She! She's nothing but a cad! Her sister is a shop-girl, and her brother is a quarryman.'

'She does not look like it,' observed Ivinghoe, while Mysie and Fly, with one voice, exclaimed that her father was an officer in the Royal Wardours.

'A private first,' said Wilfred, with boyhood's reiteration. 'Cads and quarrymen all of them—the whole boiling, old White and all, though he has got such a stuck-up house!'

'Nonsense, Will,' said Fly. 'Why, Mr. White has dined with us.'

'A patent of nobility,' said Jasper, smiling.

'I don't care,' said Wilfred; 'if other people choose to chum with old stonemasons and convicts, I don't.'

'Wilfred, that is too bad,' said Gillian. 'It is very wrong to talk in that way.'

'Oh!' said the audacious Wilfred, 'we all know who is Gill's Jack!'

'Shut up, Will!' cried Fergus, flying at him. 'I told you not to——'

But Wilfred bounded up a steep bank, and from that place of vantage went on—

'Didn't she teach him Greek, and wasn't he spoony; and didn't she send back his valentine, so that——'

Fergus was scrambling up the bank after him, enraged at the betrayal of his confidence, and shouting inarticulately, while poor Gillian moved on, overwhelmed with confusion, and Fly uttered the cutting words, 'Perfectly disgusting!'

'Aye, so it was!' cried the unabashed Wilfred, keeping on at the top of the bank, and shaking the bushes at every pause. 'So he broke down the rocks, and ran away with the tin, and enlisted, and went to prison. Such a sweet young man for Gill!'

Poor Gillian! was her punishment never to end? That scrape of hers, hitherto so tenderly and delicately hinted at, and which she would have given worlds to have kept from her brothers, now shouted all over the country! Sympathy, however, she had, if that would do her any good. Mysie and Fly came on each side of Ivinghoe, assuring him, in low eager voices, of the utter nonsense of the charge, and explaining ardently; and Jasper, with one bound, laid hold of the tormentor, dragged him down, and, holding his stick over him, said—

'Now, Wilfred, if you don't hold your tongue, and not behave like a brute, I shall send you straight home.'

'It's quite true,' growled Wilfred. 'Ask her.'

'What does that signify? I'm ashamed of you! I've a great mind to thrash you this instant. If you speak another word of that sort, I shall. Now then, there are the governesses trying to stop to see what's the row. I shall give you up to Miss Vincent, if you choose to behave so like a spiteful girl.'

A sixth-form youth was far too great a man to be withstood by one who was not yet a public schoolboy at all; and Wilfred actually obeyed, while Jasper added to Fergus—

'How could you be such a little ass as to go and tell him all that rot?'

'It was true,' grumbled Fergus.

'The more reason not to go cackling about it like an old hen, or a girl! Your own sister! I'm ashamed of you both. Mind, I shall thrash you if you mention it again.'

Poor Fergus felt the accusation of cackling unjust, since he had only told Wilfred in confidence, and that had been betrayed; but he had got his lesson on family honour, and he subsided into his wonted look-out for curious stones, while Gillian was overtaken by Jasper—whether willingly or not, she hardly knew—but his first word was, 'Little beast!'

'You didn't hurt him, I hope,' said Gill, accepting the invitation to take his arm.

'Oh, no! I only threatened to make him walk with the governesses and the donkeys.'

'Asses and savants to the centre,' said Gillian; 'like the orders to the French army in Egypt.'

'But what's all this about? You wanted me to look after you! Is it that Alexis?'

'Oh, Japs! Mamma knows all about it and papa. It was only that he was ridiculous because I was so silly as to think I could help him with his Greek.'

'You! With his Greek! I pity him!'

'Yes. I found he soon knew too much for me,' said Gillian meekly; 'but, indeed, Japs, it wasn't very bad! He only sent me a valentine, and Aunt Jane says I need not have been so angry.'

'A cat may look at a king,' said Jasper loftily. 'It is a horrid bad thing for a girl to be left to herself without a brother worth having.'

So Gillian got off pretty easily, and after all the walk was not greatly spoilt. They coalesced again with the other three, who were tolerably discreet, and found the debate on the White gentility had been resumed. Ivinghoe was philosophically declaring 'that in these days one must take up with everybody, so it did not matter if one was a little more of a cad than another; he himself was fag at Eton to a fellow whose father was an oilman, and who wasn't half a bad lot.'

'An oilman, Ivy,' said his sister; 'I thought he imported petroleum.'

'Well, it's all the same. I believe he began as an oilman.'

'We shall have Fergus reporting that he's a petroleuse,' put in Jasper.

'No, a petroleuse is a woman.'

'I like Mr. White,' said Fly; 'but, Gillian, you don't think it is true that he is going to marry your Aunt Jane?'

There was a great groan, and Japs observed—

'Some one told us Rockquay was a hotbed of gossip, and we seem to have got it strong.'

'Where did this choice specimen come from, Fly?' demanded Ivinghoe, in his manner most like his mother.

Fly nodded her head towards her governess in the advanced guard.

'She had a cousin to tea with her, and they thought I didn't know whom they meant, and they said that he was always up at Rockstone.'

'Well, he is; and Aunt Jane always stands up for him,' said Gillian; 'but that was because he is so good to the workpeople, and Aunt Ada took him for some grand political friend of Cousin Rotherwood's.'

'Aunt Jane!' said Jasper. 'Why, she is the very essence and epitome of old maids.'

'Yes,' said Gillian. 'If it came to that, she would quite as soon marry the postman.'

'That's lucky,' said Ivinghoe. 'One can swallow a good deal, but not quite one's own connections.'

'In fact,' said Jasper, 'you had rather be an oilman's fag than a quarryman's—what is it?—first cousin once removed in law?'

'It is much more likely,' said Gillian, as they laughed over this, 'that Kalliope and Maura will be his adopted daughters, only he never comes near them.'

Wherewith there was a halt. Miss Elbury insisted that Phyllis should ride, the banks began to show promise of flowers, and, in the search for violets, dangerous topics were forgotten, and Wilfred was forgiven. They reached the spot marked by Fly, a field with a border of sloping broken ground and brushwood, which certainly fulfilled all their desires, steeply descending to a stream full of rocks, the ground white with wood anemonies, long evergreen trails of periwinkles and blue flowers between, primroses clustering under the roots of the trees, daffodils gilding the grass above, and the banks verdant with exquisite feather-moss. Such a spring-tide wood was joy to all, especially as the first cuckoo of the season came to add to their delights and set them counting for the augury of happy years, which proved so many that Mysie said they would not know what to do with them.

'I should,' said Ivinghoe. 'I should like to live to be a great old statesman, as Lord Palmerston did, and have it all my own way. Wouldn't I bring things round again!'

'Perhaps they would have gone too far,' suggested Jasper; 'and then you would have to gnaw your hand like Giant Pope, as Wilfred says.'

'Catch me, while I could do something better.'

'If one only lived long enough,' speculated Fergus, 'one might find out what everything was made of, and how to do everything.'

'I wonder if the people did before the Flood, when they lived eight or nine hundred years,' said Fly.

'Perhaps that is the reason there is nothing new under the sun,' suggested Valetta, as many a child has before suggested.

'But then,' said Mysie, 'they got wicked.'

'And then after the Flood it had all to be begun over again,' said Ivinghoe. 'Let me see, Methuselah lived about as long as from William the Conqueror till now. I think he might have got to steam and electricity.'

'And dynamite,' said Gillian. 'Oh, I don't wonder they had to be swept away, if they were clever and wicked both!'

'And I suppose they were,' said Jasper. 'At least the giants, and that they handed on some of their ability through Ham, to the Egyptians, and all those queer primeval coons, whose works we are digging up.'

'From the Conquest till now,' repeated Gillian. 'I'm glad we don't live so long now. It tires one to think of it.'

'But we shall,' said Fly.

'Yes,' said Mysie; 'but then we shall be rid of this nasty old self that is always getting wrong.'

'That little lady's nasty old self does so as little as any one's,' Jasper could not help remarking to his sister; and Fly, pouncing on the first purple orchis spike amid its black-spotted leaves, cried—

'At any rate, these dear things go on the same, without any tiresome inventing.'

'Except God's just at first,' whispered Mysie.

'And the gardeners do invent new ones,' said Valetta.

'Invent! No; they only fuss them and spoil them, and make ridiculous names for them,' said Fly. 'These darling creatures are ever so much better. Look at Primrose there.'

'Yes,' said Gillian, as she saw her little sister in quiet ecstasy over the sparkling bells of the daffodils; 'one would not like to live eight hundred years away from that experience.'

'But mamma cares just as much still as Primrose does,' said Mysie. 'We must get some for her own self as well as for the church.'

'Mine are all for mamma,' proclaimed Primrose; and just then there was a shout that a bird's nest had been found—a ring-ousel's nest on the banks. Fly and her brother shared a collection of birds' eggs, and were so excited about robbing the ousels of a single egg, that Gillian hoped that Fergus would not catch the infection, and abandon minerals for eggs, which would be ever so much worse—only a degree better than butterflies, towards which Wilfred showed a certain proclivity.

'I shall be thirteen before next holidays,' he observed, after making a vain dash with his hat at a sulphur butterfly, looking like a primrose flying away.

'Mamma won't allow any *killing collection* before thirteen years old,' explained Mysie.

'She says,' explained Gillian, 'by that time one ought to be old enough to discriminate between the lawfulness of killing the creatures for the sake of studying their beauty and learning them, and the mere wanton amusement of hunting them down under the excuse of collecting.'

'I say,' exclaimed Valetta, who had been exploring above, 'here is such a funny old house.'

There was a rush in that direction, and at the other end of the wide home-field was perceived a picturesque grey stone house, with large mullioned windows, a dilapidated low stone wall, with what had once been a handsome gateway, overgrown with ivy, and within, big double daffodils and white narcissus growing wild.

'It's like the halls of Ivor,' said Mysie, awe-struck by the loneliness; 'no dog, nor horse, nor cow, not even a goose.'

'And what a place to sketch!' cried Miss Vincent. 'Oh! Gillian, we must come here another day.'

'Oh! may we gather the flowers,' exclaimed the insatiable Primrose.

'Those poetic narcissuses would be delicious for the choir screen,' added Gillian.

'Poetic narcissus—poetic grandmother,' said Wilfred. 'It's old butter and eggs.'

'I say!' cried Mysie. 'Look, Ivy—I know that pair of fighting lions—ain't these some of your arms over the door?'

'By which you mean a quartering of our shield,' said Ivinghoe. 'Of course it is the Clipp bearing. Or, two lions azure, regardant combatant, their tails couped.'

'Two blue Kilkenny cats, who have begun with each other's tails,' commented Jasper.

Ivinghoe glared a little, but respected the sixth form, and Gillian added—

'They clipped them! Then did this place belong to our ancestors?'

'Poetic grandmother, really!' said Mysie.

'Great grandmother' corrected Ivinghoe. 'To be sure. It was from the Clipps that we got all this Rockstone estate!'

'And I suppose this was their house? What a shame to have deserted it!'

'Oh! it has been a farmhouse,' said Fly. 'I heard something about farms that wouldn't let.'

'Then is it yours?' cried Valetta, 'and may we gather the flowers?'

'And mayn't we explore?' asked Mysie. 'Oh! what fun.'

'Holloa!' exclaimed Wilfred, transfixed, as if he had seen the ghosts of all the Clipps. For just as Valetta and Mysie threw themselves on the big bunches of hepatica and the white narcissus, a roar, worthy of the clip-tailed lions, proceeded from the window, and the demand, 'Who is picking *my* roses?'

Primrose in terror threw herself on Gillian with a little scream. Wilfred crept behind the walls, but after the general start there was an equally universal laugh, for between the stout mullions of the oriel window, Lord Rotherwood's face was seen, and Sir Jasper's behind him.

Great was the jubilation, and there was a rush to the tall door, up the dilapidated steps, where curls of fern were peeping out; but the gentlemen called out that only the back-door could be opened, and the intention of a 'real grand exploration' was cut short by Miss Elbury's declaring that she was bound not to let Phyllis stay out till six o'clock.

Fly, in her usual good-humoured way, suppressed her sighs and begged the others to explore without her, but the general vote declared this to be out of the question. Fly had too short a time to remain with her cousins to be forsaken even for the charms of 'the halls of Ivor,' or the rival Beast's Castle, as Gillian called it, which, after all, would not run away.

'But it might be let,' said Mysie.

'Yes; I've got a tenant in agitation,' said Lord Rotherwood mischievously. 'Never mind, I dare say he won't inquire what you have done with his butter and eggs.'

So with a parting salute to the ancestral halls, the cavalry was set in order, big panniers full of moss and flowers disposed on the donkeys, Fly placed on her pony, and every maiden taking her basket of flowers, Jasper and Ivinghoe alone being amiable, or perhaps trustworthy enough to assist in carrying. Fly's pony demurred to the extra burthen, so Jasper took hers; and when Gillian declared herself too fond of her flowers to part with them, Ivinghoe astonished Miss Vincent, on whom some stones of Fergus's, as well as her own share of flowers, had been bestowed, by taking one handle of her most cumbrous basket.

Sir Jasper and Lord Rotherwood rode together through the happy young troop on the homeward way. Perhaps Ivinghoe was conscious of a special nod of approval from his father.

On passing Rock House, the youthful public was rather amused at his pausing, and saying—

'Aren't you going to leave some flowers there.'

'Oh, yes!' said Gillian. 'I have a basket on purpose.'

'And I have some for Maura,' said Valetta.

Valetta's was an untidy bunch; Gillian's a dainty basket, where white violets reposed on moss within a circle of larger blossoms.

'That's something like!' quoth Ivinghoe.

He lingered with them as if he wanted to see that vision again; but only the caretaker appeared, and promised to take the flowers upstairs.

Maura afterwards told how they were enjoyed, and they knew of Kalliope's calm restfulness in Holy Week thoughts and Paschal joys.

It was on Easter Tuesday that Mr. White first sent a message asking to see his guest, now of nearly three weeks.

He came in very quietly and gently—perhaps the sight of the room he had prepared for his young wife was in itself a shock to him, and he had lived so long without womankind that he had all a lonely man's awe of an invalid. He took with a certain respect the hand that Kalliope held out, as she said, with a faint flush in her cheeks—

'I am glad to thank you, sir. You have been very good to me.'

'I am glad to see you better,' he said, with a little embarrassment.

'I ought to be, in this beautiful air, and with these lovely things to look at,' and she pointed to the reigning photograph on the stand—the façade of St. Mark's.

'You should see it as I did.' And he began to describe it to her, she putting in a question or two here and there, which showed her appreciation.

'You know something about it already,' he said.

'Yes; when I was quite a little girl one of the officers in the Royal Wardours brought some photographs to Malta, and told me about them.'

'But,' he said, recalling himself, 'that is not my object now. Your brother says he does not feel competent to decide without you.' And he laid before her two or three prospectuses of grammar schools. 'It is time to apply,' he added, 'if that little fellow—Peter, you call him, don't you?—is to begin next term.'

'Petros! Oh, sir, this is kindness!'

'I desired that the children's education should be attended to,' said Mr. White. 'I did not intend their being sent to an ordinary National school.'

'Indeed,' said Kalliope; 'I do not think much time has been lost, for they have learnt a good deal there; but I am particularly glad that Petros should go to a superior school just now that he has been left alone, for he is more lively and sociable than Theodore, and it might be less easy for him to keep from bad companions.'

The pros and cons of the several schools were discussed, and Hurstpierpoint finally fixed on.

'Never mind about his outfit,' added Mr. White. 'I'll give that fellow down in Bellevue an order to rig him out. He is a sharp little sturdy fellow, who will make his way in the world.'

'Indeed, I trust so, now that his education is secured. It is another load off my mind,' said Kalliope, with a smile of exceeding sweetness and gratitude, her hands clasped, and her eyes raised for a moment in higher thankfulness, a look that so enhanced her beauty that Mr. White gazed for a moment in wonder. The next moment, however, the dark eyes turned on him with a little anxiety, and she said—

'One thing more, sir. Perhaps you will be so kind as to relieve my mind again. That notice of dismissal at the quarter's end. Was it not in some degree from a mistake?'

'An utter mistake, my dear,' he said hastily. 'Never trouble your head about it.'

'Then it does not hold?'

'Certainly not.'

'And I may go back to my office as soon as I am well enough?'

'Is that your wish?'

'Yes, sir. I love my work and my assistants, and I think I could do better if a little more scope could be allowed me.'

'Very well, we will see about that—you have to get well first of all.'

'I am so much better that I ought to go home. Mr. Lee is quite ready for me.'

'Nonsense! You must be much stronger before Dagger would hear of your going.'

After this Mr. White came to sit with Kalliope for a time in

the course of each day, bringing with him something that would interest her, and seeming gratified by her responsiveness, quiet as it was, for she was still very feeble, and exertion caused a failure of breath and fluttering of heart that were so distressing that ten days more passed before she was brought downstairs and drawn out in the garden in a chair, where she could sit on the sheltered terrace enjoying the delicious spring air and soft sea-breezes, sometimes alone, sometimes with the company of one friend or another. Gillian and Aunt Jane had, with the full connivance of Mr. White, arranged a temporary entrance from one garden to the other for the convenience of attending to Kalliope, and here one afternoon, Miss Mohun was coming in when she heard through the laurels two voices speaking to the girl. As she moved forwards, she saw they were the elder and younger Stebbings, and that Kalliope had risen to her feet, and was leaning on the back of her chair. While she was considering whether to advance, Kalliope heard her, and called in a breathless voice, 'Miss Mohun! Oh, Miss Mohun, come.'

'Miss Mohun! You will do us the justice—' began Mr. Stebbing, speaking more to her indignant face and gesture than to any words.

'Miss White is not well,' she said. 'You had better leave her to me.'

And as they withdrew though the house, Kalliope sank back in her chair in one of those alarming attacks of deadly faintness that had been averted for many days past. Happily an electric bell was always at hand, and the housekeeper knew what remedies to bring. Kalliope did not attempt a word for many long minutes, though the colour came back gradually to her lips. Her first words were, 'Thank you! Oh, I did hope that persecution was over!'

'My poor child! Don't tell me unless you like! Only—it wasn't about your work?'

'Oh, no, the old story! But he brought his father—to say he consented—and wished it—now.'

There was no letting her say any more at that time, but it was all plain enough. This had been one more attempt of the Stebbing family to recover their former power; Kalliope was assumed to be Mr. White's favoured niece; Frank could make capital of having loved her when poor and neglected; and his parents were ready to back his suit. The father and son had used their familiarity with the house to obtain admittance to the garden without announcement or preparation, and had pressed the siege, with a confidence that could only be inspired by their own self-opinion. Kalliope had been kept up by her native dignity and resolution, and had at first gently, then firmly, declined the arguments, persuasions, promises, and final reproaches with which they beset her—even threatening to disclose what they called encouragement, and assuring her that she need not reckon on Mr. White, for the general voice declared him likely to marry again, and then where would she be?

'I don't know what would have become of me, if you had not come,' she said.

And when she had rested long enough, and crept into the house, and Alexis had come home to carry her upstairs, it was plain that she had been seriously thrown back, and she was not able to leave her room for two or three days.

Mr. White was necessarily told what had been the cause of the mischief. He smiled grimly. 'Aye! aye! Master Frank thought he would come round the old man, did he? He will find himself out. Ha, ha! a girl like that in the house is like a honey-pot near a wasps' nest, and the little sister will be as bad. Didn't I see the young lord, smart little prig as he looks, holding an umbrella over her with a smile on his face, as much as to say, "I know who is a pretty girl! No one to look after them either!" But maybe they will all find themselves mistaken,' and his grim smile relaxed into a highly amiable one.

Miss Mohun was not at all uneasy as to the young lord. An Eton boy's admiration of a pretty face did not amount to much, even if Ivinghoe had not understood '*Noblesse oblige* too well to leave a young girl unsheltered. Besides, he and all the rest were going away the next day. But what did that final hint mean?

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

'To win me,—and I stand not out of reach.'

'Heavier than on Adam falls on me
My tillage of the wilderness, for lo!
I leave behind the woman, and I see
As 'twere the gates of Eden closing o'er.'—*J. Ingelow.*

It was a very curious constrained interview that took place the next day between Maurice and the Squire, neither of them venturing a word upon the subject nearest their heart.

If Mr. Tyndal had violently reproached the young man for presumption and treachery, he would not have been much surprised, nor would he have said one word to imply that Dagmar had of her own free grace offered him what he should never have dared to ask for. But the Squire's own kindly feelings played him false; and, though he made it apparent by his manner that he knew all, and was by no means pleased with it, he could not bring himself to say one word of blame.

He knew that in the bottom of his heart he could not help loving Maurice in spite of all, and feeling far more pity than anger for him. How then could he blame his daughter for feeling just the same? And as for the young man, who could expect him to act otherwise than as he had done when the loveliest creature in the world offered herself to him, so to speak, to take or to leave?

But, at any rate, Mr. Tyndal could show by his manner that he could not possibly countenance any such folly; and so he fondly hoped that he did, keeping up a cold and business-like manner, with only occasional relapses into his wonted impulsive kindliness.

He had this to say, that, as far as he himself was concerned, Maurice's free confession had atoned for the deceit that he had practised at first, and that he heartily wished him well, and should be glad always to know of his plans and prospects, and to hear of his well-doing. As regarded Wallingford, he had no idea what he would be at; but hoped he would be content to let well alone. On the other hand, he must admit that Wallingford was a very just man, who would not be willing to take one penny more than was rightfully his; and he did hope that some legal value might be attached to that will, and that at least a compromise might be made.

Maurice for his part put by all mention of the will or of a compromise in that calmly obstinate fashion, the meaning of which the Squire knew well enough. He was very grateful for Mr. Tyndal's kindness, and hoped to show himself more worthy of it for the future. He had always wished and hoped to be a doctor, and had reason to believe himself to have some chance of success in that profession. He was going up to London at once to study; and, if Mr. Tyndal would allow him, would let him know his address, and, also, from time to time, how he was getting on. He had enough to live on in the meantime, and there was no fear of his not doing well enough.

If it had not been for Dagmar, the Squire would long since have insisted that they must never lose sight of him, and that he must often come down and see them. As it was, he hardly knew what to say, and only repeated in a constrained fashion that they should always be glad to hear of his getting on well; while his kind heart ached at the thought of the life of hard work and utter loneliness that lay before this young fellow, whose lot had seemed so much to be envied only a few days ago.

He had contrived that Mr. Layton should be in the room with them, in order to prevent any very private conversation; and when the Vicar rose as if to go away, Mr. Tyndal rose also, and nervously took his leave.

But he was not to be allowed so to shuffle out of the matter; for before he had gone many yards down the road, a quick step overtook him, and Maurice was by his side.

'I think we cannot let things rest here,' he said very quietly, walking on by the elder man's side down the lane. 'I believe that she has told you—that you know what I mean.'

'I know,' said the Squire sadly! 'It is a fancy that is like enough to herself, Heaven bless her. I am not angry with her, nor with you. But we are men, and must look at things from a practical point of view. And you must know, my poor lad, that such a thing is out of the question—that I must be firm, on her account.'

'I am very practical, Mr. Tyndal,' said Maurice, and the ring in his voice suddenly made his companion feel, by force of contrast, in what a tame spiritless tone he had spoken before, ever since he had begun his momentous confession. 'I will tell you plainly how I mean to take it. *As I was*, I had made up my mind never to see her more. I should never have dared to ask her, by so much as a look, for more than pity. But since she has stooped to give me more, since in her goodness she has promised to love me, do you think I would let her stoop in vain? You need not tell me that I am not worthy of her; I am thoroughly aware of that. But all that man can do to be worthy of her I will do. And I am hers from this moment, to do what she pleases with, to take or to leave, to lift into heaven, or to cast down into hell. If she were to choose to break my

heart, I trust I could endure without any unseemly clamour; but if she chooses to keep and cherish it, I think that nothing that any one else can say will make much difference. I know full well that I am not fit to be near her; but if she says some day "Come," I shall come, and no man will prevent me.'

'You should consider,' said the other, speaking all the more stiffly, because in his heart he approved of the young man's spirit—'you should consider that a young girl cannot be allowed to be the best judge of what is for her real happiness.'

'You must allow that under the circumstances I am bound to let her be the judge, for me,' answered Maurice gently. 'I should be grieved to grieve you, Mr. Tyndal. If you can persuade me that it would be most for her happiness to forget me, I shall not blame you —or her. But you cannot expect *me* to persuade her to that. I will tell you what I mean to do. I will work as no man ever worked yet, and I will earn success and make myself a worthy name. And then I will come back, and ask the question to which you could only answer "No" to-day. And then it must all be as *she* pleases; but I have so much confidence in the heart of the kindest man I have ever known, that I believe that if she says "Yes," then, you will not grieve us by saying "No!"'

Mr. Tyndal sighed, and looked wistfully into the clear eloquent eyes that looked down into his face so eagerly.

'You don't know what lies before you, my poor lad, or how long it takes to fight the world. And meanwhile her happiness is to be sacrificed, waiting for a time that may never come.'

'I hope not,' said the young man, with lips that grew a little pale. 'I think that her happiness is in stronger hands than yours or mine. But it must be as she chooses. If she thinks well to say to me, "*Do your best to deserve me*," it is certain that I will do it, or die.'

'Well,' said the Squire, with another sigh, 'I could find it in my heart to wish you success, Heaven knows. But you must not blame us older folks if the whole thing seems to us so hopeless that we feel it our duty to do our best to make her change her mind.'

'No,' said Maurice, with a very sad little smile. 'You will not be cruel, I know—even to me—much less to her. But be generous, for *I* shall use no persuasions, and I know that she will be obedient as far as possible, and that I would not win her to defy you, even if I could.'

They had reached the lodge-gates, and Mr. Tyndal hesitated and looked uncomfortable. He had all but pressed Maurice to come up to the house with him, and see the others, and let the world know that there was no quarrel between them; but he bethought himself just in time that that would be a strange way of beginning the task of making his daughter forget him.

'Will you——' he began, and paused, and Maurice understood his embarrassment, and came to his relief.

'Better not, perhaps,' he said. 'I dare say I shall see you once more before I go; but, if not—good-bye! And more thanks than I can speak, for all your goodness to me, now as always.'

He wrung the hand that the other held out to him, and was gone before the Squire could think of another word to say.

But Mr. Tyndal was not altogether satisfied with himself as he walked slowly up to his house. A generous nature like his never forgives by halves; and he felt almost responsible for this young man's well-being, because he had been wronged by him, and had said that he forgave.

'I ought to have insisted on his coming up to us before he left,' he said. 'There will be talk and scandal enough as it is, when it all comes out, without their having to say that *I* have cast him off, too. Heaven knows, I think better of him—in a way—than I did before, and so I would say to any one. I ought to make it clear that I for one mean to stand by him. And his seeing her *once* more could hardly have made much difference.'

Such being the state of the Squire's mind, he was hardly prepared to make any very strenuous resistance when his daughter came to him, and very gently but very firmly requested to be allowed to see Maurice again before he left.

'I don't want to do anything to vex you,' she said; 'but I think I *ought* to see him before he goes away. I suppose you will not wish me to see him or to hear from him again for a long time, and I dare say that is all right; but I have to consider what is right for him as well as for me, and there are a great many things that I want to say to him.'

'You had better not make any rash promises, Beauty,' said her father gravely. 'You are young enough to change your mind yet, and no disgrace to you; but he will only feel it the more if you let him build on what can never come to pass.'

'I shall make no promises without counting the cost,' she answered soberly. 'He will not wish me to bind myself at all—I know that. Time will prove us both, father dear, and I am not afraid of it, or afraid that you will be cruel to us in the end. But in the meantime, I ought to see him, once, because things have been so hard for him, and because it will be so long before we meet again. And it will be more seemly that I should see him here than anywhere else.'

A more worldly and strong-minded couple might have known how to deal with this extraordinary mixture of dutifulness and wilfulness; but the Squire and Mrs. Tyndal did not, except by letting her have her own way. Their consciences would not let them tell her that what she wanted to do was *wrong;* and though they both felt that it might be the ruin of her 'prospects in life,' yet neither of them in their hearts cared enough for worldly profit and expediency to face the royal scorn with which she would have treated such a suggestion.

So they yielded on this point, with a dim prevision that in the end they might have to yield on all; and the Squire went down the next day to find out Maurice and bid him come up to the Hall to see them all, and say good-bye before he went away.

He was anxious of course that he should come to dinner, but Maurice declined that, with a little involuntary shudder; and Mr. Tyndal, remembering that last most painful dinner at which he was present, did not press it. It was settled that the young man was to come up in the evening of the day before his departure; and Mr. Tyndal resolved that it should not be his fault if the whole county did not know of this visit, and of the fact that, in spite of the mystery and the change of name, they had parted the best of friends.

Dagmar's father and mother both persuaded themselves that it was by accident that her lover found her alone in the drawing-room when he came up in the twilight to the Hall.

But there are accidents that happen very *apropos*, and perhaps it was their perception of what she would wish, and of what the most unfortunate pair of lovers has a right to demand, that triumphed over their better judgment and sent them out of the room as the time for Maurice's visit arrived.

Apparently those two did not think themselves an unfortunate pair, however, as he kissed her hand in the twilight, and sat down on a low seat at her feet, looking up at her with glowing eyes through the soft half-darkness.

'This is more than I dared to hope for,' he said at last, in a voice of almost perfect content. 'I shall have this to remember, to live upon, in all the days that I cannot see you. May I light a candle—just one?'

'If you like,' she answered.

'I can see your face whenever I shut my eyes,' he explained quietly, as he proceeded to light a candle and arrange it to his satisfaction; 'but that will only do when you are not there. I want the real thing now, because it will be so long—so very long—— They all tell me that, you know; they think that I am over-confident, that I need discouraging; and they all tell me that I shall not win you for many years—if ever.'

'What can I say to encourage you?' she said, bending her eyes upon him, while the soft light of the candle, where he had placed it, touched the delicate outline of her profile and the ripples of her hair. 'I know nothing of the world, or of what men can do; what can I say?'

'You hardly need to say anything to do that,' he answered; 'the tone of your voice—your very look—will do it. And that is well, because you know that you must make no promises—I must not let you say anything to bind yourself.'

'I could hardly bind myself more than I am bound already,' she

answered quietly, leaning her chin upon her hand, and sitting motionless under his fixed hungry gaze. 'If you wished me to make vows and protestations, I would do that to help you, or if it helps you more to look at me, I am here to be looked at.'

'That is one of the things you cannot understand, my queen,' he answered, smiling at her little half-amused smile. 'I knew a man once who said that he could not study because he was haunted by the memory of his love—because her face floated between him and the printed page. It will not be so with me. I shall read my crabbed books of science by the light of your eyes; and when I look up from them I shall fancy I see you as you are sitting now—watching me, urging me to go on and succeed.'

'But you must be reasonable,' she said, in a sedate and motherly fashion; 'you must not try to do more than man can do, and so do yourself harm.'

'Be content,' he answered. 'I have something to value life for—now. Do you know that I was in two minds about choosing a profession that day when you came to me on the hillside?'

'Yes?'

'I had always thought of my present profession, you know; but my courage had all but failed me then, and I thought I could not possibly face the long hopeless years. So my mind turned to another, also an honourable one; I thought I would enlist, and find my way to the wars somehow—this country is never long without a war—and so I should surely find a means to die decently, and be done with it all.'

She had started a little when he first spoke of this byegone intention of his, and half put out her hand; then, as he ended, she smiled with a reproving look.

'You must not let that thought tempt you still,' she said. 'Think what a dreadful thing it would be for "Miss Tyndal" to be engaged to a common soldier!'

'Would you still own me then, even if I sank so low as that?'

'I suppose so,' she answered thoughtfully. 'Unless you did anything that was really wrong; and you will not do that.'

'I hope I am not dreaming,' said Maurice, after a pause, drawing a long breath.

'I *know* that I am not!'

'No; and you are more lovely than any dream that the heart of man ever conceived. But it seems almost too good to be true, that you should know all, and that we should be here together, and that I should have a hope—a faint, far-away hope, but a real one—of some day winning you for my own!'

'You must not be "encouraged" any more just now,' she said, with a little air of rebuke. 'You look as if you were longing to set to work at once, and work till dawn and so on till dark again.'

'So I am.'

'If looking at me produces such an effect I had better put out the candle.'

'No; but talk to me instead. As long as you will do that I shall not wish for anything else. Tell me how you came to know so much about my miserable secret—so that you could pity me, my queen, even before I spoke out.'

'You told me yourself,' she answered simply. 'A word here and a word there made me guess first that there was something wrong; but you let me know what it was when you were so ill, that day I brought you the locket. You looked at the face in it, and you said to yourself in German,—"*Little Mother.*" Do you remember?'

'No; I hardly remember anything that I said, or even thought, at that time—except one overpowering desire, which I can afford to be glad now was not fulfilled.'

'I had no time to think of it then; but I remembered it afterwards, and wondered; and then suddenly, in a flash, I understood it all. I was sure of it, though perhaps I had little enough reason for being sure.'

'And did you wonder why I was so long before I spoke?'

'Not much. I trusted you even then.'

'Well, perhaps I shall be worthy of it some day. For that, at any rate, I had reasons. From the time that I knew that I should live and not die, I had resolved to tell. I had meant to die with the lie on my soul and take the consequences, rather than grieve those who had been so entirely good to me. But when that way was closed to me, and I knew that I should have to confess after all, I was obliged still to wait a little. I had to confess to those who were themselves so utterly guileless that I knew they would not be ready to believe such evil of me, and that if I told before I was quite recovered I should simply not be believed. So I thought it best to wait,—to appoint myself a time, and try meanwhile to wean myself from them, to get them to take back the affection which they had been cheated into granting me. So I waited for six months, and much as I dreaded the day of my confession, I think I was glad when the time was over.'

Dagmar had turned her face a little away from the light; but even so he saw that one great tear after another brimmed over her long eyelashes, and fell on to her hands.

'Don't do that—oh, please don't do that!' he cried, in painful agitation. 'Indeed, I am not worth it! Why was I ever born to make *you* cry?'

'Do you think I would not rather cry for you than smile for any one else?' she asked, half indignantly, dashing away the bright drops that had startled him so.

'I am not worth it,' he repeated passionately. 'But what is possible I will do. And if you have to blush when men ask how I came to know you—at least, you shall never have to blush for me again.'

'I am not afraid,' she answered, in that quiet way of hers, that seemed to warm her lover's ardour and repress it at the same time. And before he had had time to answer, a step was at the door, and the Squire entered, and Mrs. Tyndal soon after him.

That gentle lady was a good deal moved at the sight of the young man, upon whom she had bestowed so much motherly thought and care. And, indeed, Maurice looked ten years older than he had done six months before, in spite of that new light of hope in his eyes.

But Mrs. Tyndal never of her own accord approached a painful subject, and Maurice dared not trust himself at first to speak of any but ordinary matters. So they discussed the approaching wedding, and the improvements at the Vicarage, and the festivities that were to take place in the village, just as if their hearts had not all been full of very different things.

It was the Squire who at last could keep up the farce no longer, and who cried impatiently—

'Never mind Layton and Agnes. They'll do well enough, no doubt. Tell us about yourself, my dear lad, and what you mean to do.'

'I mean to establish myself in a little apartment under the tiles,' he answered, smiling. 'And then I shall work very hard, and pass examinations more rapidly than any man ever did yet. And I shall read many learned books, and endanger the household by many experiments, and see visions of some wonderful discovery that shall revolutionise the whole science of medicine. Then I shall think that I have made this discovery, perhaps, and write many papers that will take the scientific world by storm. And perhaps at last, after much work, will come credit and distinction and a good appointment, which will mean more work, and a means of gaining more distinction, and possibly a reasonable amount of money——'

He paused, and his eyes wandered to where the beautiful prize of all this toil sat a little apart. The look in them completed the sentence with—

—'All this I can do, and more, for *her*.'

'You must not try to work too hard,' said Mrs. Tyndal, just touching his hand in her gentle motherly fashion. 'I do not like to see you looking so pale and so very thin.'

'I shall grow fat upon honest hard work,' he answered, smiling gravely. 'Indeed, you need not trouble yourself about me, even if I were worth it. The life will suit me well.'

'You must write and let us know how you get on,' said Mr. Tyndal. 'You will write—to *me*.'

'Yes, to *you*,' answered the young man, with a little rueful smile that said—'I know what you mean, and I submit.'

'And I will write to you,' went on the Squire, 'so you will have news of us all. And—and——'

'And you will come back and see us this time next year,' said Mrs. Tyndal, with sudden decision. 'You must promise to do that,

if you still care to do so, that is—whether things have been going well or ill with you.'

'I promise,' answered Maurice, with a grateful flash of the eyes and something very like a sob.

Dagmar said nothing, but she rose and gave her mother a kiss, with a certain earnest formality, and went back to her seat.

'And now,' said Maurice after a moment, rising to go, 'it is time for me to say good-bye. I should like to say good-bye to Dick, if I might.'

'Of course you may,' said the Squire heartily. 'He is hanging about somewhere now, very indignant because you are here and he is not with you. I'll fetch him.'

Mrs. Tyndal had tears in her kind eyes, and Maurice took her hand and held it for a moment, while words did not seem easy to speak.

'I wish I could thank you,' he said at last. 'I had never dreamed that there were people in the world so good till I knew you. I shall have that to thank you for, always, whatever happens.'

He stooped and kissed those white soft fingers that seemed to have been made for binding wounds and tending bruises.

'Good-bye,' he said, looking at her with wistful significant eyes. 'You will remember me—sometimes?'

'*I know.* Yes, I will remember,' she answered, and at that moment the Squire came back bringing Dick, who looked rather awestruck and miserable.

'Good-bye!' said Maurice, laying his hands upon the boy's shoulders. 'We two have been very good friends, Dick, and perhaps by the time you are a man I may be fit to count myself your friend again.'

Dick's eyes gave a loving defiant snap; but he only choked in trying to speak, wrung the young man's fingers in his own rough boyish hand, and turned his shoulder to the company generally.

'I shall write to you,' Maurice went on, turning to the Squire with a little smile. 'Perhaps I shall be able to say what I want to say then; but I can't now. Good-bye.'

He moved towards the chair where Dagmar was sitting, and she rose. Both trembled a little, and both the beautiful young faces were very pale; but there was more awe and resolution in them than grief. He said nothing, but perhaps his eyes spoke, for she answered—

'Yes, I remember. Good-bye.'

She looked round at her father and mother and at Dick, as if she called them all to witness; and then, while the swift blush dyed her cheek and vanished again, she lifted her lips to his.

Perhaps all those present felt that to her this was as binding as any vow; but no one said a word. To one who looked and moved as she did then, it would have been an insult to suggest that she was

not fully capable of judging for herself and of carrying through what she thought right.

A moment more, and Maurice was gone. The Squire hurried after him into the hall, with some indistinct idea of saying something more kind by way of parting word than he had been able to think of before; but perhaps the young man felt that he could bear no more words just then, for he had vanished before the other could overtake him.

And as Mr. Tyndal stood with the door open, the bells of the little church on the hill broke out into a joyous peal. It was only the new team of ringers, practising in readiness for their duties on the next festival day; but it sounded as if they were rejoicing over Maurice's departure as they had rejoiced, eighteen months ago, over his return.

(To be continued.)

ANGELA: A SKETCH.

BY ALICE WEBER.

PART II.

CHAPTER III.

'Joy comes and goes, hope ebbs and flows like the wave;
Change doth unknit the tranquil strength of men.'—*M. Arnold.*

A LITTLE girl once had a hospital in her garden for wounded things, and one evening, in the dusk of a London twilight, she had sat with two men friends, and talked to them about it. One of these men was invalided at that time, and the other was very kind to the little girl, and had told her she should see Netley Hospital one day. He had never seen her before, and had never seen her since, until now, when here they were all three together again, threading their way through the hospital corridors, where a strong breeze off Southampton Water rushed up and down as if, like Angela, it had never visited Netley before.

This kind stranger was much more like the old friend, thought Angela, than was her real old friend; for, to-day as yesterday, Vyvyan scarcely spoke to her, but addressed himself entirely to Mrs. Peveril.

Not all the charm and freshness of the scene and of the day could prevent her being conscious of that fact. Langford's breezy light-heartedness opened out a new side of life for her; it was altogether a new world in which she found herself, and she was enchanted; but deep down below all the charm and enchantment there was the consciousness that Vyvyan was cold and distant. And yet his thoughtfulness for her was unceasing. Did the corridor seem more than usually draughty? Angela must put on her shawl. Was she tiring herself too much? for they would have more to see after luncheon. But it was all done through the medium of their host; it was—'Langford, ask Miss Mohun this,' or 'Tell her to do that.' At one point in their general survey, from which the view across the grounds and over Southampton Water was particularly fine, and they all stood in a knot for a moment, Vyvyan said suddenly: 'Have you any mignonette about here, Langford? There is an unmistakable scent of it just now.'

'No,' said Langford abruptly, as if—for some unaccountable reason—he rather wished the question had not been asked.

'It is Angela's you notice,' interposed Mrs. Peveril; 'she brought a great bunch of it from her garden—and that is some of it with the rosebuds in her brooch.'

Vyvyan turned away as abruptly as Langford had spoken, and merely said—

'Mignonette always recalls Mohun Court.'

The passive wearer of his favourite flower marvelled at his lack of observation.

'Shall we let Vyvyan and Mrs. Peveril do the wards together?' suggested Langford during luncheon, 'whilst you and I sit out in the grounds?'

'But I came on purpose to see the invalids!' exclaimed Angela.

'Thanks. Vyvyan and I are very much obliged.'—He was sorry after he had said it, for she flushed so painfully and silently; but Vyvyan evidently had not noticed, for he never broke off in his conversation with Mrs. Peveril, who was discoursing on one of her pet subjects—ventilation.

'I am not always in earnest, Miss Mohun,' resumed Langford, with an irresistible laugh in his eyes; 'life would be insupportable if we were all of us in earnest always.'

'And yet you must have seen so much of the earnest side of it?'

'Not more than you have. Mohun Court is very much in earnest—isn't it?'

'No. I don't consider thinking and studying being "very much in earnest." *That* is not *living*. Where you give your life for others—your hands and your heart and your brain—*there* you can live in earnest.'

And all the while Vyvyan never once struck into any of these little discussions, which were animated and earnest enough, with just that flavour of lightness about them which had been wanting in Angela's home up-bringing, and had always been marked by Vyvyan as such a grievous want. Still, the satisfaction of an old want did not, any the more, silence the new one; for Angela was sadly wondering through all the sunshiny devotion of her new friend, wherein lay her apparent inability to be any longer the friend of that 'man of the world' who, as they left the luncheon-table, moved away from her, and followed Mrs. Peveril.

'Uncle Roger is right then,' thought Angela; 'change and disappointment must come. But still, it does not follow that one must change oneself; only—that seems to make the pain of it.'

And this undercurrent of thought went on all the time that she was being conducted round, here and there, shown this and that. The Museum was pronounced most interesting by Mrs. Peveril; but Angela had never liked stuffed birds, nor the young Peverils' impaled butterflies. The Laboratory gave Mrs. Peveril an opportunity

for expounding some of her knowledge in domestic economy over some sample tins of condensed meat and vegetables sent in to be analysed; Langford sat Angela down to the latest invention in type-writers, and insisted upon her printing a sentence for him to keep as a memento of the day. Then they came to the Library; and, passing on, they saw strange old guns, and marvellous old-world headpieces, and murderous shell and shrapnel and canister in close conjunction with field-ambulances and other mercies.

'Every imaginable appliance to heal and to help every imaginable wound or breakage, short of a broken heart,' explained Langford. 'Now, you are sure you would like to come in?'

The orderly who was going round with them had just thrown a door open; Vyvyan and Mrs. Peveril were passing on down the corridor, on their way to the grounds.

'You will come to us there, Angela, dear,' Mrs. Peveril said; 'for I have been over the wards before, and am a little tired, so we will go and sit by the water, whilst you see all that Mr. Langford has to show you.'

There, through the open door, before her very eyes, were heroes—so Angela called them—men who had laid down their lives for their country.

'And for their pay, too, you must remember,' said Langford.

As Angela went through the wards with him, to some of those men lying there, came a vision of womanhood such as had never before been presented to them; whilst to her came an idea of such heroism as she had never before imagined; for, until now, patience had never entered into her dreams of heroism.

There was no grumbling from the invalids in answer to any of the questions put. From bedside to bedside it was—to Angela—a revelation of the horrors of war, and of the glory of its discipline, until at last she whispered—

'May we come out now?'

He led her quickly out into the corridor; then, looking into her face anxiously, he said—

'Are you faint? Have I been a brute to take you through?'

'No; oh, no!' she replied, with one of her mighty and successful efforts at self-control—'only—it is almost too much! One's own life is so poor and small. *Your* life, with all this, is so grand and good. I want so much to hear what you have been doing all these years.'

'My dear Miss Mohun,' said Langford, with a laugh, 'I assure you we take it all as we take our breakfast and our dinner—quite as a matter of course. There are other people on other lines of life who are far more heroic than I am. Now, there is poor old Vyvyan——'

'Please,' interrupted Angela hurriedly, 'tell me about yourself.'

'But I must just tell you this; he will not tell you himself——'

'Indeed,' interrupted Angela again, and this time with such sweet dignity that he was compelled to obey, 'there is nothing which Mr. Vyvyan would not tell me himself, that I should care to hear from any one else. We are such old friends.'

'And you and I are such new ones,' said Langford ruefully, as they turned out into the grounds, with Southampton Water sparkling before them like a great jewel flashing in the sunlight.

'No; I have your little ambulance waggon still,' she said, looking up in his face with a winning deprecation in her eyes, which made him long for an opportunity of soon saying something of the same sort again; 'and now,' she said, 'will you tell me all you have seen and done in these ten years?'

'*All!*' he exclaimed; 'that is a great temptation to spin out my yarn until Mrs. Peveril and Vyvyan come to look for us at last in despair. I will give you a few facts from my experiences in Zululand.'

Wandering about the pleasant lawns and shrubbery paths this summer afternoon with Angela, he recalled the scenes which came back so vividly into this contrasting scene, and he thought, as he talked on to her—

'What a strange story this Life of ours is! *She* does not know how that little girl and her hospital used to come into my mind at night out there, with her soft eyes, and those words of hers about God's will; and now, here we are together again, after all these years! It is like a great big story-book as it is, and my attempting to tell my part of the story is very feeble compared with it.'

In fact, Langford, the light-hearted, became conscious that such a depth of sentiment was threatening subtly to underlie his narrative, that he suddenly dashed off into some practical details about the training of the Army Medical Corps, endeavouring to rivet Angela's attention and interest on such subjects as the early treatment of gunshot wounds, arresting hæmorrhage, exercises in loading and unloading waggons, stretchers, handling the wounded.

'The stores at the advanced depôt,' he was saying, 'should be capable of supplying a large number of men, and should include every kind of battlefield supply—tents, blankets, sheets, lint, medicine, cooking utensils, and concentrated food, milk, and beef——'

Angela interrupted him.

'I don't think I care quite so much for all this,' she said honestly. 'I liked all that you were telling me before, about what you had seen and done at Isandula, much better.'

'It is all over now, for here come Mrs. Peveril and Vyvyan, and I must go in and give orders for tea,' was his reply.

As a matter of fact, the soldier was not proof against his companion's weapons of sympathy and enthusiasm. He, therefore, took refuge in flight. Angela stood where he had left her, as he

turned away towards the College; and then, as the others joined her, she fell into the ranks by Mrs. Peveril's side.

'Is not this quite too rare a day, Angela?' exclaimed that enthusiastic dame. 'And what have you done with Mr. Langford?'

As she asked the question, she lingered behind to examine a flowering shrub that attracted her, and Angela passed on with Vyvyan.

'Langford is a very good fellow, isn't he?' he observed. To which came the somewhat irrelevant answer—

'Uncle Roger has never taught me so much about heroism as Mr. Langford has taught me here, at Netley, without meaning it.'

'It is not taught in the schools,' replied Vyvyan quietly; 'it must be lived.'

'Does it ever come without personal devotion—loyalty of some sort?' asked Angela.

'I think not.'

Something in his tone made her look up in his face quickly; but if Vyvyan were thinking then of a little girl who long ago had asked him if 'a philosopher never cried, whatever happened?' he did not say so; and now Langford came on the scene again, bearing down upon them in front, whilst Mrs. Peveril hastened to bring up the rear.

'Le thé est servi,' he announced.

'Oh, you delightful and excellent man!' cried Mrs. Peveril. 'In the midst of much that is intellectually and æsthetically interesting, you do not let us forget our creature comforts, and we thank you for it.'

'Creature comforts are all I ever think of,' returned Langford, which Angela might have combated prettily. Indeed, he quite hoped for a passage of arms with her, then and there—it had been his object in saying it; but Angela had much to think of just then,—and to feel, perhaps, even more. It was all a brilliance of sunlight, a dark shimmer of evergreens, and a sparkling shine of waters, with a new friend found—and an old friend lost.

When they drove to the Abbey after tea, Vyvyan helped her out of the carriage, and for a minute lingered with her. Mrs. Peveril was heard discoursing on architectural beauties, and on the Vandalism which had destroyed some. Langford's hearty laugh, aroused by her vindictiveness, rang back to them from vaulted cloisters; and Angela half-timidly said this to her old friend—

'Mr. Langford says that you are in trouble. Once, when you were ill, your little friend was conceited enough to think she could do you good. If I can, I would help you now. Won't you tell me what is the matter?'

Instinctively Vyvyan turned his face towards her; but in the next moment it was turned away, as he said sternly—

'Langford has no business whatever to speak of my affairs. It is

a matter that rests entirely with myself, and concerns no one else.'

Here another shadow fell across the evening sunlight, and Langford himself stepped up to them, charged with a message from Mrs. Peveril, who wished to have the benefit of Mr. Vyvyan's architectural knowledge to settle a knotty question of masonry.

'She will not accept my notes from the *Netley Guide*,' he said; and then he stood by Vyvyan, almost as if he expected him to take his arm. But Vyvyan either did not or would not see it, and moved away from them to Mrs. Peveril in the cloisters.

A very miserable feeling of loneliness made Angela glad to have Langford at her side again, glad to have him bending down and listening to her, as he had done once upon a time before, in London streets.

And Vyvyan, discussing dog-tooth and herring-bone, Perpendicular and Early English, with that voluble and cultivated Mrs. Peveril, saw himself a sick man, with a little child standing at his knee, and he could feel the touch of the soft childish fingers, and could hear the grave little voice saying, 'Do you know what Mrs. Raisins says? *She* says that everything that comes is God's will.'

An observation from Mrs. Peveril called him back into the region of present facts, and her voice sounded harsh and dissonant. It really was not the poor lady's fault, but simply the effect of contrast.

'They make a pretty pair, those two. Look at them just passing through that archway out into the sunlight. There is something very pleasing and fresh about Mr. Langford—he is so perfectly unassuming; and he holds a wonderfully good position for so young a man—comparatively speaking—young as compared with you and me. What a different girl Angela would be if she had more of such society! He just wakes up all the life there is in her; and such a sweet wildflower sort of life! So pure and unconventionalised! That crust of the old man's philosophy would soon be broken up and dispersed altogether.'

'Has she any of it?' asked Vyvyan quickly.

'No; perhaps I am exaggerating. She has a certain reserve and self-control which he has inculcated, and which often seem to me most unnatural in so young a creature. But as to philosophy, the lessons taught her in her childhood by dear old Mrs. Raisins, have borne riper fruit than any of Mr. Merton's mouldy Senecas and Marcus Aureliuses.'

Vyvyan and Langford saw their guests off from the station. Langford stood at the railway-carriage window until the last minute. Vyvyan stood a few paces off.

'Thank you both a thousand times for a most charming day!' cried Mrs. Peveril.

'I wish you could both give us another such treat,' said Langford;

'but Vyvyan must go back to London to-morrow, and I go with him for a day or two.'

'And I must go home to-morrow—back to Mohun Court,' said Angela; 'and it is no use wishing for impossibilities; but still I wish——'

As she paused for a moment, Vyvyan made a step forward; but the steam was up, and that wish was unexpressed. Langford stepped back to Vyvyan's side; two hats were raised; two faces watched from a window as long as the platform was in sight; the day at Netley was over.

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The following afternoon saw Mrs. Peveril and Angela starting once more on a railway journey, this time from Southampton, homeward bound; and, as Mrs. Peveril remarked: 'It is a pity that places do not look alike at all times and seasons.' For, instead of the broad shimmering waters, blowing breeze, and brilliant sunshine, there was a foreground of low-tide mud and greyness, there were flapping seagulls wheeling and crying, and hanging over everything was a heavy pall of mist.

In the background, with Angela, there was a sense of something gone—an old friend altered, and a new friend lost sight of. Were then some of the changes and chances of the world from which her Uncle Roger would save her? They might be, and bitter enough they were; but still, Angela thought there must be one thing infinitely more bitter, and that would be—never to have had a friend at all.

CHAPTER IV.

'The wise and mindful one, heart-purified,
Attaineth to the Changeless Place.' . . .
—*Sir Elwin Arnold.*

THAT 'forty something,' which, long ago, Angela had learnt in her Uncle Roger's catechism to be the panacea for all evils, and which she had once piteously assured Mrs. Raisins, in heartbroken accents, was of no good at all in the case of a pet rabbit's death—stood her in no stead during the days at Mohun Court that followed upon the days at Southampton. Springs of thought and feeling hitherto undreamed of, had been called into being; other thoughts and feelings that had been a recognised fact with her for years, were chilled if not frozen; and when a sudden spring and a sudden winter arrive at the same time, can fortitude be sufficient for these things?

As to Mr. Merton, with his customary dreamy content, his eyes followed her as she moved about him once more; she was there—that was enough for him—and the little glove was returned to Mrs. Raisins.

That sensible woman, blest with an intuition far above all philosophies, knew that Angela was troubled, and that she did not wish to be questioned. And '*she* was not surprised—not *she*,' when a letter came to her darling next morning that her darling should come to her as she had come once before, saying—

'Mrs. Raisins, will you come up to London with me at once, please? Uncle Roger knows, and he says that we may go. We shall be home this evening.'

For straight to her uncle had she taken that letter, written from Vyvyan's Chambers by Langford, who may not have been good at letter-writing, but was certainly good at saying what he meant.

'Dear Miss Mohun,' he wrote, 'forgive the liberty I am taking in addressing you, but you would not allow me to speak about it at Netley. Poor old Vyvyan is in great trouble. For the last six months his sight has been failing him, and only the week before you came over to Netley, he had reason to believe that fears of losing it entirely would very soon be realised. He made me swear not to breathe a word of it to you—he has kept away from Mohun Court so that you might not have the least suspicion of it. Yesterday he had one of the first opinions in London—and there is no hope. It is a form of blindness which is most rapid in its progress, and yet does not affect the appearance of the eye. His whole anxiety the other day was that you should not see him grope at all; he can, as yet, see his way in walking pretty well, but the power of distinguishing faces is gone. He does not know I am writing to you, but I felt convinced you were baffled that day at Netley, and a baffled friendship is no joke. Apologising for this scribble, believe me, with kind regards, yours ever,

'M. Langford.'

'I must go and see him, Uncle Roger,' said Angela firmly, as she watched the old man fold the note after reading it, and then look up at her with something of the pathos of a dumb animal in his face—'I cannot bear it if I do not go to him and say, "God help you"—to him, my one great friend!'

'Child!'—And as he spoke he stretched out clinging hands to her, 'What has been the use of all my care for you?'

'I don't know!' she cried. 'I don't know indeed, Uncle Roger. You have tried to teach me here at Mohun Court that all things out in the world are perishable—that everything there must come to an end; but that is only a half truth, isn't it? for I have learnt this already, even from my own experience, that in our clinging human affections we have what is imperishable. You have tried to teach me that in the world change is inevitable—over and over again have you said those words to me: "And wilt thou make thy treasure of any one of those things?" And I say now, *Yes*, I *would*, Uncle

Roger, I would make my treasure of *any*thing that comes within the range of our human interests and affections. Change may come and must, but over it all is God's great love and care for us—*that* never changes. And I must just say *that* to Mr. Vyvyan—if I can'—there was a break in the passionate utterance there; then, with a touching gentleness and quietness, she added: 'I will come back by the next train, so I shall not leave you for long.'

* * * * * *

'*His* care indeed!' exclaimed Mrs. Raisins, with something between a snort and a sniff when Angela repeated her uncle's words, adding, 'I know he *has* been very good to me always, but surely it is the power of giving that makes life worth living; and where would loyalty be, if we had friends and did not show ourselves friendly?' '*His* care! Miss Angela, he has been trying to do what only God Almighty can do—trying to be your providence, my dear; and he has been a very foolish old gentleman all the time!'

* * * * * *

History repeats itself. Once more across that shady Court within the dusky stillness of the Temple precincts come Mrs. Raisins and Angela; once more up the old wooden staircase they pass; and then two friends in Vyvyan's Chambers hear a gentle tap at the door. Langford opens it, and as he does so, he exclaims—

'Miss Mohun!'

'I had your letter this morning, and I have come,' was all she said as she gave him her hand, and then passed on to where Vyvyan stood. He had risen from his chair, and stood leaning on the back of it, waiting.

Somehow Langford managed mysteriously to disappear; he had put himself into the Court below for a smoke. Mrs. Raisins, thanks to the same personal agency, found herself in some adjoining Chambers that were empty, where she was politely asked to wait until summoned.

The familiar sweet scent of mignonette was in the air about Vyvyan, and a little hand was on each of his hands, as she knelt on the chair before him.

'I remember once upon a time,' she began, 'coming to these very rooms when you were ill—such a long, long time ago!——'

'The day when Langford saw you first,' interrupted Vyvyan quietly and calmly. And at his words, the fingers, that rested with the warm touch of sympathy and friendship on his, relaxed their pressure involuntarily—only for a moment. It was no lapse in her feeling for him; only a diverted interest, that was all. And Vyvyan was conscious of it.

'Yes, the same day. I thought then, with a little child's self-sufficiency, that I could do you good. And now, Mr. Langford has told me—and I know what all your silence has meant.' She was speaking with a strange little catch in her breath, like a sob, still not

moving. Nothing was moving there in that still Court; but what a tumult was storming within the blind philosopher's heart, and in the young girl's soul! 'And I, who can do you no good now, can only say how sorry I am for you—so sorry—more sorry than you can know.'

Her voice was choked, and his was not so steady as he willed it to have been, when he answered—

'My dear child, I never meant you to have known. I had hoped silently to have taken myself out of your little world—your great world of love and pity.'

'And I should have thought—as I thought at Netley—that you had changed.'

There was a slight movement then on her part, and a fresh whiff from the mignonette at her throat recalled the terraces and lawns at Mohun Court so vividly that Vyvyan, ignoring all the intervening years, saw himself standing in the cedar shadow, heard the sigh of the summer wind through the cedar branches, and an infantine hostess asking him the question: 'Do you get tired of things like Uncle Roger?'

That question re-echoed with a vital intensity, now that this other Angela came to him, holding in her hands what would fill the cup of life for him with a new wine which might sparkle like the old, and would glorify his darkness, making his infirmity comparatively easy to be borne. For, in her loyal tenderness of heart, he might have chosen to see, what in a woman of riper years and larger experience would have meant, the loyal devotion of a life; he knew that he had but to claim it, and that little girl, kneeling before him, would have rendered it as his due.

Vyvyan knew this; but he knew better. So he replied quietly to her implied reproach—

'Yes, changed, as many others have had to think of other friends; but it would only have been seeming in our case, Angela.'

'It would not even have been seeming with me,' she said simply. 'Why should I have seemed to change, because I thought you had done so? The change would have been in my life, for if I lived to be as old as Uncle Roger, and if I were to see as much of the world as Mr. Langford has seen, my life would never be the same to me if you had gone out of it. Oh, I came to say strong words to you—not foolish ones! But I am so glad, although I am so sorry—so glad that you *are* still the same, not angry or hurt with me, not tired of your little friend! Don't mind me, please. I can't help it—indeed I cannot!'

Angela's strongest feelings were rushing through her words now, making the tone of her voice low, and her head was bowing low too—down to his very hands—and her tears were raining fast upon them.

In the silence that followed, a hand was drawn away from

Angela's clasp, and gently, falteringly, through the darkness, laid upon her head.

'A philosopher is never angry—never hurt—can always smile instead of crying. Had you forgotten that?' he asked. 'And so you have come all this way to tell me how sorry and how glad you are—sorry for my blindness, glad for yourself; that I am not quite such a bear as I seemed? And now, just give me your hands again, whilst I say one word. If you live to be as old as your Uncle Roger, and if you see as much of the world as Langford, you will never have any idea of how blind I was before I knew that little girl at Mohun Court—the little girl who showed me an old-fashioned sampler as a great possession, and who, as my hospital nurse, dropped some words when she said good-bye, that I have treasured through all the years that have gone by since then. Those and the sampler text were my alphabet, Angela. Under your guidance I have been spelling them out ever since. In my so-called blindness I can read them better than I did. What did I hear you whisper? "God help you," did you say?' And reverently Vyvyan added, 'He does.—Hark! Isn't that poor Langford whistling dismally down below? Do you know he is talking of volunteering to join the ——shire regiment, and, if so, will embark with them for India next month?'

That little *coup* was not the least heroic part of Vyvyan's great renunciation. If he had meant it as a test, it was a sure one, for again Angela's fingers spoke.

'Lead me to the window, Angela—I know Langford's traps are all over the floor—that further one that looks into the Court, and we will call him up,' said Vyvyan—'Mrs. Raisins, too, must be wearying for her release. She shall see the embankment. We shall be a charming *partie carrée*. And we can put you into a cab from there, in time to catch your return train. Do you know I have serious thoughts of invading Mohun Court next week, with Langford as my aide-de-camp? What would Mr. Merton say, I wonder?'

* * * * * *

Mr. Merton said nothing, being fully occupied in setting the house of his thoughts in order.

In the bosky groves and alleys of Mohun Court, Langford's self-effacement, down in the Temple Court with his cigar that morning, was rewarded more fully than he had then allowed himself to dream of; and—a certain regiment went to India without him. And Mrs. Peveril said *she* 'had seen it *all* that day at Netley; but poor dear Mr. Vyvyan—well, of course he was to be excused—these matrimonial speculations never entered his head. He was a man not easy to understand, but marvellously patient now.'

Vyvyan astonished even his old master by his supreme courage and patience under the loss of his eyesight.

'And yet it is what I always said of him,' reflected the old man over

his books. 'He has reached the highest heights of philosophy—renunciation of self. He has lost self entirely.'

Lost—in a way that Mr. Merton would not reach just yet; lost—in the breadth and depth and height of a Divine Commandment which makes all painful things possible, if borne as little Angela once said—'For Some One's sake.'

THE END.

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER III.

LOOKING BACK.

AGATHA found her aunt in a very nervous state, when she reached home on that eventful day; so much so that she made up her mind not to tell her news until the next day. But, before long, Mrs. Brownlow asked anxiously—

'Have you nothing to—to tell me, Agatha?'

'I shall tell you something to-morrow, if you are good and sleep well.'

'Come here, love; sit where I can see you. Edward spoke to me before you went out, and I see now what your answer was. Oh, Agatha! I hope I have done right; but I am frightened.'

'Why, Aunt Mary, you must have known long ago how it was.'

'Yes, I have known. Sit down and let me talk to you. You may as well, for I shall know no peace until I have spoken. I am afraid I have been weak and foolish.'

'Now, auntie dear, don't cry; you are frightening me out of my wits. I don't understand you at all. Why should you be anything but very glad.'

'I must try to tell you, child. I am a weak woman now, worn out by pain and illness, and I sometimes think I have lost the power of judging clearly whether a thing ought to be, or ought not. You have plenty of sense, Agatha; you have your life to live, and—well, I shall tell you all my doubts and fears, and you must tell me what you feel about them.'

'If you are able to speak so much—but would not to-morrow do as well?'

'No, now. I thought I had made up my mind a year ago, or more—that time when I sent you away, do you remember? and yet when Edward Winstanley spoke to me to-day, all my old thoughts about it revived, and I felt as if I had been very wrong.'

'But you will find it hard to make me think so,' said Agatha fondly; 'things are come to a pretty pass, indeed, when you want to set me up to judge you; but if you would rather speak now, let me make you quite comfortable—there, that's better, and I'll sit here at your feet. Now, then, auntie.'

But Mrs. Browning did not speak for some time, and when she did it was to ask the unexpected question—

'What do you remember of your childhood, my dear?'

'Not much,' Agatha answered, reluctantly.

'Aunt Mary, you know you cannot bear to talk of old times, and if I understand why you ask me that question, there is no need to talk of them.'

'Why?'

'Because all that makes no difference at all to me.'

'But, why? explain yourself, dear.'

'Well, you know I could not help sometimes thinking about these things, since I have been old enough to understand them. I remember quite enough to know that you and I belong by birth to a rank much higher than that of the people we live among, and I have sometimes wondered why you have brought me up so differently; then I settled in my own mind that we have but little money, and that you thought we should be happier as we are now than as very poor grand ladies. And I also settled that you were quite right. And, indeed, Aunt Mary, my memories of my childhood do not make me regret anything that we have lost.'

Mrs. Browning looked at the speaker thoughtfully for a while: then she laughed a little, and said—

'Agatha, I wonder what subject I could find to talk to you about concerning which I should not discover that you have been meditating and making up your mind?'

'You see, I have plenty of time for thinking. But am I right, so far?'

'Very nearly. Do you remember your mother at all?'

'I have a dim, dim thought of fair curls and a kind smile; nothing plain.'

'Your mother was a Mortimer, but her people were very poor. Her father was a clergyman, and when he died, she was left penniless: her mother was dead. Her aunt, who had been a great beauty in her day, had married an immensely rich man; she had no children, and was at this time a widow with a good income, but only for her life. She took your dear mother to her home, had her education finished, and as soon as she was old enough to be introduced, she took a house in London for the season, and, as she told me long afterwards, set to work to establish poor Ella in life.'

'Yes; and what did she mean by that?' asked Agatha, who was listening breathlessly.

'To marry her to some rich man—that is what it means in plain English. Ella was very lovely, and very gentle; it was easy to make her do whatever she was told. It was not from her, child, that you get your strength; but she was one of the sweetest, purest, tenderest creatures in this wicked world. All the worldly maxims of her aunt had never dimmed in her heart the memory of her father's counsels:

he was a most devotional Christian. Ella did not seem to take in Lady Archer's notions, but she obeyed her in all things. I shall never forget the first time I saw her.'

'Were you married then, auntie?'

'Yes; I married the Rector of the parish in which Temple-Seymour stands.'

'Temple-Seymour!' that's the name I never could remember!' cried Agatha.

'My brother Horace, your father, was a few years older than I, and your mother was at least ten years my junior. He was caught by her beauty and gentleness—Lady Archer, knowing him to be a man of good birth and possessed of a fine estate, was quite satisfied. She must have known—Agatha, dear child, for this once I must speak plainly—that his wife would not be a happy woman; but she did not know that he was almost ruined.'

'What had ruined him, auntie?'

'There is no need for you to know, love. It is not for his only child to hear all that I could tell; though, for a reason which I shall tell you presently, I must say enough to make you understand things. After a time my dear husband died, and I lived at Temple-Seymour—not a very congenial home, but I was so fond of your mother, and I saw that she was ill and unhappy. I think her heart was broken. She never complained; I never knew how or why my brother's love for her turned into neglect and harshness. But she said to me the night before she died, "Mary, if you can save my little Agatha from ever being dependent upon Aunt Archer, if you can save her from such a fate as mine, will you do it?" and I solemnly promised to care for you.'

'Then my mother knew that they were ruined?'

'Yes; that it was only a question whether the final crash would come that year or later. You were three years old then, and you were nine when your father left England; and—died—he died before the year was out.'

'Aunt Mary! you are to tell me all,' Agatha said quickly. 'Are you sure he is dead?'

'I had a letter from an old comrade of his, enclosing one from Horace, in which he told me that he was dying, having been badly injured in a quarrel—never mind all that, it is not necessary to my story. He desired me to secure whatever was left after his debts were paid, for you, and to bring you up properly; and the friend's letter stated that Mr. Seymour had died the day after he wrote; but somehow it never seemed to me that Horace was really dead. I employed people to find out, but we could make out nothing clearly: there had been such a quarrel, and an Englishman had been injured and had died—but all the party bore feigned names, and I have never quite believed that the Englishman who died was Horace. I think you ought to know this—but Mr. Hughes thinks I am entirely wrong.'

'And then you and I came here?'

'Not at once; we were in London for months, and Lady Archer came to me often, to see you. When at last my brother's affairs were arranged, we found that about four hundred a year was all that remained for the poor little heiress of Temple-Seymour. Lady Archer said to me, "Educate the child well, and when she is seventeen or eighteen, I will take her off your hands—she will never be as lovely as my poor Ella, but she will be good-looking—all the Seymours are, and distinguished, you know, and you need have no fears for her, she will marry well." Agatha! your mother's words and the look of her clear pale face came back to me. I told Lady Archer that I had a plan of my own for you; that I would bring you up so that four hundred a year should seem to you a competence—that I would secure to you a life, useful, happy—safe from the fate your poor mother so dreaded for you.'

'Is Lady Archer still alive?'

'Yes; but she has kept up no correspondence with me.'

'She was angry then? Tell me what she said.'

'She said, "My dear Mrs. Browning, you have full power to do as you like; but shall I tell you the probable end of your experiment? Your romantic plan will never be carried out; little Agatha, brought up among people she ought never to know, will one of these days present to you a thriving young grocer or draper's assistant as your future nephew; and I cannot help thinking that when that occurs you will regret that you have not accepted my advice.'

'Would she like a thriving young farmer any better?' said Agatha, laughing heartily. 'What did you say? and tell me what she meant by your romantic plan?'

'Ah, when I planned, I hoped to be quite well and strong again. When my own dear girls died, and my husband followed them so soon, I thought of devoting my own fortune to the founding of an orphanage for girls of good birth, left destitute—I need not go into particulars now—I put off doing it to nurse your mother. I thought that when you grew up you would help me, and take my place when I died; but my health has been such that I could do nothing but save my income, that if I ever recovered I might have the more to begin upon; but that is all over now; my money must be yours, dear, and it is yours freely. I lay no burthen on you with it.'

'We'll talk about that some other time. I want to know what you said to Lady Archer.'

'That I would educate you myself—I had been very well educated, as she knew. She answered, "Oh, well, if you keep her to yourself, perhaps it will only be a curate to whom the poor child will appear quite an heiress." But I thought that you were not likely to marry, Agatha. I knew that the young men you would be likely to meet, would seem to you uneducated, unlike what you could care for. In fact, dear child, while thinking that I was putting aside all pride of

birth, and descending willingly to a lower level, I see that I was trusting to pride of birth to keep you from fulfilling Lady Archer's predictions; but you must remember I did not expect to be so completely laid aside by illness. I had no intention then of allowing you to be intimate with people. I was forced to allow it, because I could not shut you up in my sick-room. I have been so weak that everything has seemed to glide out of my control; and having allowed you to form friendships, I did not feel that I had any right to make them a misery to you.'

'You were quite right in one thing, Aunt Mary; if Fanny Morton's and Hannah Phillips' brothers had been the only people I met, I never should have liked them—I mean as I like Edward; but he is very different.'

'He really is—very different, and very superior in manner and in every way; yet when I saw that you were beginning to like him, I made up my mind to leave Market Yoredale—to go abroad—to separate you somehow. I did keep you at home for a time, but I saw that I was too late; and it seemed to me that if he was a steady, well-principled, good man, I had no right to make you unhappy. I had run the risk, though warned; there was no use in telling you about my wishes and plans then. I tried to satisfy myself about Edward, and having done so, I let things take their course.'

'Yet now you are unhappy about me! I do not quite understand why, Aunt Mary; you like Edward, surely you do?'

'I do, indeed, and I know that he must love you for yourself alone. I think thoroughly well of him, dear child, so you need not look so pleadingly at me; but, he is very young.'

'Twenty-four,' said Agatha.

'Well, that is young; and I will confess to you that I was greatly shocked the other day to learn from Mrs. Phillips that poor Mr. Winstanley is a man who is well known to——'

'Yes,' Agatha said, 'Edward has spoken to me about it. Edward says he is so really kind and good—it is just that he had no education, and did not care for reading or anything of that kind. He has brought up his son very differently.'

'It makes me very anxious and unhappy, Agatha.'

'Dear Aunt Mary, Edward is quite different, and leads a very different life; and Mr. Winstanley, after all, might say to us, "I have always been a hard-working, respectable man, paying my way and giving no one a right to speak against me"—and Edward is really so good, you need have no fear.'

'If only you were both a little older! Agatha, will you ask him to wait?—to let it be only an engagement for a time. Though I am not likely to recover, I may live some time; indeed, I believe it is more likely that I shall do so, and two years, or even one, would prove whether Edward is all that we think him.'

'We have known him more than two years.'

'Yes, but he has not been sure of your love. Agatha, do consent to this; I really should not ask it, but that, being more experienced than you, I know that it will be a real test of his character and of his love. It would content me, and I cannot bear the idea that you may be made miserable because I have been weak and foolish.'

'And should I not be miserable as it is, if anything parted me from Edward?' Agatha asked half angrily.

'My darling, it would be *nothing* to the misery of an unhappy wife, doomed to see day by day the thing she loves best sinking into degradation and wretchedness. It will do Edward no harm to wait. I will tell him the reason myself; he will see that I am right, and you are really very young yet—in every way it would be better.'

'If Edward does not object, I will do as you wish. He will be here early to-morrow, and you shall see him before I do. Dear auntie, I would do more than that to please you, and I am very happy as things are.'

But Mrs. Browning's proposal was never made—was never needed. That very night Edward's father died quite suddenly, and of course the marriage could not take place at once.

Old Mr. Winstanley had been greatly pleased to hear of his son's engagement, and urged him to get married at once, and to settle at Sunnybank, if Mrs. Browning would permit it. Crossley Farm, he said, was no home for a lady like Miss Seymour, and he would allow no alterations while he lived; but now Edward determined to add a few really good rooms to the old house, and in several ways to alter the place, making it more of a gentleman's residence and less of a farm-house. Mrs. Browning, he said, must come to Crossley when Agatha did, and he set to work on his improvements with such vigour that they seemed likely to be completed before the year of mourning was out. Mrs. Browning thanked him for his kindness, but said nothing more; she thought it very likely that before the marriage took place it would be plain to every one that she had better remain where she was; but she would not sadden Agatha by saying so.

(To be continued.)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLVI.

OUTSIDE ENGLAND.

1683–1685.

THERE was no question that Louis XIV. was the leading character in Europe, but in 1683 he had a loss that had a great influence in the decay of his latter years. Colbert, his excellent minister, died, it was said partly from vexation at the preference shown for the more unscrupulous and flattering Louvois; and with him ended the able management of finance which had hitherto supported the King's enormous expense. Yet Colbert had been so much hated as the instrument of oppression, that the populace were ready to throw his remains into the gutter, and hardly allowed them to receive Christian burial.

For eleven years, Lauzun had been a captive at Pignerol, where Fouquet had died a repentant man. At last Mademoiselle, by giving a large amount of her wealth to endow the Duke of Maine, son of Madame de Montespan, purchased his liberty and permission to marry him privately, though he was not allowed to appear at Court.

The lady was no longer youthful, and, as already shown, was imperious and conceited though kind-hearted and constant. No doubt she was not easy for a husband to live with, but gratitude might have made Lauzun less selfish and violent towards her. Angry scenes took place, and he is even said to have thrown his boots at her head before they finally parted, he to continue his gay life, she to keep a sort of romantic and literary court at Eu, and to write her own most amusing memoirs.

Louis's next achievement at this time was the reduction of the Algerine pirates who infested the Mediterranean. Provoked by their outrages, he sent his fleet, under the brave Huguenot, Admiral Duquesne, to bombard the pirate city. Horrible execution was done by the shells, and the Dey sent back 600 Christian captives and begged for peace, but the conditions were too hard, and were refused. The people rose, murdered the Dey, seized the French in the town, among others a mission priest who acted as consul, and blew them from the mouths of cannon. Duquesne then recommenced his fire, and destroyed shipping, arsenals, and all within reach. Peace was at last made, a French fort was erected on the coast, and a consul established at Algiers, who was to inspect the captives taken by

the corsair ships, and obtain the release of French subjects without ransom.

But if Louis fought with the Moors on the coast, he encouraged the Turks on the frontiers of Hungary, out of hatred to the House of Austria. Profiting by the increasing weakness of his hereditary enemies, he continued to encroach in the Spanish Netherlands, interpreting the Treaty of Nimeguen in his own way. Courtrai was seized, Oudenarde and Luxembourg were shelled, Brabant laid waste, and all annexed to France; while Spain was too feeble and exhausted to commence a fresh war on their behalf.

In truth the line of Hapsburg was almost worn out. The morbid tendency to insanity inherited from Juana *la loca* of Spain had been intensified by frequent intermarriages between the two branches of her descendants in Germany and Spain, and there had hardly been a generation without some member being either idiotical or falling into deep melancholy. The reigning King of Spain was almost imbecile; and his cousin, the Emperor Leopold I., was a little, thin, dark, insignificant man; shy, dull and reserved enough, with a great talent for music, so that the compliment was once paid to him by a great performer, 'What a pity your Majesty is not a fiddler!'

His third wife, Eleonore Magdalene of Neuburg, sister to the claimant of the Palatinate, was a deeply religious and beneficent woman; she went to the opera to please her husband, but with a devotional book hid by the libretto; she knitted for the poor even on her way to church, and for her husband's sake prepared dainty dishes with her own hands, though she lived on the hardest fare. Leopold was likewise devout, and thought to evince his religion by persecuting. Hungary still contained many Lutherans, but a disturbance there in 1673 gave him a pretext for declaring that the Magyars had forfeited their freedom. He sent in troops, imprisoned the nobles, pronounced the kingdom hereditary, and instituted courts for trying cases of heresy. Five hundred and fifty Lutheran pastors were seized, and sold for fifty crowns apiece to row in the galleys at Naples, where, as it may be remembered, De Ruyter obtained their liberation. This oppression stirred up a revolt under Count Emmerich Tekeli, who obtained the aid of the Turks, the Sultan, Mahomet IV., being actually encouraged by Louis XIV., who forgot Christianity in his hatred to the House of Austria. In 1682, Tekeli accepted from the Sultan a sword, vest and standard, and was then created Prince of Upper Hungary. Most of the Protestants joined him, and he took numerous towns.

The next year, the Grand Vizier, Kara Mustafa, invaded Austria itself with 200,000 men, and being joined by Tekeli, advanced towards the very gates of Vienna. The Emperor's distress was great, the fortifications were out of repair, the garrison insufficient, the people flocking into the city in terror. Leopold sent in every direction for aid, especially to John Sobieski, the brave nobleman

who nine years before had been raised to the elective throne of Poland, and who made haste to raise his forces. As to the German army, it was slow in collecting, and there was much desertion, so that when Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the Emperor's brother-in-law, brought it to Leopold for review at Presburg, there were only 40,000 men, among whom the young fugitive from France, Prince Eugene of Savoy, was making his first campaign.

The Turks were advancing, and all that the Duke of Lorraine could do was to retreat, devastating the country so as to prevent them from obtaining supplies.

The Emperor hurried back to Vienna, whence, with his wife and family, he fled as far as Linz, where a son was born, on whose face the Empress Eleonore declared she would not look till the enemy had been driven back. The Duke found Vienna in dreadful terror and confusion; the citizens reviling the Jesuits and the Emperor for having caused all this mischief by their persecution in Hungary, and then leaving them to their fate. He did much to encourage them, in concert with the Governor, Rudiger, Count of Staremberg, and the Archbishop, who had been a knight of Malta; the walls were repaired, and the citizens and soldiers trained to the defence. He left 8000 men to assist the garrison, and fell back with the cavalry to harass the rear of the Turks, and cut off their supplies.

The siege began on the 14th of July, 1683, and lasted three months, so that provisions were exhausted, and the people reduced to living on horses, dogs and cats, *dache hasen*, roof hares, as the name of the cats was disguised. The Duke did his best, defeating Tekeli, who had been detached to secure the passage over the Danube at Presburg, and keeping back Tartar invasions towards Moldavia; but time went on, the German troops did not arrive, and the Polish army was only mustering. Messenger after messenger was sent to hasten them, and the Emperor wrote to John Sobieski to hasten his march without waiting for his army. 'The bridge over the Danube at Tuln is ready to afford you a passage,' he said; 'however inferior in number, your name, so terrible to the enemy, will insure victory.'

Sobieski started at the head of 3000 light horse, and dashed on to Tuln; but there he found the bridge unfinished, and no imperial troops, except a corps under the Duke of Lorraine. He was greatly angered.

'Does the Emperor take me for an adventurer?' he said; 'I quitted my army to command his; it is not for myself but for him that I fight!' The Duke had formerly stood for election for the crown of Poland against him, but they met as hearty coadjutors and friends. Staremberg sent a messenger, who swam the Danube, bearing a note with the words, 'No time to be lost!—No time to be lost!' The Polish army came up on the 5th of September, the German, under the Electors of Saxony and Bavaria, on the 7th, and together they crossed the Danube; but several fortresses had to be secured on their advance,

and Vienna was at the last extremity, outworks taken, sickness prevailing, and starvation causing intense misery.

The Turks themselves were extremely weary of the blockade, and the soldiers, looking towards the hills, exclaimed—

'Oh, ye infidels, if ye will not come yourselves, let us at least see your crests over the hills; for once seen, the siege will be over and we shall be released.'

To content the murmuring troops, on the 12th of September, Kara Mustafa commanded a general assault. The struggle was desperate, the great Turkish cannon did such damage, and the garrison suffered so terribly that the citizens thought the end had come, when, as darkness came on, they beheld five rockets fired from the summit of the Kahlenberg mountain, the signal of deliverance.

The Vizier sent 10,000 Tartars to watch the hill; but Sobieski, after a spirited address to his troops, descended and drove these in to the main body, and so routed all who came out to oppose him, that Kara Mustafa decided on retreating in the night, after having first given orders that every captive should be slaughtered, as well as every Turkish woman who could not be conveyed away. Before the next evening his vanguard had reached the Raab, while Staremberg and his garrison sallied out and hung on the rear, preventing any rally.

The Poles descending, found an enormous booty, so that, as Sobieski wrote to his wife, 'The Grand Vizier has left me his heir, and I inherit millions of ducats. When I return, I shall not be met with the reproach of the Tartar wives, "You are not a man! You bring no booty!"' The great Ottoman standard was taken, an immense treasure, 180 large cannon, jewels without number, and provisions, including coffee in such quantities that it then became a popular beverage, and Staremberg's faithful messenger set up the first coffee-house in the Empire. Five hundred deserted infants were found whose mothers had perished in the massacre, and these the good Bishop Kollowitisch and his clergy took under their care.

Sobieski was rapturously greeted when he entered Vienna, the people rushing to kiss his horse and his garments as their deliverer, as he rode to the cathedral and knelt at a grand *Te Deum;* after which he dined in public and returned to his camp.

Leopold, on hearing the news, was more embarrassed than grateful. He wanted to know what precedents there were for the meeting before him. 'How should an elected king be received by a kaiser?' he asked.

'With open arms,' said the Duke of Lorraine.

Leopold, however, had the narrowness to insist that Sobieski should be informed that he could not be received as if he were an hereditary prince; but King John would abate none of the honours he considered due to his country as well as his services.

Finally it was arranged that the two sovereigns should meet between their armies and advance within two paces of each other.

The scene was a very curious one—Leopold, stiff and shy, was plainly clad and meanly mounted, while John wore a splendid Polish uniform and rode a superb charger. At the same moment each monarch doffed his hat, and then the Pole spurred forward and a species of embrace passed between them. The German authors say that Leopold uttered his thanks, the Poles that Sobieski began with a flowing Latin harangue, declaring that the victory was due to the Almighty, and that he had done no more than one Christian should do for another. The Emperor, who probably did not half understand him, only mumbled something in return; and the King, presenting his son James, said, 'This is a prince whom I am rearing for the service of Christendom.'

The Emperor returned only a movement with his head, not even touching his hat, and Sobieski, after introducing some of his officers, left them to do the honours of the army to the ungracious Kaiser, and retired to his tent much offended. The next day, however, Leopold sent young James a sword with a jewelled hilt, and a letter of apology, and 3000 ducats to each of the generals. Probably his discourtesy was as much from awkwardness as from pride, but he was an incapable person, and his officers kept their allies, Polish and German, ill-supplied with provisions, nor were the sick admitted into houses nor the dead into the cemeteries.

Prince Eugene was, however, made a colonel, and thus attached to the Austrian service, and Staremberg received the Order of the Golden Fleece. Sobieski's high-spirited Poles were so much disgusted that they would fain have returned home at once, but Sobieski persuaded them to follow up the retreat of the Turks, though the tardiness of the Germans kept them back for five days.

In vexation Sobieski attacked a strong body of janissaries at the Bridge of Barkan, without consulting the Duke of Lorraine. He was in great danger, his hussars deserted him, and he had, with two hundred men, to cut his way through the midst of the enemy, and at last reached the German lines with only six followers, and threw himself panting on some straw. However, in two days more he and the Duke together gave the Ottomans a complete and entire defeat, driving them across the Danube with terrible loss; and following up their success by taking the city of Gran. After this Sobieski, having done his work against the Turks, returned to Warsaw; but the insurrection of Hungary, headed by Tekeli, continued, and greatly weakened the resources of Leopold.

The Magyars were always a standing difficulty ever since they had been acquired by Austria, and were sometimes said to be to her what Ireland was to England.

When it was probable that the Restoration would take place in England, the Irish Whigs held consultation, most of them being men who had become wealthy through the confiscations under Cromwell.

The chief mover was Lord Broghill, a man who had played a double part, his inclinations being to the monarchy, though he had, between self-interest and impatience at mismanagement, joined the ascendant party. During the domination of Cromwell he had amused himself with writing a romance called *Parthenissa*, on the lengthy Scudery model, and at the same time he had corresponded with the Cavaliers and had done his best for them.

On Cromwell's death, he took counsel with the Puritan generals, especially Sir Charles Coote, and they were on the point of sending an invitation to Charles, when they found that England was beforehand with them, and all they had to do was to send £20,000 to the King, £4000 to the Duke of York, and £2000 to the Duke of Gloucester.

The condition of things was very strange. Ireland had always been a land of division and hatred, between tribe and tribe, Kelt and Dane, native and English, old inhabitant and Scot, Romanist and Protestant, and now the Cromwellian settlers were a fresh element of combustion among the Protestants.

Families ejected for their opposition to the English clamoured for restoration, and some took the law into their own hands, so that private wars began, and a fresh rebellion was expected. In the Act of Indemnity, the Cromwellians, as the least mischievous element, were secured by the clause that no estates disposed of by the Parliament of Convention should be restored to the former owners, and it was with difficulty that a clause was inserted in favour of the Marquess of Ormond and other loyal Protestants; but for the loyal Roman Catholic nobility—who had really stood aloof from the massacres—there was no redress, for it would have been both unsafe and impossible to oust the Cromwellians in possession.

Lord Broghill, Sir John Clotworthy, and Sir Arthur Mervyn devised a scheme for forming the forfeited lands, not hitherto appropriated, into a common stock, whence the deserving might be compensated. Expelled Protestants and innocent Roman Catholics were to have their own again—the dispossessed holders receiving the compensation—only where the estates lay within a town with a corporation, the Papist was not to return thither, but to have an equivalent elsewhere. Charles was thankful for the arrangement, and Lord Broghill was rewarded by being created Earl of Orrery. It might have been fairly equitable had it been properly carried out, but the commissioners were all strong in the Protestant interest, and had little or no sense of justice towards those whom they systematically desired to depress, and thus they took every means—often most unfair—of eluding due treatment of the Romanists. Moreover, the strange notions of political economy then prevalent led to the opinion that to encourage Ireland and make it prosperous would be to interfere with the trade and agriculture of England, and thus that the cattle and the linen of Ireland must not be imported except

under heavy duties to protect the English farmer and manufacturer, thus condemning the Irish to poverty and idleness; and the Cromwellian settlers, being more English than Irish, undertook to discourage all attempts to secure an English market for Irish produce.

The Presbyterians in the north petitioned for the continuance of their system; but Charles had no mind to consent, and restored the Church to its former status. Eight bishops survived, among them the excellent Bramhall of Derry, who was appointed Archbishop of Armagh; and the saintly Jeremy Taylor, one of the most eloquent prose writers in the English language, received the see of Down and Connor, and was likewise made Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. To him also was committed the preaching of the sermon at his own consecration, together with eleven others, in St. Patrick's Cathedral, an event, as he observed, unparalleled even in the time of St. Patrick, who was said to have ordained 5000 priests and consecrated 350 bishops. At this time Ireland had four archbishops and seventeen bishops, but there was great difficulty in obtaining, not merely of the temporalities of the see, but of the necessary ornaments of the Church, and between Romanists and sectarians of all shades, their position was extremely difficult and perplexing.

The bishops, with some hope of converting the Roman Catholics, persuaded Jeremy Taylor to write a *Dissuasive from Popery*, which shows a very low opinion of the intelligence and morals of the Irish. He says: 'They can give no account of their religion what it is; only they believe as their priests bid them, and go to mass, which they understand not, and reckon their beads to tell the number and the tale of their prayers, and abstain from eggs and flesh in Lent, and visit St. Patrick's well, and leave pins and ribbons, yarn or thread in their holy wells, and pray to God, St. Mary, and St. Patrick, St. Columbanus and St. Bridget, and desire to be buried with St. Francis' cord about them, and to fast on Saturdays in honour of our Lady.'

As an instance of their superstition, he mentions that he had frequent applications for the restoration of a bell, which a person of quality had got into his own hands during the rebellion. An old man belonging to the family who had always had the custody of this bell was said not to be able to die in peace unless it was rung to him, and, on further inquiry, it appeared that the bell was said to have come from Heaven, that an oath upon it was absolutely inviolable, and that if rung before the corpse at a funeral, it diminished the period of purgatory, so that hiring out had brought an income to the proprietors. It does not appear whether Bishop Taylor obtained restitution for them.

The Cromwellian soldiers were not very superior to the peasants in education. One of them, a justice of the peace, spelt the word *usage*, *yowsitch*, and on being remonstrated with, said: 'Nobody could spell with pens made from the quills of Irish geese.'

Several of these illiterate men were elected to the new Irish Parliament, which was a strange collection, including likewise a few Roman Catholics, whom the new settlers extremely hated.

On the 17th of January, 1661, it was opened by the Lords Justices, the Marquess of Ormond, the Earl of Orrery, and the Earl of Mountrath, the title conferred on Coote. All rode in great solemnity to St. Patrick's to hear a sermon from Jéremy Taylor, and then dining in state at Chichester House. Then came the detailed carrying out of the settlement of estates before mentioned, a matter resulting in a great deal of flagrant injustice, as the principle seemed to be that the preference was always to be given to the Protestant, be his claim what it might; and, at the same time, these Protestants, being for the most part Presbyterian and Puritan, were extremely discontented that the Church was to recover her property.

A plot was actually hatched among them, in which was concerned Blood, who afterwards endeavoured to seize the Crown jewels, and with him a brother-in-law of Ludlow, named Kempson, and another old Cromwellian colonel, Alexander Jephson. At a meeting of these and others, among whom was one Sir Theophilus Jones, Jephson, laying his hand on a large sword which he had not worn for thirteen years, declared that he was going to Dublin to adventure his life to secure the English interest. Sir Theophilus Jones objected that an army was wanting, but Jephson said 1000 horse were in Dublin ready to join them as soon as a flag was put up to show that the Castle was taken, and that there were six ministers going about Dublin in perukes, which they laid aside at prayers, who were to prevent pillage. A thousand copies were printed of a Declaration that the undertaking was on account of the encouragement given to Popery, and that the English should enjoy their estates. He added that they should overturn the three kingdoms, and that the word to be given on taking the Castle was 'For the King and the English interest'; and he urged Jones to take the command of the army which did not exist.

On the contrary, Sir Theophilus at once wrote down all this truly Hibernian project, and forwarded it to Ormond, now a Duke and Lord Lieutenant.

About eighty old soldiers were on various pretences to wait about the Castle, and one, as a baker, was to let fall a basket of white bread, for which it was expected the soldiers would scramble, so that the disguised troopers could force their way in. However, twelve hours before the time fixed, the Duke of Ormond had Jephson seized, with most of the others; but Blood escaped, and wandered about in county Wicklow. Jephson and two more of the conspirators were executed. Perhaps this made it plain that Protestants could be as dangerous as Roman Catholics.

The Castle would have been easily seized, for it was in miserable repair, and the Duke of Ormond was obliged to live in a house belonging to the Phœnix Park. This house and park, Lady Castle-

maine persuaded the King to grant to her; but Ormond would not pass the warrant, and going over to England, explained the case to Charles, and induced him to revoke it. In a towering rage Lady Castlemaine fell on the Duke, abused him violently, and told him she hoped to live to see him hanged. To which he replied 'that he was not in so much haste to put an end to her days, for all he wished, with regard to her, was that he might live to see her grow old.'

In 1666 a Bill was brought into the English Parliament to forbid the importation of Irish cattle. It had not yet passed, when, after the Fire of London, the Irish, moved by the distress it occasioned, sent 30,000 head of oxen as a free gift; but the bitter national prejudice imagined this benefaction to be only an attempt to elude the prohibition, and only the faster did the Bill pass the House, declaring Irish cattle a nuisance. The Lords wanted to change the words into a detriment and a felony, and there was a hot dispute between the Houses on the mere word, in the course of which Buckingham said no one could oppose the Bill but such as had Irish estates or an Irish understanding. Lord Ossory, Ormond's son, on this challenged Buckingham; but that Duke complained to the House, and obtained that Ossory should be sent to the Tower. Charles felt obliged to pass the Bill, nuisance and all, contrary to his better judgment, but tried to compensate the Irish by permitting exportations to any country except England.

Ormond then tried, like Strafford before him, to promote the culture of flax; but English jealousy again interfered. Lord Orrery dealt with the Cabal against him, and he was recalled in 1668. Lord Robarts of Truro was then sent out, but proved incapable. Then followed Lord Berkley, against whom there was a clamour for not maintaining the Protestant ascendency; but he was held to be too much inclined to favour the Romanists, among whom there was a desperate quarrel at this time—one party disclaiming the temporal authority of the Pope in civil matters, and the other upholding it above that of the King.

Berkley thought well of the former party, and showed toleration, making some of the gentlemen magistrates. A panic prevailed. He was recalled, and the Earl of Essex sent out. He was a good, well-intentioned man, but he pronounced that the state of the lands in Ireland reminded him of the carcase of a deer among hounds, when every one pulls and tears for himself. The blot on his government was the sending Archbishop Plunket over to be tried in England for supposed participation in the Popish plot. He almost immediately resigned, and Ormond returned to the post, which he was able to fill better than any one else, though now an old man, and, broken-hearted at the death of his son, Lord Ossory, at forty-six years of age.

The churches were as far as possible rebuilt, but sad devastation

had been committed both by Romanists and Puritans, and what was poor before was freshly impoverished. Jeremy Taylor died in 1667, but the other bishops were men of piety and fervour, and did their best, in spite of a great scarcity of clergy and the strenuous opposition of two sets of enemies. Robert Boyle, son of the Earl of Cork, a man as noted for his progress in physical science as for his devout piety, was a great assistance to them. At his own expense, he gave a fount of types, in the Irish character, for printing the Erse version of the Bible, which had been made by Bishop Bedell, and was carefully revised by scholars in that language and in the original. It was authorised by the Primate of Ireland, and published, the New Testament in 1681, the Old in 1685; and it was sufficiently like the Gaelic to be used in the Highlands.

In 1685, for the last time, the Duke of Ormond was recalled from the government, which he had faithfully tried to carry out in all loyalty, and he died a year after his retirement, almost the last of the old Cavaliers.

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

LI.

THE EPISCOPATE.

Susan. Our last service, the Consecration of Bishops. For the beginning of their Order we go back to the choice of the Twelve Apostles, and the breathing on them, saying, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost.'

Aunt Anne. Together with their commission, 'Go ye into all nations, and preach the Gospel to every creature.'

S. Directly after, they chose and consecrated St. Matthias, and then followed SS. Paul and Barnabas. Those are all that are actually Apostles—sent ones; and they all were missionaries, St. James the only one who was stationary at Jerusalem.

A. You can carry on the next stage of Bishops or Angels, I think.

S. St. Timothy at Ephesus, St. Titus at Crete, the Angels of the Seven Churches, of whom one was St. Polycarp, St. Mark at Alexandria, then Linus and Clement at Rome, Trophimus at Vienne.

A. Yes, I think those are all the Bishops named in Scripture of whom we have any certainty, though Dionysius the Areopagite, and Onesimus, are both said to have been Bishops. St. Ignatius, who actually died before Polycarp, makes it evident that wherever there was a body of Christians, there was a Bishop ruling through the priests over the Church.

S. But there were Patriarchs very soon.

A. Yes. I do not think it is quite clear how soon, but though one Bishop might not interfere with another in the administration of his own see, it became needful to have some point of appeal, some one with the power of summoning synods, and this naturally became placed at the central spots whence missions had gone out, and there the Bishops were dignified with the title of Patriarch—chief father.

S. The first was Jerusalem, of course, as we see in the Acts, though St. James has not the title. Then Antioch, Alexandria, Rome, Constantinople.

A. Yes; those were the great original patriarchates, which are all, to a certain degree, still represented. The North African Church had no central patriarchate, but was governed by a sort of council or synod.

S. Rome had from the first a much larger patriarchate than any of the others.

A. Probably because the missions to the far west communicated more easily with Rome than any other place, and besides, conversions were much slower there. But the patriarchal power of Rome was a very different thing in those days from what it claimed to be afterwards.

S. There was no interfering with other patriarchates.

A. No. St. Cyprian distinctly repudiated Roman dominion in Africa, and when, in right of Constantinople having become the imperial city, the Emperor Maurice tried to make that the supreme Patriarchate, Pope Gregory the Great used arguments for resistance that showed that he viewed each Patriarch as independent.

S. Of course I know that Pope is papa—father; but why is he called Pontiff?

A. Supreme Pontiff, you mean. All Bishops are Pontiffs.

S. Oh, that is why these services used by Bishops are called Pontifical; I was intending to ask why.

A. It is an old title of heathen Rome carried on. There was a band of pontiffs or priests at Rome, not by any means set apart from other occupations, as you know Julius Cæsar was Pontifex Maximus, and in the absorption of all magistracies by the Emperors they were all Pontifices Maximi up to the time of Valentinian and Valens, who dropped the title as unsuited to Christian Emperors; and when the Pope became the chief secular as well as religious power at Rome, he assumed it.

S. What does it mean? It sounds like bridge-maker.

A. So it is; at least one Latin authority says the name arose from a high priest having built a bridge in order to perform sacrifices on both sides of the Tiber, and that the other priests kept it in repair and on the bridge. But others think it was originally Pompifex, the maker of pomps or ceremonies.

S. It is through St. Gregory the Great and St. Augustine that we can trace every link in our Apostolic succession from St. Peter—or at least Linus and Clement—to Edward White Benson!

A. Cavillers, who sneer at our faith in the Apostolic succession, tell us that there is no positive evidence of many of the less distinguished Popes before St. Gregory being more than names; but we are perfectly sure that throughout the Church of the Fathers, consecration by other Bishops was an absolute requisite, and there is contemporary history enough to make it certain that if there had been any attempt at usurping authority without such consecration, we should have heard of it.

S. And we know all our own Archbishops and Bishops from Augustine downwards. Did not Pope Innocent III. consecrate Stephen Langton, and so make a break in the English line?

A. Not a break, as Roman orders are valid. Besides, though Italians consecrated Langton, in all the consecrations here he was assisted by at least two English Bishops.

S. And at the Reformation? I always get confused as to how the line was kept up after Queen Mary.

A. Providentially, we may say, no less than fifteen sees were vacant by death, and though only one of the surviving Bishops chosen by Mary conformed to the English Church, there were still living old Miles Coverdale, translator of the Bible, and formerly Bishop of Exeter, and four more, one of whom had Irish consecration. These consecrated Matthew Parker, and afterwards there was no difficulty.

S. What was the 'Nag's Head' story?

A. Forty-four years afterwards a story was put about by the Romanists that a messenger from Bonner beheld in the 'Nag's Head,' in Fleet Street, Bishop Scory consecrating the Elizabethan Bishops by putting a Bible on their heads. Nothing can be more futile than the story, since the archives of the Archbishopric, Parker's own private diary, and other contemporary letters, attest and describe his consecration at the church of St. Mary-le-Bow, according to the ritual arranged before the consecration of Hooper, and of Edward's other Bishops. Lord Howard of Effingham, the admiral who defeated the Armada, likewise bare witness of it.

S. And they were consecrated by Cranmer and Bishops of the older times. Besides, it was not intruding, for Reginald Pole was dead.

A. And he had not been consecrated till the day after Cranmer was burnt, so that the succession was perfectly regular. All really instructed Romanists know this perfectly well—Dr. Lingard, the historian, fully records it—but the fable is kept up in order to cast discredit upon English Orders, though we show our Catholicity by acknowledging those of the Roman Catholic Church.

S. We have passed over the beginning of Archbishops.

A. The lesser patriarchates were for convenience of administration divided into provinces, which in the west, at least, generally coincided with those of the Empire. The head Bishop in each province was the Primate.

S. That goes on still.

A. Yes. In different forms—sometimes, as in Scotland, the senior Bishop is Primus, not Primate, and in America likewise. I believe it is the same in the Colonial Churches. Well, the Greek colonies in Asia Minor and Sicily called their parent-place metropolis, or mother city, and the Romans afterwards adopted the name, not so much for Rome, as for the original first colony of a province, whence the other foundations had sprung. The Christians naturally began in this capital of the province, and its Bishop was thus the central authority who received appeals, transmitted them to the Patriarch, and convoked provincial synods.

S. Then he was called Metropolitan because he was Bishop of the metropolis of the colony. But the Archbishop of Canterbury is the Metropolitan, and London is the metropolis. Is it only a mistake for the capital?

A. Not quite. London was really the metropolis of the Roman province in a secular point of view, so it has a right to the title, though not ecclesiastically. But by the time the English began to be converted, the connection with the old Roman system had been broken up, and as Canterbury was the chief city of the kingdom of Kent, it was natural to make Augustine Archbishop, as the Metropolitan had come to be called. It is thought that Gregory meant London and York to be also Metropolitan cities, and that the senior Archbishop should be Primate, but those places were not converted in his time.

S. The Archbishop of York is Metropolitan of the Northern Province.

A. He is called Primate of England, and the Archbishop of Canterbury of all England, but each has separate jurisdiction.

S. And how ought Bishops to be chosen? The two from whom St. Matthias was taken were chosen by the 120 disciples at Jerusalem.

A. That was the primitive and ideal way—election by the faithful, clergy and laity together, subject to the approval of the other Bishops at hand, and it worked well as long as the Christians of each community were in small numbers, in constant danger, and the Bishop was in the most peril of all. But when the position became one of wealth and influence, and at the same time the mere populace became nominally Christian, this manner of choice was found to be unsafe. Different means of altering it were found. Generally the sovereign claimed to represent the whole body of laity, and to concur with the clergy in the election either by designation or confirmation. At Rome, after the Eastern Empire had been forced to relinquish Italy, you know how terrible the scandals were as long as the election was popular. Then Otho the Great, as Western Emperor, interposed, and took the choice into his own hands; the Romans struggled to recover it, and finally, by Hildebrand's influence, the Cardinals or Suffragan Bishops, parish clergy, and seven Deacons of the See of Rome, have the right of election.

S. And here?

A. Here the election seems from the first to have belonged to the clergy of the diocese, as represented by the Chapter, acting with the King. Gradually the King absorbed the entire power, though the claim of the Chapter is still acknowledged by sending down to them the *congé d'élire*, which, however, only mentions one person, whom they are not at liberty to reject. In France, by the Concordat of Francis I., the King had the entire right of appointment, and the Minister of Public Worship has it now. In America and our colonial Churches, the clergy of the see and the other Bishops agree in the election.

S. In the bad times after King John, the Pope took all the appointments here.

A. Yes, till Richard II.'s time.

S. But he sent the Archbishops their pall till the Reformation.

A. Or they went to fetch it. It was the remains of a larger garment, a sort of cloak, with a broad border, worn by all Bishops. The cloak vanished, but the embroidered border remained, and was called a pallium. It was always a high honour to receive this pallium from a Patriarch or Emperor, and gradually it came to be especially given to Metropolitans, and only worn by them at Celebrations. At present Roman Catholic Metropolitans receive from the Pope a pall made of the wool of the lambs blessed on St. Agnes's Day by the Pope. Our Archbishop is really, by general feeling, Patriarch of the Anglican communion, though not technically so, and with no *real* authority beyond his province.

S. He consecrates the Bishops of his province, he anoints the sovereign, he presides over convocations.

A. And appeals come to him. These are, I think, the chief differences between his powers and those of Bishops.

S. The Bishop is the direct channel of that gift of the Holy Ghost given by Our Lord. He confirms, ordains, takes a part in consecrating other Bishops, consecrates churches, and rules over the clergy of his province.

CONVERSATION UPON BOOKS.

Spider. I have two books to tell you about with which I have been much interested. One is *Dorothy Osborne's Letters to William Temple.*

Arachne. I think I saw them mentioned. Are they genuine? Not like Lady Willoughby's diary, or Mary Milton's, though those are excellent in their way.

S. Oh, no. I am sure nobody would have invented anything so unexpected as a great deal in these letters. Macaulay came on two or three in Courtenay's Life of Sir William Temple, and said how charming they were, and that set Mr. Parry on hunting in the Temple papers, and he has got them all during the two years of the engagement, when Dorothy was looking after her father at Chicksands, in Bedfordshire.

A. When were those two years?

S. Between 1652 and 1654. Dorothy's father was a most gallant Cavalier, who had been Governor of Guernsey, and held out Castle Cornet on a rock in the sea for the King till 1650, so that it was the last of all the places to surrender, and that not till he had burnt the floors for fuel, and came down to a biscuit a day with limpets off the rocks.

A. Was she there?

S. No; there seems to have been no accommodation for ladies at the best of times. She was with her mother at St. Malo most of the time, sending provisions in while it was possible. Now comes the bit of romance. Dorothy and her brothers were in the Isle of Wight in 1648, and there they fell in with young Temple, who was then twenty. They must have looked up at Carisbrooke and thought of the King, and they wrote loyal mottoes upon the window-panes. They were arrested and brought up before the Governor. I suppose he was Hammond, and Dorothy saved the others by taking it all upon herself.

A. Yes; those English Parliamentarian officers did treat women well and generously.

S. How Temple and Dorothy met again does not appear; but in 1652, her mother was dead, her father had made his peace with the existing Government and was living at Chicksands in a declining state of health. Dorothy was nursing him, and writing once a week by the carrier to Temple in London.

A. Then they were engaged?

S. Tacitly, I suppose, but not publicly, for Dorothy had other suitors—servants, as she always calls them, as if it was the regular term.

A. I suppose there is a continual coining of fresh—what shall I call it?—euphemisms—servants in those days—beaux a little later—and now, perhaps, young men. I don't think the terms gain in dignity. Were these same servants interesting?

S. One was actually Henry Cromwell, and Mrs. Dorothy employed him to get her an Irish greyhound. She is very funny about one of the others, a widower baronet with four daughters, Sir Justinian Isham, whom she is pleased to call the Emperor. Her brother wanted her to have him, and she says brought up against her all the people she had refused, like Richard III.'s ghosts; and she teases Temple with offering him his choice of her four daughters. She was very glad when at last the Emperor found another wife.

A. That sounds as if there was no formal stiffness about the letters.

S. Far from it, though they only begin with Sir. She thought Sir Justinian was not kind to his daughters, whom he kept, what she calls, prisoners in a vile house in Northamptonshire; but, she says, if she let them loose, they would be enough to make him mad!

A. Is there much about public events?

S. Very little, except that she asks, when the Rump was broken up, whether it is true that Algernon Sydney had to be turned out of his place. Perhaps it was not safe to write fully; but there are no mournings for King or Church. There is an account of a sermon preached by a Mr. Marshall, who, the notes say, was much admired; but Dorothy heard him declaim against the existence of kings, queens, lords, ladies, gentlemen, and gentlewomen. This, she says, he repeated over some forty times, 'and the rest was interlarded with the prettiest odd phrases, that I had the most ado to look soberly enough for the place I was in, that ever I had in my life.' But altogether there is very little except about her home, life and friends, and the books she reads. She seems to have known history, ancient and modern, and poetry wonderfully well, and she is always discussing the old Scudery kind of romances and the characters in them, just as you do modern stories. Then there was a misunderstanding, which made them both very unhappy; but it was made up again before Sir Peter Osborne died. Then she came to London, and there are a few merry little notes when she was on the point of marriage. They end the series. She had the small-pox, and lost her beauty for the time; however, Temple was constant, and I suppose they were not separated again during the forty years of their married life, for after that there is only one letter written in 1670, and beginning, 'My dear heart,' and another from her little daughter to her father, telling about the bonfires on the 5th of November. The child died of small-pox in 1684, and her mother in 1695. I hope Sir William Temple was worthy.

A. Far more worthy than almost any other statesman of the time,

James II. said he was the one man whose word could be trusted, and that was high praise in those days. I must get the book. I have been reading biography, too—rather late—*The Life of Agnes Strickland*, which I must say disappoints me.

S. Oh! I read that! I could not bear it, she is so conceited. That sister Elizabeth, who did quite half the work and got none of the praise, was worth a dozen of her.

A. That is too harsh, my dear. Elizabeth shrank from publicity, and there is no reason for supposing Agnes would not have most gladly shared all the fame with her. Nor is it quite fair to set down all the records of little triumphs written to a home circle as egotism, since they give such pleasure there, and no doubt Elizabeth felt the reception of these letters as more precious than the honours themselves would have been.

S. Her motto might have been the *Plus d'honneur que d'honneurs.* But I have heard other stories.

A. Never mind them. Remember that it has been always a great danger to the literary woman who succeeds that people turn her head with compliments, and then laugh at her for taking herself at their apparent valuation. Those Strickland sisters went through most industrious and thorough researches, and did a really excellent and valuable work in their *English Queens*, though it is sometimes marred by affected *verbiage*, and more so by partizanship, which amounts to scolding. In great contrast is *A Girl's Life Eighty Years ago*, the letters of an American young lady, Eliza Southgate, pleasant, lively, gossipy letters from Boston, with one attempt at self-improvement by a grave correspondence with her cousin, Moses, cut short by his death. There really is very little in them, but they are happy and bright, and show the way of life at the beginning of the century in Boston and the neighbourhood.

S. There are three more volumes of Macmillan's *English Statesmen*. Mr. Trail's *William III.*, Mrs. Green's *Henry II.*, and Frederic Harrison's *Oliver Cromwell.*

A. Mrs. Green's is an admirable account, and the *Life of Cromwell* is very successful in showing the gist of the matter, and seizing the central thread. Of course I do not agree with much of it; but I never read anything that gave such a grasp of Cromwell's career and character.

S. Here is a fresh volume of Mrs. Carey Brock's *Church Echoes*, showing how the Occasional Services work in with life.

A. Those books are full of true, earnest feeling, and will often be very useful.

S. And what stories are there?

A. Esmé Stuart's *Joan Vellacott* has one noble character in the wife; but it is very sad, and I do not like the flirtation Joan carries on with the man who ought to have married her. It is a sound warning, but I do not like the subject, though it is treated in a high

principled delicate way. I do not know that I have anything else to tell you of except *Crane Court*, a very pleasant little novel about an impoverished squire, with a millionaire manufacturer in his park; also another one of Mrs. Marshall's Bristol stories—called *The Hotwells*—pretty and pleasant; also one of Hatchard's series for girls, by Mrs. Molesworth, called '*The third Miss St. Quentin*,' a modernised Cinderella, sensible, good, and amusing.

S. Peggy Thornhill, by Mrs. Damant, give a picture of the Irish Rebellion, and a very curious one it is! And *Ismay's Children* is a very interesting, but most piteous picture of Ireland as it is now. I see, too, that Mrs. Burnett has written another story, *Sara Crewe*. Is it as good as *Lord Fauntleroy*, which took everybody by storm?

A. It has the same sort of prettiness; but I don't approve of the savage schoolmistress. It is a species extinct, and ought not to be put into children's minds. Besides these, *Readings to Sick Children* (Skeffington), are just what was needed, an excellent little book, by the writer of those two *Girls* and *Boys*, which are such excellent confirmation gifts.

S. I found my cousin reading to her Bible-class the Reverend Dr. Greene's *Bible Sketches*. They seemed to me most excellent, as far as they go, thoroughly interesting, bright, and practical, just not putting in some of the high doctrine one would like, but quite useful, and such as would do excellently to read to mothers or elder classes, or as discourses at school services.

A. Another book you should get is *Bishop Hannington's Last Journals* (Seeley). They were recovered after the Memoir was finished, and besides the diary going on nearly to his martyrdom, the first part is the history of his previous journey in the Holy Land, when he visited the scattered C.M.S. Missions in the Hauran, and saw the giant granite houses of Bashan. A novel called *Ulu* is quite worth reading for the scenes of African life, though there is a faithless tone in it as to missionary endeavours, which is a serious blemish.

S. One book more! Mrs. Walford's *Four Biographies* are delightful.

A. Of whom?

S. Jane Taylor, Hannah More, Mrs. Fry, and Mrs. Somerville, all most brightly told. All girls ought to care for them. They are more entertaining than most novels.

SHAKSPERE TALKS WITH UNCRITICAL PEOPLE.

XXV.—MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Supposed date 1603; *published* 1623.

Out of the whole number of Shakspere's plays a few might be distinguished as having a special stamp of their own, or rather an atmosphere peculiarly their own, for the difference between them and others is undefined and intangible, only it sets us speculating on what was the frame of their author's mind when he wrote them, as this alone seems to explain their unlikeness. The sunny brightness of the comedies does not suggest these questions for all the thought underlying the gay surface, nor are we puzzled by the brilliancy and vigour of the history plays, it seems quite natural that Shakspere should write them; but when we find ourselves among the problems of *Hamlet*, or the darkness of *Measure for Measure*, we begin to wonder how these things came to him, or what attracted him to them. With all the researches of critics and guesses of interpreters, we know scarcely anything of Shakspere's mental changes, and doubtless it is better that we should not be able to 'pluck out the heart of his mystery'; but we do get certain impressions, which would be equally strong if we had no positive knowledge of the poet at all. Reading *Measure for Measure* with any care, we can hardly escape the feeling that the writer's mind, for the time at least, was occupied with the darker side of humanity, not even that which affords material for magnificent tragedy, but the lower, more ignoble aspect; selfishness, weakness, meanness, hypocrisy, undisguised profligacy—all these things are prominently before his mind. Not that he is blind to the exceptions, and fails to see patient devotion and white purity shining starlike in the darkness; but even these cannot make him forget the evils with which they contrast so strongly. The intensely bitter scorn which shows itself in *Troilus and Cressida* and *Timon of Athens*, has no place here. Shakspere makes his picture of a corrupt society without getting out of temper with the people he represents. He sees all their baseness, but understanding them thoroughly, he preserves the little redeeming touches which keep them human. He did not need to look far for models, for the near neighbourhood of the Globe Theatre swarmed with people whose ways and habits are but faintly indicated even in his most repulsive scenes of the lower levels of life in Vienna. Respectable London tried to get rid of its refuse, human and otherwise, by shooting it

into Southwark, and fashionable London went to the same spot to amuse itself! Here the outcasts had a precarious protection while the authorities were not in a specially active state, and here also the greatest people in the land attended bear-baitings and other suchlike diversions, as well as the playhouses, and doubtless Shakspere noted the ways of them all. We have often observed that while he seems to have seen everything, he never expends his indignation on the sins of the ignorant and degraded, however forcibly he expresses his sense of the folly or cruelty of their social and political proceedings. He keeps scathing sarcasms and fierce denunciation for the men who should know better, for those who ought to be leaders, and has no mercy on them, especially if the objects of his wrath have claimed any ostentatious superiority. He never forces his moral on us, but he makes us see it all the same.

The original of *Measure for Measure* is easily found, as Shakspere took as much of the story as he wanted from *Promos and Cassandra*, a play in two parts, written by George Whetstone some thirty years earlier; but the alterations are so extensive that the two plots only resemble each other in a few points. Shakspere took the central situation, Promos, the cruel deputy, tempting the devoted sister Cassandra with the life of her brother Andrugio, and then treacherously ordering Andrugio's execution. He also borrowed the return of the Duke, Promos' forced marriage, the reappearance of the man supposed to be dead; and perhaps we may say besides that Promos indicates the rough outlines for Angelo's character. On the other hand, Shakspere discards a quantity of unnecessary people and incidents, and brings out his principal figures by reducing others to comparative insignificance. *Promos and Cassandra* is very long, and arranged with childish simplicity, a great part of it being occupied by the characters coming on one by one, and soliloquising at considerable length, or else singing songs, not very remarkable as songs, but yet possessing something of that music of cadence, those singing words, which seemed to come so naturally to the Elizabethan song-writers. Such materials as Shakspere draws from this unwieldy composition, he re-arranges with perfect freedom. He first makes his Duke remain in his capital disguised, instead of going away; and it is easy to see how greatly the play gains by this change, whereby the spectators are enabled to appreciate the true irony of scenes and passages otherwise of no apparent importance. He introduces fresh characters, as Lucio and Escalus, and he raises the whole conception of his heroine to an immensely higher level, by dividing the character, so to speak, into two parts—the interceding sister and the deserted bride. By this means he avoids the awkwardness of the original, where the injured Cassandra, who has loathed Promos as her brother's murderer up to the moment of being married to him, then suddenly turns round, falls deeply in love with the double-dyed villain, and is broken-hearted at the prospect of his death. Only one fine touch is

lost by Shakspere's alterations, for in the old play the doomed Andrugio, who has escaped from prison, risks his life by giving himself up again, in order to save his enemy Promos for Cassandra's sake. This is certainly magnanimous enough, but perhaps Shakspere thought it would not fit in well with the rest of the doings of Andrugio's representative, Claudio. *Promos and Cassandra* straggles apparently over a considerable period of time, certainly weeks must be supposed to pass during the action, perhaps longer, while *Measure for Measure might* be supposed only to cover two days, but, as usual, Shakspere has not troubled himself to be precise about it, and it is not clear exactly how long Angelo holds his office, as certain pauses must be imagined between several of the scenes.

First, both in time and importance, the Duke arrests our attention. Here we have the curious spectacle of a character being continually before our eyes throughout the play, but scarcely ever in his own person, till the last scene, so we have perpetually to consider whether this and that utterance represents Vincentio the Duke's real feelings, or merely corresponds with the garb of Friar Ludovick. Even when he is distinctly the Duke, there is something perplexing about him; we are not quite sure that there is not something more in his words than appears at first. We see him, to begin with, taking an eloquent farewell of the substitute whom he has just installed. To listen to him, you would say he had absolute confidence in Angelo, and was simply taking himself out of the way to give his virtuous deputy a chance to improve the world of Vienna, and yet he does not quite say so, and we discover afterwards that he knows of at least one very dark transaction in Angelo's past, and is rather anxious to test the reality of his virtue than to trust to it implicitly. It is no disparagement to the Duke to say that he has a slight turn for mystery and also for getting rid of the restraints of his office. Not that he has any wish to do anything unworthy of his high position, but he wants to get behind the scenes, to come close to the realities of life among his subjects, and to see how things really are, not how they seem. He likes to study all sorts of characters, and has a sympathetic power of entering into them and gaining their confidence; and moreover he spares himself no trouble in helping them when they need it. There is only one blot on his character, and that we learn from his own confession that he had allowed things in Vienna to go wrong from over laxity in administering the law—in fact, had failed in his duty to his subjects. This being so, we cannot help an uneasy feeling that he should not shift the work of reasserting the laws on to Angelo or anybody else, but do it himself; yet if he did, where would the plot lie? So we have to ignore this scruple, and watch the steady, self-controlled man going about his chosen business of studying the dark corners of society, never letting his disgust and annoyance overpower him, hearing himself slandered, seeing the baseness of his cousin and minister, and never betraying himself throughout. There

are differences worth noting in his treatment of the three women with whom he comes in contact. With the penitent Juliet he is gravely tender, with the desolate Mariana he is kind and encouraging, while he frankly recognises the strength of Isabella's goodness, and boldly calls on her for exertion. All three trust him instinctively and feel sure of his wisdom and judgment. Sometimes he seems a little hard in his ways, as when he tells Isabella of her brother's execution; but this may arise from his finding his part unexpectedly hard to play, for we may notice that while he assumes the manners and dress of the friar, his spiritual counsels, though striking and beautiful in themselves, are of a curiously cold and philosophical turn. It might not have seemed suitable to Shakspere to make a pretended friar give direct religious teaching; but the discourse on death which the Duke gives to Claudio might have been uttered by a pagan.

Though our disguised prince is warmly interested in all the affairs with which he becomes mixed up, his principal concern while thus concealed is to watch the effect of possessing uncontrolled power on Angelo; and as darker and darker features reveal themselves in the deputy's character, they are met by a stern resolution in the Duke that the victims shall be saved and the tyrant punished. It seems that the order for Claudio's execution comes as a surprise; with all Friar Ludovick's opportunities for estimating Angelo correctly, he has not anticipated such a depth of treachery, and all his ingenuity is taxed to find a way of saving the unhappy youth without prematurely disclosing himself. Evidently he has faith in allowing a villain plenty of rope, and this must be the explanation of the final scene, where he lets Angelo go on to the full height of delusion, seeming to take his part throughout, and credit nothing against him, and then suddenly reversing the process, and in one instant utterly confounding and crushing his miserable kinsman. Incidentally, the Duke's adventures in disguise lead him to a wife worthy of him, of whose virtues he need have no sort of doubt, which is more than could be asserted of most of his subjects in Vienna. He must, by the way, be considerably older than Isabella, as she is still quite young, and he has been reigning nineteen years when the play opens.

When the Duke has performed his temporary abdication and disappeared from view in the first scene, our attention next turns to those on whom he has conferred his power. Escalus, worthy old gentleman as he is, need not detain us long. He is not unlike our old friends Lafeu, or Gonzago in *The Tempest*, but wants their shrewd penetration, for he does not see far into things. An honest and kind-hearted old man he is, desiring to do his very best in the discharge of his important duty, careful in seeking to know the rights of every case, and inclining to take a merciful view of offenders when it is possible. Just a little touch of pomposity peeps out now and again; he likes to be known to be Angelo's 'brother justice,' but this does not spoil his real zeal and sincerity. Being himself eminently

straightforward, Escalus is the last man in the world to divine the impulses of a more complicated nature. He can imagine a Claudio very well and be very pitiful over him, but the possibilities which lie within such a being as Angelo are quite beyond his insight. Perhaps Shakspere intentionally introduces this simple, honest man, who makes no parade of special strictness, but just does his duty, as a foil to the deceptive virtue of the deputy. There is no suggestion of the character in *Promos and Cassandra*. Angelo cannot be considered in so few words; indeed, he presents a good example of Shakspere's way of taking a stock character and making it live and breathe. No figure is commoner in dramatic literature than the thorough hypocrite who hides the basest faults under the most specious pretences; but this would be a very inadequate description of Angelo. It is not quite easy to know exactly what to think of him, as we are never told whether the popular report of him is correct. Assuming it to be pretty near the truth, we conceive him then to be a man whose ideal is a sort of cold and rigid virtue, a hard, unbending correctness personified, to which he would have all the world conform. To this object he has diligently drilled and trained himself till he can imagine no other standard of morals. He has grown into this second nature, and he is quite satisfied that he has attained to the true level of uprightness in every relation of life, while he has simply grown absolutely selfish and self-centred. And all the while his fierce animal passions live on, ignored and forgotten, but capable of suddenly bursting out of their icy prisons and utterly surprising him by their strength. Angelo looks on with contemptuous wonder at the weaknesses of other men, surprised that they can be so foolish, perfectly satisfied with himself and his superiority to temptation. In this coldly serene fashion, we can quite fancy him setting aside his contract with Mariana, when her fortune was lost, without realising in the least either the girl's passionate love for him or that he was playing the part of a scoundrel in deserting her. From this icy superiority inevitably follows the merciless hardness which marks Angelo as soon as he gets into power. He is not a savage tyrant delighting in blood and cruelty for its own sake, but he is almost as indifferent to the sufferings of those who fall, and he has no hesitation in making the legal punishment as heavy as he can. We could imagine Angelo making a very good inquisitor, supposing such a position to have lain open to him. Perhaps the most irritating point about him is that the arguments with which he justifies himself all through are so painfully good, and there is not a flaw, logically, in his position. He takes his stand on this, that laws must be observed, and whoever is the offender, to allow crime to go unpunished is to breed fresh trouble in the future, while the private sins of the judge do not affect the judgment he must pronounce. It is all quite true; but, on the other hand, Shakspere brings out his favourite idea, that in a world of sinners we need something better

than strict logical justice. From the lips of his kings and princes, as well as from Portia and Isabella, he repeats his plea for mercy between fellow-men alike liable to fall. The whole point of the play seems to lie in this, that not the most immaculate in appearance could endure the hard punishment which a literal 'measure for measure' would be. Of course, Angelo emphasises all this by his confidence in his own integrity.

'It is one thing to be tempted, Escalus, another thing to fall,' he says proudly, and defies anything to stir him, thus shutting himself up to the severity of his own doom, if he is overcome after all. And immediately on that comes the temptation, in the very last shape in which he would have expected it, in Isabella's crystal clear purity and goodness, lit up by her ardent devotion to her unhappy brother. All Angelo's preciseness, all his formality and rigid self-control do not help him now, except to maintain an outward composure under Isabella's home thrusts, for at heart he has already fallen and is on the way to worse. And he knows it. He cannot blind himself to the tremendous difference between the sounding phrases with which he justifies Claudio's sentence and the state of his own mind; but the knowledge does him no good. Like the King in *Hamlet*, he tries to pray while clinging to his evil thoughts, and with the same awful result, that the mockery of devotion seems to intensify the wicked intention. As Claudius rises from his knees and straightway sends Hamlet to be murdered in England, so Angelo comes from his prayers more fully bent on destroying Isabella than before. With truly diabolical cunning he tries to entrap the girl through her own beautiful spirit of self-sacrifice, her willingness to bear any suffering to save her brother; and when her horror-struck indignation reveals to him the strength of her nature, the long stifled brutality of the man breaks out, carrying before it all regard for justice and honour. A weaker woman than Isabella would have been terrified, but it only seems to strengthen her heroism. Having gone so far, Angelo knows no turning back till he imagines his end gained. Whether he intends all along to have Claudio executed, or whether he is seized with a panic that the young man may reveal the price exacted for his life, is not explained, but perhaps the latter supposition is the more likely, as the possible consequences of sparing Claudio suggested themselves. It is such a fiendish piece of wickedness that one naturally supposes something to lead up to it. Up to this period, as Angelo admits, he has prized his austere reputation above everything, and he will do anything to preserve it. He coldly calculates that nothing Isabella can say against him will be believed on her mere word; but the seemingly capricious release of Claudio might confirm her story, therefore he must die! It is an appalling spectacle of callous selfishness. That the news of the Duke's return startles and even terrifies Angelo, is abundantly clear. His alarm awakes a sort of remorse, rather a dread of his evil deeds being known than any real

regret; he hardly knows what he wants now, and finally hardens himself against all attack. We might have expected the Duke's expressions of confidence to prick his conscience, but he gives no sign. Perhaps he may be partly expecting Isabella's appeal to the Duke as a likely consequence of the proclamation to all who were wronged, and he is so glib with his explanations and suggestions of her madness that it looks as if he had considered his line of defence beforehand. It seems to succeed beyond his expectations, and his credit with his cousin to be beyond shaking; but Angelo is not prepared for the appearance of Mariana. Still it is comparatively easy for him to meet her statements, as he really thinks he has never seen her for five years. All seems going so smoothly for Angelo, the Duke declines to hear a word against him, the stories of Mariana and Isabella contradict each other; then he is left to be judge in his own cause, with Escalus warmly taking his part, and Friar Ludovick seeming to be getting involved in hopeless confusion, when the sudden and most dramatic catastrophe annihilates the whole fair prospect. It is worth noting how little explanation follows the revelation of the Duke; the mere fact of his presence is enough for all who have been concerned with him in his disguise. Not one word is thrown away in accusations, the Duke simply proceeds with the case as they all know it. To do Angelo justice, he is not weak when this tremendous blow comes upon him, and is as ready to meet death as he has been to inflict it on others. Through all his misdeeds, he has never quite succeeded in silencing his conscience, and now it forces him to recognise the justice of the Duke's sentence. That strange swift wedding of Angelo to his old betrothed is in violent contrast to all the usual scenes connected with that ceremony, for here the bridegroom is expecting immediate death, and the poor bride is terrified at the danger she has unwittingly helped to bring on him. If anything were needed to overpower Angelo with remorse and shame, it must needs be the sight of the two women, each so deeply wronged, uniting to try and save his life; and it seems to have that effect, so that he does not know how to bear up under it, and truly goes through the bitterness of death before Claudio's reappearance delivers him.

There could hardly be two characters more diverse than the two here brought together, of the deputy and his victim Claudio; neither could the least enter into the workings of the other's mind. As for Claudio, he is just typical of hundreds of other young men, kindly, easy-tempered, with plenty of good impulses and ideas, but soft-fibred, needing to have all the circumstances of life made easy for him, if he is to keep straight, and failing direfully in strong temptation. Almost the ugliest touch in his character is shown by his deferring his marriage with Juliet till he could be sure of her fortune, for that reveals the same sort of meanness as we saw in Angelo—a cold calculation harder to forgive than Claudio's other sins. Like many such

weak-natured people, he is highly sensitive, feels his disgrace and the harshness of being paraded through the streets more keenly than Angelo probably could even imagine; and it is this very sensitiveness which makes his courage give way at the prospect of death. Probably Claudio would have ridden into battle coolly enough; facing death in that shape would have been a matter of course, but to contemplate it in cold blood is quite another thing. Even this he can manage up to a certain point; he thinks he is quite prepared and can welcome it if it is inevitable, but the possibility of escape unmans him. Isabella's well-meant efforts to break to him the thing which has been proposed to her evidently fret his strained nerves, and though his first impulse is the right one, 'Thou shalt not do it,' a revulsion follows. First comes bewilderment at Angelo's doings, he that is reputed so wise; and then comes the terrible vision of death, clad in all the horrors of mediæval fancy, ghastly spectres crowding on to the unfortunate's mind till he is temporarily overpowered by terror. It is a curious commentary on Friar Ludovick's philosophical consolations that his penitent should so quickly fall into an agony of fear, in which he would do anything to save his life. Certainly Claudio is not a hero; but perhaps there are not many really entitled to throw stones at him. His weakness begins and ends with his uncertainty, his terror seems to leave him with his hope of escape, and he is evidently truly ashamed of his momentary lapse. From this point he disappears from view into the closest seclusion of the prison, and only returns to bring the signal for general relief and rejoicing at the close of the story.

From the various forms of wickedness and weakness presented by this play, it is a great relief to turn to the one pure and beautiful figure which rises up in the midst, like the lady in Comus' hall, perhaps Shakspere's highest creation in the way of a woman's character of Christian times. In Isabella he unites the stern strength of antique ideals with the grace and beauty of a purer faith. Her circumstances call out the graver side of her nature. It is not for her to display the gay wit, the bright fancy, the brilliant ingenuity of Portia or Rosalind or Beatrice; rather to her it falls to show the deep qualities which form the foundation of the character of these happier heroines, for in love and loyalty they are all akin to each other, and to Isabella none the less, though their lives are so widely diverse. Nothing explains why Isabella took to a conventual life; but, indeed, the society of Vienna being such as is indicated, there is no great wonder that a pure-minded girl should choose to withdraw from it, especially as she seems to be quite alone in the world, except for Claudio, no particularly good protector in such times. As we first see Isabella, her intention of taking the veil is still unfixed by any vow, and her cheeks are still fresh with the outer air, but there is a sort of dignity about her, as one already removed from ordinary life, and needing not to be hampered by conventionalities. At the same

time she comes and goes as she pleases, her sister's dress seems to gain her entrance everywhere, and she carries her own atmosphere of purity and goodness with her. Into the quiet convent and its peaceful society comes the news of Claudio's danger and the call to action —a forlorn hope, indeed, but not to be neglected. Like many good people, Isabella hardly knows her own power of influence, and is startled when she finds how it affects Lucio, and how much both he and Claudio expect her to accomplish. A momentary hesitation and she recovers herself, and goes bravely into the task before her, complicated as it is by her extreme aversion to the crime for the pardon of which she has to plead. It would seem that Lucio escorts her to Angelo's presence, to inspirit her by his whispered encouragement when she seems to be giving up at Angelo's first rebuff. Perhaps Lucio's trouble here was superfluous, as probably Isabella knew perfectly that a woman is never more dangerous than when she seems to accept defeat, and quietly proceeds to argue the whole matter over again. Anyhow, Isabella gets Angelo to listen to her, and then warms into those varied appeals for mercy which make the scene famous. It is Portia's great argument over again, with this difference, that as here both parties professedly act by the same standard, which was not the case with Antonio and Shylock, Isabella can give a more personal turn to her impassioned pleading. A fresh access of horror comes over her when she realises how imminent Claudio's danger is, and indignation comes to her aid, for such speed in his execution is mere tyranny in a fallible fellow-creature. Her pleading changes almost into warning, and sends strange thrills into Angelo's heart. Though Isabella has gained a reprieve in this first interview, she does not feel sanguine of ultimate success, and therefore, on returning to Angelo, she is not surprised when he repeats his original sentence. Her devout mind turns instantly to the desire of having her poor brother prepared for death; but as the bewildering conversation goes on, now showing her a gleam of hope, then quite extinguishing it, she catches at each available point to press a fresh plea for mercy. All the more striking is the sudden immovability of her attitude when the possible alternative dawns on her mind. There is never the faintest trace of hesitation about her here, not a shadow of sentimental confusion between right and wrong, black and white; it is absolutely impossible for her to swerve by a hair's-breadth. She disdains even to refuse or protest, she sweeps the whole thing from her with magnificent scorn, only making an effort to draw a chance for Claudio out of the position into which Angelo has put himself. Here, however, she is baffled by the worldly wisdom of the deputy, and quickly sees the truth of what he brutally tells her, that she would not be believed against him, and has no chance, therefore, of shaming him into releasing Claudio. It seems as if the shock which Isabella has received produces a fervour of indignation in her, which for the time exalts her above her ordinary condition, and in

which her natural weakness vanishes. In comparison with dishonour, Claudio's death, even in torture, seems but a small matter, and she has a superb confidence that he will see it in the same light. If her manner of breaking the news of his doom to her brother seems a trifle hard, we must set it down to her highly strung state at the moment. Perhaps as she hurries from Angelo's house to the prison, some misgiving does cross her mind that Claudio is not cast quite in the same mould as herself, and that the terror of death may work upon him, as in fact it does, and therefore, though she thinks it right to tell him the whole story, she is not quite certain how it will affect him, and is much relieved by his first natural horror. His subsequent lapse has all the pain of intense disappointment for her, when she has believed him a worthy son of her father, and her indignation knows no bounds. It is the anger of love, hurt and grieved to the quick, that her dearest can prove himself so weak, so cowardly, and Isabella is carried away into a transport of wrath which might have seemed impossible to her at any other moment of her life. Though she would have flung away her life for Claudio without an instant's hesitation before he thus failed her, she would not bend her head to save him now! At least, she feels as if she would not; but the moment an innocent means of rescuing him presents itself, she is far too true a woman to trouble herself about being consistent or remembering her hasty words, and throws herself heartily in Friar Ludovick's plot. No doubt the opportunity of unmasking Angelo and befriending the deserted Mariana appeals strongly to Isabella, for women like her have always a touch of the knight-errant about them. As with more than one of Shakspere's heroines, we grieve over the needless pain she has to endure, even while we know it will soon be cured, and we think Friar Ludovick might have told her of Claudio's supposed execution less bluntly. He could hardly have been less sympathetic, and the whole passage strongly expresses the masculine horror of tears and scenes. Perhaps, though it seems harsh, it is better for Isabella to be sent off at once into action and not allowed time to dwell on her sorrow. Again, we cannot help feeling a grudge that this pure and spotless creature should have to accuse herself to the Duke, and undergo the disgrace of being disbelieved and seeing her enemy seem to triumph; but in this case there is no help for it, if Angelo's double falsity is to be discovered. When Isabella pleads not to be thought mad because her tale is so strange, we catch an echo of Hamlet; but her spirited accusation and pathetic dignity in apparent failure are all her own. You wonder how the Duke, knowing all, can carry out his part without prematurely breaking off to relieve her. Naturally Isabella is a little startled when she discovers that it is the sovereign with whom she has been on such confidential terms, and who has gone about working for her; but she has not much time to consider him in his true aspect when the question of Angelo's fate absorbs her attention, and she rises to

the height of forgiving nobleness. The sense of justice which is so strong in her comes out distinctly here. In spite of all, she thinks that Angelo may have been sincere up to the point of his acquaintance with her, and that as Claudio's life was really forfeited to the law, it is not fair that Angelo should be held guilty for executing the sentence.

The aggravations of the case, the intended wrong to herself and the broken promise, she sets aside as not to be remembered against the ruined man. No doubt regard for Mariana works powerfully with Isabella, but that by no means detracts from the heavenly beauty of her intercession for her enemy. When all this tension is relaxed and Isabella sees her brother alive and safe, we should like to have a word from her, and we might also like to know what the Novice thought of changing into the Duchess; but perhaps the 'gracious silence' with which she accepts these startling events and passes out of sight, suits her better. We can imagine her a very pearl of royal ladies, her strong soul remaining as pure and clear in her husband's court as it could have done in the cloister.

Isabella's companion heroine, Mariana (for Juliet is little more than a shadow), is as unlike her as one thoroughly loving and faithful girl can be to another. Her strength lies in enduring and forgiving rather than in trying to right herself, and though she is willing to act under direction, she would not originate action herself unless she were strongly excited. We do not wrong her in thinking her heart is a good deal stronger than her head; she thinks through her feelings, and though she might not be able to argue and persuade like Isabella, she can be even more moving by her simple entreaties. In thinking of Mariana, it is difficult to distinguish between our impressions of Shakspere's sketch of his heroine and Tennyson's filling up of the same. 'The moated grange,' to which Shakspere only once refers, inevitably calls up those two dream pictures of desolation and loneliness, the one on the chill, gusty northern flats, the other on the choking, glaring southern plain, so that it is an effort to realise that Shakspere tells us absolutely nothing about Mariana's surroundings, except that she lives in 'the moated grange of St Luke's,' which in exact words means the farm-house of St. Luke's convent, protected by a moat, such a humble though safe shelter as might suit the portionless and lonely woman. Of course, Mariana is in a peculiar position. By her formal contract with Angelo, she is justified in considering him as her husband, and the Duke also evidently considers him in that light; but it does not appear whether she could have claimed the fulfilment of the engagement when Angelo chose to back out of it. At all events, in her friendless condition she seems to have been as helpless as Angelo could desire. These previous contracts are useful pieces of machinery to some of the Elizabethan dramatists.

In one play, where the heroine is supposed to have married in

defiance of her contract, the marriage holds good, but the aggrieved lover comes down on the husband for compensation, quite in the modern unromantic 'breach of promise' fashion.

Poor Mariana is far enough from seeking compensation from any one. She is rather inclined to cling to her sorrow, and think herself to blame if she could be cheerful, as she half apologises to the Friar for taking pleasure even in music. It is sometimes objected that it is unnatural that Mariana's love for Angelo should survive so much, not only his desertion of her, but her knowledge of his baseness and his desperate effort to repudiate her to the last. But Shakspere knew, with the wise man of old, that many waters cannot quench love, not even the bitter waves of sorrow through which Mariana passes. She does not defend Angelo's crimes, she cannot say why she loves him, but she does love him in a way that nothing can alter. Her five long years of loneliness have not changed her feelings; she is just as anxious to be reconciled to her husband as if they had parted but the day before. Evidently Mariana has no idea that she may bring Angelo into danger by her appeal to the Duke, for his sentence, following close on the marriage, comes on her with a terrible shock. It inspires her for the time. She, who has yielded passively to her own troubles, becomes eager, vehement, almost passionate in trying to save her husband. She does not care whether it is 'against all sense,' as the Duke says; she heeds not what Angelo may have deserved, or that she might have a better husband; she has but one idea, to save the man she loves. It is a beautiful unreason, as perfect in its loving impetuosity as Isabella's more measured forgiveness; but you wonder whether Angelo could ever, in any degree, become worthy of his wife. Perhaps the walls of his self-conceit having been thus roughly battered down, there might be a chance for something better to grow, unless Mariana spoilt him, which is always possible.

Turning back to the crowd of inferior personages who make a confused background for the principal figures of the story, one stands out distinguished by the strange contradictions which he presents. Angelo would have unhesitatingly declared that Lucio had not a spark of good in his whole composition, and the Duke would have agreed with him, and, indeed, there is but too much ground for the assertion. As we glanced at his reckless folly we feel disposed to set him down as an idle, worthless chatterer, caring for nothing in heaven or earth but his own vicious amusement. But the whole point of Lucio's character, the reason why Shakspere brought him in at all (and he has no counterpart in the original), seems to be that with all his viciousness some good lingers in him; he has not lost the power of reverencing something better than himself. Neither has he grown absolutely selfish; he is sincerely sorry for Claudio in his distress and danger, and desirous to do him the only service in his power. But the most unexpected development in

Lucio's proceedings is his intercourse with Isabella. The reprobate good-for-nothing treats the fair young novice as something too sacred to have a rough word offend her ears, and evidently takes pains to restrain the usual license of his tongue so as not to distress her. Her pure goodness seems to call out those instincts of respect and chivalry in which we should have thought him hopelessly deficient, and Isabella's own brother could not be more anxious to help and encourage her than this poor Lucio. He gets more familiar with her in the excitement of urging on her suit to Angelo, but his warm interest in her success excuses his bluntness in expressing himself, and his pressure is not inopportune. It is curious to consider the mental position with reference to Isabella of Lucio and Angelo at this juncture. Here we have the same woman inspiring the one man with unfeigned respect and interest, without effort or consciousness on her part, and equally unwittingly appealing to the other with the force of irresistible temptation, while any one knowing the characters beforehand, would have expected the positions to be exactly reversed. Who would have looked for honest sympathy from Lucio, or for evil passion in Angelo? Yet we may be certain that Shakspere drew neither character at random; and perhaps his feeling was that a life of semi-conscious hypocrisy and conceit might nourish worse evils than even a career of dissipation and vice, so that there might be more hope for Lucio than Angelo. Not that he spares the black shades in Lucio's portrait; his vanity, his reckless talking, his remarkable indifference to truth and unbounded affection for gossip and scandal, are all fully displayed. Here again Shakspere may easily have had living models in his mind's eye. With his wide acquaintance with all sorts of people, he must have heard plenty of the gossip of the day, and known how the idle young gentlemen would chatter, sparing nobody in their desire to seem important and well informed. Lucio's wild talk produces more effect on the Duke's temper than we should quite have expected. Of course, the prince was unused to hearing himself discussed, and the malicious gossip of a town retailed by such a feather brain as Lucio would be peculiarly irritating, especially as he has to stifle his feelings. Then Lucio's uncalled-for aspersions on Friar Ludovick may add to the annoyance; but when the great offender, Angelo, escapes with a fright, we think the Duke might magnanimously forget a good deal which came to his ears in his disguise. Nevertheless, the sentiment that slandering a prince deserves the highest penalty would be entirely in keeping with the feeling of Tudor and Stuart days.

We have already said something of the strictly inferior persons of the play, and as their society is far from edifying, we need not stay to particularise them, only noting how dull and sordid and uninviting Shakspere makes them all, whether of set purpose, or simply from representing profligacy and vice just as he saw them. None

of the brilliant wit, the exuberant fun which lit up the tavern in Eastcheap, throws a ray over these slums of Vienna. A faint shadow of Dogberry may be discerned in the constable, but he is far indeed from that immortal official. Probably Shakspere was little enough in tune for laughter when he wrote *Measure for Measure*, and pondered the anomalies of imperfect human justice and the judgments of one sinner on another.

CONSTANCE O'BRIEN.

THE BOARDING-OUT OF WORKHOUSE CHILDREN.

PRACTICAL philanthropy has come well to the front in late years. Woman's work, both as regards herself and her neighbours, has been the subject of many a discussion, not only on the public platform, but in the literature of the day. The nobility of all work has been recognised, and women have nobly come forward as hospital nurses, workers amongst the poor in schools, *crêches*, penitentiaries, etc.; soup-kitchens, temperance clubs, and workmen's halls; mothers' meetings have been established, which have been a great power for good in this land; but, it is a fact, that comparatively little has been done for our motherless little ones in the workhouse. Any one who has seen the ordinary workhouse child cannot fail to be struck with the want of life, amounting even to melancholy, on the part of the more sensitive children.

There are 60,080 children in England and Wales alone dependent on the Union. To think that there are thousands of little children fatherless, motherless, in many cases, brotherless, sisterless, without a friend in the world, must make any womanly heart sad. In the workhouse, where they are brought up in large numbers, they become mere machines, and when they go out to service at the age of thirteen, they are unable to do the most simple things required of them. Their stupidity has become a recognised fact, simply because their intelligence has not been awakened, and in such small household duties, as minding the baby, or peeling potatoes, they are more useless than a child of seven, brought up in a cottage home. To restore to these poor little orphans the protection of a mother's love is the object *par excellence* of the boarding-out system. To make them more useful members of society is a secondary motive; to give them home ties, to restore to them the family life—the most perfect type of family life, is the object of finding them country homes. The love, gratitude, and delight of these children in finding themselves one of a family, immeasurably repays the slight trouble in forming a Committee, and in sending the quarterly reports of the children to the Board of Guardians. Many people shrink from boarding-out from the difficulties that have to be overcome in finding Boards of Guardians willing to intrust children to their care.

Experience, business-like habits, and patience, are invariably the latch-keys of success. A boarding-out Committee should be formed, consisting of influential personages, such as the clergyman of the parish, the resident squire, if a J.P. so much the better, a Guardian or a neighbouring clergyman; the wives and daughters of the above,

or one or two ladies of the parish, one of whom will act as Lady President of the Committee. The names, addresses, and social position of the members should be sent to the Local Government Board, Whitehall, in order that the Committees may be certified, to undertake agreements with Boards of Guardians.

Suitable homes having been found in accordance with the regulations of the Local Government Board of the 25th of November, 1870, applications should be made to those Boards of Guardians who have adopted the boarding-out system. For this purpose it is well to draw up on a sheet of foolscap paper a memorandum giving the names of the members of the certified Committee, particulars of the homes, foster-parent, school, future prospects of the children, stating whether boys or girls are required, etc. The description should be short, concise, and to the point.

If accepted by the Board of Guardians, a form of agreement will be sent for the signature of the Committee, which, after being signed by the Board of Guardians, will have to be sanctioned by the Local Government Board. Forms of undertaking for the foster-parents will be sent in due course, and the children's outfits will be prepared.

The Local Government Board do not allow the Guardians to offer more than four shillings per week for maintenance; in the Midland Counties three shillings per week is the sum agreed on. The children are provided with a good outfit, the school fees are paid, and a subscription is usually made to a Provident fund for medical attendance.

Two pounds per annum is the usual allowance for the repair and renewal of the child's outfit, and sometimes a further allowance is made on the child's going to service.

The children soon become warmly attached to their foster-parents and brothers and sisters, and gradually become useful in the garden and in the house.

Apart from the responsibility of allowing innocent children to be made familiar with the most degrading form of evil from their earliest infancy, is the consideration that the system of bringing them up in the workhouse is likely to increase the evil, and to produce an increasing pauper-population.

Separated from old associations, these little children soon lose the apathy and dulness consequent on their dreary life in the workhouse, and become as happy and light-hearted as their more fortunate brothers and sisters.

I shall be glad to give any information on the subject of boarding-out of our orphan and deserted children. My name and address are with the Publisher.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

'The only failure I am afraid of, is failure in cleaving to the purpose I feel to be best.'—*George Eliot.*

Be thine a lofty aim, a grand endeavour,
A pressing upwards to an unknown height;
A striving after perfect things which ever
Seem hidden from thy sight.

Believe in human nature that it holdeth,
Hid in its depths the germs of noble things;
Wait on in patient trust till it unfoldeth
Its strong majestic wings.

What though thine efforts may not seem victorious,
The smile of God thy daily toil shall bless;
Even thy failures shall be far more glorious
Than other men's success.

Till in the distance faintly thou discernest
The bright ideal of the far-off past;
Things true and beautiful for which thou yearnest,
Thine own—thine own at last!

E. H. Brodrick.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

III.

1558–1625 A.D.

The literature of the Elizabethan era is full of interest, so full indeed that at times one is apt to feel bewildered, and wonder how to find a way through the labyrinth of interesting facts which have to be dealt with; in no other age perhaps has there been such an outburst of literary production of every kind, or such a number of important and attractive literary personalities, and in studying both it will be well to bear in mind Professor Dowden's definition of the phenomenon as 'the flowering through art of a new faith and a new joy, a faith in the spiritual truths recovered by the Reformation movement, a joy in the world of nature and of human life as presented in the magic mirror of the Renaissance.'

Roughly speaking, the whole period may be marked off into three divisions, of which the first, from 1558 to 1579, may be characterised as the period of childhood, of education by means chiefly of translation from foreign authors, and varied experiments in style and metre; the second, from 1579 to 1599, as the period of vigorous youth, the enormous advance of which upon its predecessor is represented in poetry by Spenser, in prose by Hooker; while the third, from 1599 to 1625, is the period of full-grown manhood, and includes the best work of Bacon and Shakespeare. These divisions, of course, overlap each other, but in the main are accurate and will serve as milestones, so to speak, on the road which is to be travelled.

One great original writer belongs to the first period, in the person of Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, one of Elizabeth's most trusted advisers, and Lord Burleigh's successor in the office of High Treasurer. Sackville's literary career was remarkable, as much for the early age at which it began and ended, as for the genius displayed in the two works by which he is remembered. The first of these is the *Tragedy of Gorboduc*, which, acted by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple in January 1562, properly belongs to the history of the drama; the second is his contribution to the *Mirror of Magistrates*, a collection of poems compiled by Baldwin of Oxford and other learned men, and published by the printer Wayland as a continuation of Lydgate's translation from Boccacio's Fall of Princes. It was in 1559 that Sackville, then only twenty-three years of age, contributed to the second edition of this work, his *Induction* and *Legend of the Duke of Buckingham*, by far the most important part of the whole collection.

Carrying out the intention of the compilers, who state in their preface that the book is to be a 'myrrour for al men as well nobles as others, to show ye slypery deceytes of the wavering lady, and the due reward of all kinds of vices,' Sackville resorts to the old Chaucerian method of a solitary walk, in the course of which he meets with 'a piteous wight, whom woe had al forewaste,' and who, turning out to be Sorrow herself, conducts the poet to the shades, where the ghosts of the unhappy dead are to appear to him, and relate their histories. The first to appear is the ghost of the Duke of Buckingham, who was put to death by Richard III., and his story is the only one of the intended series completed by Sackville. Writing at this epoch of Italian influence, Sackville, who has but little of the joyous Renaissance spirit, showed himself a follower of Dante rather than of Petrarch, and perhaps he studied Virgil more than either of them; there are certainly reminiscences of the sixth Æneid in the powerfully gloomy stanzas describing the descent to the shades—

'Thence come we to the horror and the hell,
The large great kingdoms and the dreadful reign
Of Pluto in his throne where he did dwell,
The wild waste places and the hugy plain,
The wailing, shrieks, and sundry sorts of pain,
The sighs, the sobs, the deep and deadly groan,
Earth, air and all, resounding plaint and moan.

Here puled the babes, and here the maids unwed,
With folded hands their sorry chance bewailed;
Here went the guiltless slain and lovers dead,
That slew themselves when nothing else availed;
A thousand sorts of sorrows here, that wailed
With sighs and tears, sobs, shrieks, and all yfere,
That oh, alas! it was a hell to hear.'

These two stanzas alone are sufficient to illustrate Sackville's perfect command of Chaucer's metre, as well as that extraordinary faculty of depicting scenes of gloom and despair, which caused Campbell to characterise his poem as 'a landscape on which the sun never shines.' His personifications, too, are full of force, and anticipate, as they probably inspired, parts of the *Faery Queen*, one of the prefatory sonnets to which is inscribed to Sackville. Among the host of inferior poets contemporary with Sackville, perhaps George Gascoigne should be mentioned as having made more than one new departure in English literature, in that he wrote the first English prose comedy—the *Supposes*, adapted from Ariosto; the first verse satire, the *Steel glass;* the first prose tale, an adaptation from Bandello; the first essay in criticism, *Notes of instruction in verse making*, and the first translation from Greek tragedy, *Jocasta*. The work of translation was, as has been said, pursued with much ardour and diligence during this period—versions of the classics and of Italian authors following one upon the other with great rapidity. Between the years 1560 and 1580 the tragedies of Seneca were translated by Jasper

Heywood, by Studley and Nuce; while in 1562 appeared the first nine books of the Æneid by Phaer; in 1565 Ovid's *Metamorphoses* by Arthur Golding, and in 1567 the *Historial Epistles* of Ovid by Tuberville.

Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Lives, taken from the French of Jacques Amyot, is important as being the source of Shakespeare's Roman plays, while Sir John Harington's *Orlando Furioso* (1591) and Fairfax's Tasso may here be noticed. It will also be convenient to speak of Chapman at this point, though his translation of the first seven books of the Iliad did not appear till 1597, and the complete edition of Homer's works till 1616. In translating the Iliad, Chapman used long lines of fourteen syllables, in the Odyssey on the other hand, he employed the rhyming heroic couplet. His own theory of translation was that it was 'a pedantical and absurd affectation to turn his author word for word,' and that it behoved a translator 'to adorn his original with words, and such a style and form of oration as are most apt for the language into which they are converted.' Hence probably what Lamb called the 'unconquerable quaintness' of Chapman, shown for instance in such undesirable expansions as that of Homer's

'Zeus hath troubled the deep,'

into

'How all the tops he bottoms with the deeps,
And in the bottoms all the tops he steeps!'

Lamb, however, goes on to say that 'passion (the all in all in poetry) is everywhere present, and putting sense into the absurd. He makes his readers glow, weep, tremble, take any affection which he pleases, be moved by words, or in spite of them, be disgusted, and overcome that disgust.' *

Chapman was full of enthusiasm for Homer, and in a white-heat of composition, is said to have made his translation of the last twelve books of the Iliad in the space of fifteen weeks.

One result of this perpetual study and imitation of foreign models was an exaggerated admiration of their style and metre, and an attempt to naturalize both on English soil. Gabriel Harvey, at Cambridge, was the prime upholder of the movement, which was further supported by William Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie* (1586), and George Puttenham in his *Arte of English Poesie* (1589). Webbe speaks of rhyme as 'tynkerly verse,' and illustrates his principles by a hexameter translation of Virgil's Eclogues, as a specimen of which may be given the two lines—

'But, by the scorcht banke sydes, i' thy footsteppes still I go plodding,
Hedgerows hott doo resound with grashops mournfully squeaking.'

Puttenham's was a more elaborate work, with respect to which Sir John Harington said in the preface to his *Orlando Furioso*, that 'the

* Keats' beautiful sonnet on Chapman will be remembered.

poore gentleman laboureth greatly to prove or rather to make poetry an art . . . yet in my poor opinion he doth prove nothing more plainly than . . . that it is a gift and not an art.'

It was much that a sense of the need for criticism had been aroused, but the attention paid to style and the stress laid upon particular forms of verse and modes of expression could hardly fail to engender in some shape or other that 'first distemper of learning when men study words and not matter.'

Hence the strange phase of literary fashion known as Euphuism. John Lyly, to whom we owe the term, was born in 1554, and received his education at Oxford, beyond which two facts little is known of him but that he was an unattractive kind of person, always suing for court favours which he never obtained. He wrote plays, but his most famous book was *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*, a work which was more successful than its author, since it achieved immediate popularity on its appearance in 1579, and was read and quoted to such an extent no less at court than in literary circles that, as a contemporary author relates, the 'beautie who could not parley Euphuisme was as little regarded as shee which now there speakes not Frenche.' The story is long and tedious, detailing the adventures of the young Athenian Euphues, who in the first part has a love adventure at Naples, and in the fourth visits and pours himself out in admiration of England and Elizabeth's court—the two intermediate parts consisting of a treatise on education embodying the ideas of Roger Ascham, and an exhortation to atheists, after the manner of Latimer. The characteristics of Lyly's style are alliteration, antithesis, and the perpetual and wearisome employment of metaphor. This is perhaps endurable in a book, but when it was the essential ingredient of everyday conversation, it must have been intolerable, and doubtless some of those who employed it were aware of the fact. Gascoigne for instance, who in one passage, after a Euphuistic flight, resumes his narrative with the significant words 'to speak *English*.' *Euphues* was made fun of by Shakespeare in *Love's Labour Lost*, and caricatured by Sir Walter Scott in *The Monastery*; but hard as it is to realise that it was the popular novel of the day, the fact of its having been so speaks well for the morals if not for the literary taste of the Elizabethan public; indeed, in spite of the dulness and pedantry, those who can prevail upon themselves to read it will find that it fully deserves Kingsley's verdict in *Westward Ho*, to the effect that it is 'as brave, righteous and pious a book as a man need look into.' Perhaps nowadays most people confine themselves to 'looking into' it.

The other fashionable novel of the day was the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney, a long romantic story of knights and shepherds, princesses and pirates, abounding in incidents, and free from the worst faults of *Euphues*, though it must be classed as belonging to the Euphuistic school, while the sentiment, if at times overstrained, is as high and pure as we should expect from Sir Philip Sidney, of whom his

friend Lord Brooke recorded that 'his end was not writing even while he wrote, nor his knowledge moulded for tables and schools; but both his wit and understanding bent upon his heart, to make himself and others, not in words or opinion, but in life and action, good and great.'

Sidney was only twenty-four in 1580 when, to please his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, he wrote the *Arcadia*; he had, however, already an almost European reputation for wit, for learning, for statesmanship and for chivalry; his presence at court was all but indispensable, and as a literary critic, his word was law.

In about this same year, 1580, he wrote his *Apologie for Poetrie*, a short but delightful and spirited answer to Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, which was an attack upon art in general and poetry in particular. At this date too he began to write the series of sonnets known as *Astrophel and Stella*, during and in commemoration of his unsuccessful courtship of Lady Penelope Devereux.

Six years later his death, of wounds received at Zutphen, caused an almost universal shock of sorrow and consternation; never was any one better loved, more earnestly regretted, as may be seen from the constant allusions in works of his contemporaries to his 'most gentle spirit,' his 'sweet attractive kind of grace,' and 'happy soul.' Sidney was the typical man of his age, full of its chivalrous courtesy, its earnest religion, its delight in beauty spiritual no less than material, and its Platonic visions of the identity between the two; he was in fact one of the two greatest exponents of the 'new faith' and the 'new joy;' the other was his friend and brother poet, Edmund Spenser. In 1569, Spenser, a promising schoolboy of seventeen, who had already published translations from Petrarch and du Bellay, was sent up from Merchant Taylors to Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he passed seven important years, became a thorough scholar, a Puritan after the pattern of Whitgift, and for a time, luckily a short time only, a poet after the pattern of Gabriel Harvey, who, with the 'twoo worthy gentlemen, Master Sidney and Master Dyer,' was advocating with might and main 'a generall surceasing and silence of balde rymers' and the naturalisation, already alluded to, of classical metres.

Spenser's deference to Harvey as a critic equalled his love for him as a friend, but he was not without his doubts as to the merits of the 'English reformed versifying,' and there are certain allusions in his correspondence, to scansion that produced the effect of a 'lame gosling that draweth one legge after her,' and a 'lame dogge that holds up one legge,' which are the first indications of that fortunate revolt from Harvey's system without which the *Shepherd's Calendar* and the *Faery Queen* could never have been written.

The *Calendar* was published in 1579, after three years of which we do not know much except that Spenser passed them for the most part in the North of England, that he paid court to and was rejected

by a lady called Rosalinde, and that he made acquaintance with and probably visited Sir Philip Sidney at Penshurst; the poem, or rather collection of poems, published as it was at a favourable moment, secured him immediate recognition as a great poet, worthy, as his friend and annotator Edmund Kirke had confidently asserted, to be placed beside Chaucer, 'the loadstar of our language.' Modelled on the pastoral poetry of the Italian Renaissance, the *Shepherd's Calendar* consists of twelve Eclogues named after the twelve months of the year, and treating of every conceivable subject, from the poet's love for Rosalinde to his views as to the issue between Puritans and Catholics. Its charm lies in the musical beauty of the various metres employed, and is perhaps enhanced by the language which, though it has been censured as archaic, and a mixture of 'Chaucer, Northern dialect, classicisms and foreign words,' needs no further defence than Edmund Kirke's, to the effect that it 'brings great grace and, as one would say, authority to the verse.' A secretaryship in Ireland seems a strange reward for the author of a successful poem, but it was no doubt partly to the reputation he gained by the *Calendar*, that Spenser owed his appointment under Lord Grey de Wilton, the new Lord Deputy, and the sudden exchange, in 1580, of a life of cultured tranquillity, with no troubles but the coldness of Rosalinde, and the non-success of a set of English sapphics, for one of action, responsibility and danger in a country where rebellions and massacres, foreign invasions and wholesale executions were everyday occurrences. Spenser's attitude towards Irish affairs was that of the ordinary Englishman of the day; all that the Irish did was wrong, all that the English did was right; it seemed in fact to him the conflict between good and evil, and he idealised his chief Lord Grey, whose unmitigated severity eventually caused his recall, until he appeared the personification of Justice and worthy of a part in the drama of the *Faery Queen*. Active life did not banish poetry from Spenser's mind, but provided him with materials on which to work. It was at some time between the years 1584 and 1588 that there assembled in the house of one Ludovick Bryskett, near Dublin, a number of the principal Englishmen engaged in Irish affairs, but interested nevertheless in questions ethical and literary. A narrative of this meeting was published by Bryskett, who tells how the conversation turned on moral philosophy, and how he expressed a wish that some Englishman would follow the example of the Italians in providing their countrymen with versions of Plato's works, and how he suggested that 'a gentleman in this companie,' whom he knows to be, 'not onelie perfect in the Greek tongue, but also very well read in philosophie, both morall and naturall,' should favour those present with a discourse upon that subject, and how Mr. Spenser (now alluded to by name) refuses this request, on the ground that he has already 'undertaken a work

tending to the same effect, which is in *heroical verse* under the title of a *Faerie Queen*, to represent all the moral vertues.'

Into this work Spenser says, 'he has already well entered,' and but a very few years later, in 1589, he showed the first three books of his poem to Raleigh who was visiting him at his estate of Kilcolman, and allowed himself to be persuaded to take them to London, where, in 1590 they were published, and received with universal favour.

It was to Raleigh that Spenser addressed his dedicatory letter, showing that the poem was to consist of twelve books, and that the explanation of the whole was to be given in the last; this book would contain the description of a feast given by the Faery Queen, and the setting forth of her knights upon the adventures, described in the previous books. His object, he says, is 'to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline,' and following, as he considers, Homer, Virgil, Ariosto and Tasso; this he purposes to do by means of an allegory, the twelve knights representing the 'twelve private morall vertues, as Aristotle has devised,' and all of these being combined in the one virtue of 'magnificence' or 'magnanimity,' typified by Prince Arthur. The *Faery Queen* is, in his 'generall intention,' glory, but in his 'particular intention,' Queen Elizabeth. He further explains that should this first instalment of his work be 'well accepted,' he intends to proceed to the illustration of the 'polliticke vertues,' in the person of Arthur, 'after that he came to be king.' This intention, however, was never carried out, and indeed, of the first projected twelve books, only six, and the fragment of a seventh were accomplished.

It is an obvious defect in a professedly epic poem that it should need a prose key to explain its meaning; but this, with Spenser's other faults of over-diffuseness and sameness of incident, are easily understood if the fact is realised that he was as emphatically a moral teacher, as was Chaucer a story teller, exactly reversing Chaucer's process of taking care of the story, and letting the moral take care of itself; while his allegory, diverse as are its aspects, political and personal, no less than religious and moral, consists in the main of variations on the theme expressed in these four lines—

> 'Ay me! how many perils do enfold
> The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
> Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
> And stedfast Truth acquite him out of all.'

The charm of Spenser, as Dean Church has said, consists chiefly in the 'quaint stateliness of his imaginary world and its representations,' the beauty of the nine-line stanza, first employed by him, and, above all, in his noble philosophy of life, his earnest exposition of spiritual truth, and the sympathy with which he dwells on all that is 'true, honourable, just, pure, lovely and of good report.'

The remaining three books of the *Faery Queen* were published in 1595, between which date and that of his return to England, Spenser had experienced court favour and court disappointments, had published a volume entitled *Complaint*, had gone back to Ireland and made a happy marriage, and celebrated it in his *Epithalamium*, which appeared at about the same time as a poem called *Colin Clout's come home again*, and a series of sonnets known as *Amoretti*. The last thing he published was a prose document on the state of Ireland, and in 1598, the year of its appearance, his happiness received its death-blow, for Kilcolman was burnt by the rebels, and one of his children with it. Spenser escaped with his wife and remaining children to England, where he spent the last year of his life, in poverty, if not in absolute want. He died in 1599, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

The vast amount of poetry published during the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, and the first twenty years of the seventeenth century, makes it impossible to do more than point out, as briefly as may be, the different schools of which it was the representative.

First in order then, we have the sonneteers, of whose work, omitting for the present all mention of Shakespeare and of the other dramatists, the finest examples are Sidney's *Astrophel* (1591) and Spenser's *Amoretti* (1598); Constable, Daniel, and Drayton all published collections in 1593, as did Thomas Watson, whose *Hecotompathia* is irresistibly comic, with its naive preface to each sonnet, informing the reader that this 'passion' is wrought out of Stephanus Forcatulus, that 'for the most part' from Seraphine, and so on. Love was the subject treated by most of the sonneteers, as well as by the contributors to the miscellanies which form one striking characteristic of the Elizabethan era, and the most noted of which are the *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), *England's Helicon* (1600), and Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody* (1602). Historical poetry had its representatives in Warner, Daniel, and Drayton; and there was a small school of philosophical poets, such as Fulke, Lord Brooke, and Sir John Davies (author of *Nosce te ipsum*), who represented the reaction against pastoral love poetry, and an attempt to introduce the serious element into art. Satire was written by Lodge, Hall, Marston, and Donne; while the Catholic reaction was represented by the work of Robert Southwell, a Jesuit, who was executed in 1594.

Sir Walter Raleigh, whose brilliant life and tragic death belong rather to political than to literary history, wrote love poetry and religious poetry alike, making also an important contribution to prose literature in his *History of the World*, written during his imprisonmen in the Tower between the years 1607 and 1614.

The three great enthusiasms of this age, for foreign literature, for travel and discovery, and for religion, reformed or unreformed, had of course their influence upon prose, that of the first being manifested in Lyly's *Euphues*, and in the tales of Peele, Lodge, and Greene; that

of the second in such publications as Hakluyt's *Navigation, Voyages and Discoveries of the English Nation* (1589); that of the last in translations of the Bible (notably the *Geneva Bible*, 1560, the *Bishops' Bible*, 1568, and the *Authorised Version*, 1611), and in the war of pamphlets between the advocates and opponents of Episcopacy; the most prominent phase of this last being what is known as the *Martin Marprelate* Controversy, and its most important result the works of Richard Hooker. It was in 1580 that Hooker, by his appointment to the Mastership of the Temple, came in contact with the Puritan Travers, who, as afternoon lecturer there, was preaching the doctrines of Calvin every Sunday of the term. This suggested the composition of a work to refute his views, and hence the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, the first five books of which were written by 1597, the remaining three, as we have them, being either the work of some other hand, or, if Hooker's, unrevised and incomplete.

In opposition to the contention of Travers and his friends that Scripture was the only rule in all matters both small and great, and that the Presbyterian form of church government was prescribed by Scripture, and binding upon all, Hooker maintains that Scripture is only one of the means of guidance provided for mankind, the principal of such means being reason, the function of which it is to distinguish between laws temporal and eternal, mutable and immutable; his first book is devoted to the establishment of this distinction, and to the investigation of the nature and essence of law, after which he proceeds to apply the principle to the issue between himself and the Puritans, and to maintain that, while the directions as to church government contained in Scripture are to be reckoned among laws variable according to circumstances, the concurrent evidence of reason and tradition goes to prove the superior claims of Episcopacy, which he shows to be an apostolical institution and preferable to the Presbyterian System.

The *Ecclesiastical Polity* was the first great English work of philosophy, and it is interesting, apart from its theological value and the stately beauty of its style, because it contains the germ of the political theories developed in the next century by Hobbes and Locke, and notably that which traces the origin of government to a primary contrast between rulers and ruled.

Passing over the theological works of Dr. Donne, Bishop Hall, and Bishop Andrewes, as well as the curious and learned *Anatomy of Melancholy* of Robert Burton, published in 1621, we come to what, Shakespeare apart, is the greatest name of the whole period, the name of Francis Bacon. As a statesman, as a philosopher, as an author, Bacon must always be one of the most interesting figures in history, though it is in the last-named capacity only that he can be contemplated with feelings free from an admixture of disappointment—almost of melancholy. The outline of his life may soon be given: born in 1561, he was educated at Cambridge, and after his father's death

studied law at Gray's Inn, becoming a barrister in 1582, and, two years later, entering Parliament. From a boy he had entertained vast designs for the regeneration of science, and these he considered it impossible to carry into execution without material prosperity and success in public life. Such success he deliberately resolved to win, and being looked on with coldness by his uncle, Lord Burleigh, he attached himself to Essex, for whose patronage and friendship he made a poor return, appearing against him on his trial in 1600, and putting unnecessary ardour into the task. This was the basest act of Bacon's life, and it is difficult to excuse it on the ground that the refusal of his services for the prosecution, valuable chiefly because he had been the friend of Essex, would have retarded his own advancement, and that this advancement was necessary to the interests of science. Promotion came, though slowly, and after years of scheming, and patiently studying the humours of James and his favourite, Buckingham, Bacon, in 1613 became Attorney-General, and three years later, Lord Chancellor. His fall was not far off; in 1621 the House of Commons ordered an inquiry into the condition of Justice, the result of which was that serious charges of venality were brought against the Chancellor. Bacon owned to all, was deprived of his offices and emoluments, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine. The exact extent of his guilt it is difficult to define, but the standard of morality as regards the acceptance of gifts by judges was low in that age, and probably the worst that can be said of Bacon is that he was not in advance of his contemporaries; his own estimate of the matter is perhaps the truest: 'I was the justest judge that was in England these 50 years, but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these 200 years.' Bacon devoted himself to science for the remainder of his life; he died on Easter day, 1626. Of his works the most important are those which expound his philosophical system, namely the *Advancement of Learning*, published in 1605, the *Novum Organum* (1620), the *Historia Naturalis* (1622), and the *de Augmentis*, an expansion in Latin of the *Advancement*, published in 1623. These four books are all that he accomplished of a vast work, which, under the title of the *Magna Instauratio*, was to revolutionise science, substituting for the methods of the schoolmen, and their unquestioning reliance on Aristotle, a system depending on experiment and the observation of facts. When fully developed, the system was to open a royal road to learning, to furnish a mechanical instrument, which could be employed by all alike, and would enable the man of meanest intellect to comprehend and command the forces of the Universe. The grandeur of this idea to which Bacon, taking 'all knowledge to be his province,' devoted his life, is only equalled by the impossibility of its realisation; his services to science have, however, been hardly less important than those which he imagined he could render, since, as has well been said, 'it is scientific work to put men's minds into an attitude ready for science, and true as it may be that his theory of induction was

not new, that his method was unpractical and clumsy—that he was ignorant of contemporary research and discovery, he yet did put men's minds into an attitude ready for science by his insistence on the greatness of human knowledge and its destinies, and his incessant proclamation of the only principles on which it is possible to attain to a comprehension of the laws of nature.

His other works are the *Essays*, published in 1597, 1612, 1625; the *History of Henry VII.* (1622), and the *New Atlantis* (1624), in all of which, as in the philosophical writings, is seen the perfection of English prose, as it appears, emancipated from a servile imitation of classic models, yet bearing evidence of the useful discipline to which the language had been subjected by the study of these throughout the whole past century.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—III.

Questions.

18. Define Lyrical Poetry and mention the principal writers of lyrics in this period.

19. What do you understand by the term Euphuism? Where did the style come from, and how did Lyly come to employ it?

20. Discuss the literary merits of the Authorised Version of the Bible, and account for them as far as you can.

21. Give an account of English Prose during this period. What place in its development would you assign to: (*a*) Ascham, (*b*) Sidney, (*c*) Hooker?

22. Show in what way Spenser partakes of: (*a*) the Mediæval, (*b*) the Renaissance influence.

or (alternative question).

Indicate, by means of quotation, the facts of Spenser's life which we learn from his poems, and illustrate from later times his right to be called 'the Poet's Poet.'

23. What are some of the leading features of the Baconian philosophy?

*** It was a mistake of the Editor to promise Class list in September. It cannot be ready till October.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

The following books will be found useful.—Saintsbury: *Elizabethan Literature.* Dean Church: *Spenser*, and *Bacon* (Morley's *English Men of Letters*). *The Faery Queen*, Clarendon Press Edition.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is defect of imagination more harmful than excess?

Imagination is not a virtue or a fault, it is a *faculty*, a power. Like all powers, the use of it involves risk and responsibility. The question appears to be whether the risk of putting this particular faculty to a bad use is so great that it is unlikely to be exercised for the good of others, and that, therefore, the world is the better for its absence. The risks appear to class themselves under two heads, the probability that imagination will be exercised on evil subjects, and that it will divert the attention from the duties of life.

The first view is that taken by *Elcaam*, who, while very clearly defining the neutral character of imagination in itself, saying, 'That, as a perceptive comprehensive quality, it can have no harmful excess or defect, since each man's individual intellect is the gift of God,' considers that when uncontrolled it does more harm than good. Chelsea China thinks that what she describes is rather *misdirected* than *uncontrolled* imagination; and, moreover, does not grant that imaginative young people are more prone to dwell on evil, than those whose minds are fixed on the facts of life, as brought before their senses. It is the old argument against teaching people to read, for fear they should read bad books and acquaint themselves with evil.

A Yorkshire Maiden gives a striking picture of the delights of imagination; but still, gives it against it on the whole, chiefly on account of the evils of castle building and of dwelling on harmful literature.

Amyas Leigh gives an interesting paper in favour of imagination. 'So long as it is kept under proper control, and made to hold a subordinate position to more useful work-a-day qualities, it tends, I should say, to enlarge our sympathies, raise our minds to high endeavours, and give us a world of our own, into which we may retire at times without neglecting the real and more important one in which our lot is thrown. It is a hallowed spot—an oasis in the desert of life, this world of imagination, which, if we use it rightly, can supply us with new strength and power for our daily duties. All that is grand and beautiful in poetry, music, and art is bound up in it—the unimaginative can only regard this from afar.'

Bat.—'We see in imagination, at its best, wings on which our souls

may mount and soar above the sombre realities of life; and thus I would rather run the risk of having too much than too little. I may be taught to restrain and control it, but no correction will supply what nature has forgotten to give.'

Baf's whole paper is so interesting, that Chelsea China wishes she had room for it. She gives *I. C. E.'s* as containing a useful warning; but surely the mistake about Rebecca was owing to ignorance of the double meaning of the word, rather than to want of imagination. Chelsea China adds the definitions of imagination which she has picked out of the different papers, thinking their comparison interesting.

She has received two more papers on the Sunday question—one from *Busy Bee*, who considers secular employment lawful, but at present inexpedient, and one from *L. B.*, who thinks it depends on how much time is available for amusement during the week.

Some further remarks on Reserve seem to her to deserve publication; though she still herself doubts whether 'such keeping oneself *to* oneself' is really best, even in so high a form as that here presented.

On the whole, I think defect of imagination certainly more harmful than excess, as its victims are deprived of much pleasure, and, so far as I have observed, gain no corresponding advantage. Excess of imagination may be controlled—defect is very hard indeed to supply.

Some years ago I was startled and amused by hearing a friend exclaim, 'There are some people who ought to be *taught* to exaggerate,' and a wider experience of life than I then possessed, has shown me very fully what she meant by it. There are people whose lack of imagination positively prevents them from speaking the truth, because they are incapable of putting more than one interpretation upon what they hear or see. For instance, I have heard it asserted that Rebecca had flaxen hair and blue eyes, because the Bible says she was 'fair,' and the suggestion that 'fair' meant 'beautiful,' was rejected with scorn and contempt, because fair means fair, and dark means dark, so if Rebecca was called fair, *of course* she had a light complexion.

Such utter want of imagination (and it is, alas! not so uncommon as one would think) leads to two evils, pharisaism and cruelty. Some people will say my imagination is in excess, or I could not say such things; but I am writing in sober earnest from the result of my own observation. Sticklers for the kind of verbal accuracy mentioned above, despise all others as untruthful. I have been told that all writers of fiction must do wrong because they write 'what isn't true.'

So much for my first charge; for my second—I have known a kind-hearted woman use an aged relative with a harshness amounting to absolute cruelty, because she had not imagination enough to under-

stand that senile fancies were, to the patient, realities. The latter, of course, was an extreme case, but, I fear, not by any means a solitary one, and has left deeply impressed on my mind the necessity of cultivating the imagination, so as to fit people for the practical duties of life. I. C. E.

It seems to me that the two poles of exact science and imagination are scepticism or credulity. The requirement of absolute material proof leads to the extinction of faith, while over-ready acceptance of the unproved ends in superstition. The one is the worse for ourselves, the other the more perilous to our neighbours, for when we impose on them our own pious beliefs, the overthrow of these may carry their faith with it.

It is a curious warning that Darwin gradually lost all pleasure in poetry. The starved imagination assisted in the incapacity of faith.

Practically, the exact material spirit goes farthest in this world, but spirituality is much more difficult to that temper. Moreover, lack of imagination is a fertile cause of selfishness and cruelty, for it prevents realising the sufferings of others, or putting oneself in their place. Is not imagination the human faculty for helping the soul to aspire? SPERMOLOGOS.

Elcaam.—'Imagination is a realisation of ideas, probable or improbable, true or fictitious, according to the matter on which the mind is allowed to play; but it is not (and cannot be as long as this world continues) simply the creative agent of an invented fantasy, for though the *creation* of fiction may be due to imagination, the *conviction* of reality is in a measure due to imagination also.'

Amyas Leigh.—'Imagination and power of sympathy are clearly identical.'

Bat.—'For what is imagination? Is it not the art of picturing to oneself situations, characters, and possibilities, which cannot be grasped by those less gifted in this particular characteristic?'

A Yorkshire Maiden.—'It is putting oneself in one's neighbour's shoes.'

'To realise characters (fictitious or otherwise) thoroughly, one must get *into their skins*.' Quoted.

'The realisation in the mind of what is not present to the senses,' is Chelsea China's own definition of 'the shaping power of imagination.'

RESERVE.

It seems to me that there must be reserve in every one's religious nature, not only with regard to religious talk, but also with reference to feelings and thoughts on all subjects. It seems to me as if only the outward doings of our bodies—where we

have been, etc.—could be freely spoken of, as in detailing personal intercourse, except of the most trivial kind, we are sure to say something that is better unsaid, either in the way of betraying confidence, or something on sacred ground. Personal or individual life seems to me such a holy thing that it must be lived between ourselves and God alone. He would make each of us into a separate shrine for Himself, and from my own experience I know how He revenges the intrusion of any human being into that shrine, by the withdrawal of His Presence. We may love others very deeply; we may let those to whom we see it would be a help, catch a glimpse of that inward life; we may, as it were, let the curtain at the entrance of the shrine be partly opened; but to let another enter there, is to set up an idol in the House of God, and He assuredly will depart from the profaned place. I say this as a person constantly using confession to a priest. Even *he* may not enter there.

I know it is said that to withhold confidence is a kind of spiritual selfishness; but it seems to me that in most cases 'deeds are better than words,' and that the sight of a holy and consistent life will do far more for those we wish to benefit than any amount of 'beautiful talk.' The actions show, without words, the source from whence they spring. Actions, too, are generally far more humble than words.

I began by distinguishing between religion and our thoughts and feelings, but such a distinction seems hardly possible. All good thoughts and feelings are inspired by the Holy Spirit, and as such are holy, and to be used only for the glory of God; probably they are sent as incense for the shrine in the heart in which it pleases Him to dwell.

Kind and loving words, and help and sympathy, leave Reserve (in the true sense of the word) exactly where it was before.

SILENTIUM ET SPES.

A very interesting paper on Reserve has been kindly sent from Ireland, and will be inserted next month.

SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

Is self-sacrifice always right?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before October 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

IV. Early Writings.

Questions for September.

33. Give the following particulars of the Apostolic Fathers: their names; offices; one date; names (only) of their works, distinguishing those which survive to this day.

34. Give an abstract of the genuine Epistle of St. Clement of Rome to the Corinthians.—N.B. Bishop Lightfoot gives a translation of the newly found portion.

35. Say what you know of the controversy on the genuineness of the Epistles of St. Ignatius; and quote two or more famous expressions from them.

36. Write a life of St. Irenæus.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by October 1st.

May Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Moonraker . . . 39	Violets, Thistle . . . 36	De Maura 34
Edina, Bluebell, Water Wagtail . . 37	Speranza, Fidelia, Pet Lamb, Hegesippus . . . 35	Frideswide . . . 33
Pavaver, Erica, Charissa . . . 36	Countess, Verena, Ierne, Sycorax, Millstone, Red-deer . . . 31	King Cole, Evangeline . . 32

Second Class.

Budgerigar, Dog-violet, Καθολικος, J. Pen, Irene, Malacoda, West Penwith . . 29	Portia, Wylmcote . . . 28	Excelsior, Hoffnung, Vorwärts . . . 23
	Veritas, Hazelnut . . . 27	Ima, P. P. C. . . . 22
	Regina 25	Mac, Dormouse . . . 21
	Cecilia 24	

Third Class.

Rudge, Snapdragon, Nero . . . 18	Dorothy 16	Dummie 14
	Mu Sigma . . . 15	Mouse, Quintin 10
	Golden Saxifrage . 14	

REMARKS.

17. Best done by *Etheldreda*, Καθολικος, *Papaver*, *Erica*, *Pet Lamb*, *Charissa*, *Veritas*, *J. Pen*, *Moonraker*, *Violets*, *De Maura*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, *Sycorax*, and *Countess*. It was not the Emperor (as *Portia* and others think), but the Prefect who was present at St. Lawrence's martyrdom. *P. P. C.:* He suffered under Valerian, not Gallus. *Mu Sigma*, and seven others: Bog-Oak thought the question fair as the legend of St. Lawrence is so well known. She is sorry they found the form puzzling, but forty-five answered it correctly.

18. Good answers on all points from *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Etheldreda*, *Charissa*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, and *Vorwärts*. *α. Dormouse:* Bog-Oak is away from most of her books, but is surprised to hear so many authorities are silent on Neo-Platonism, as it occurs in such small works as Crake's '*History of the Church*,' pp. 120, 161, and in Smith's '*Student's Ecclesiastical History*,' pp. 120-122. *West Penwith:* It was not a revival of Paganism, so much as an explaining away of it, blending Greek philosophy with Eastern mysticism and Christianity. *β. Mouse*, and others: *Libellatici* were those who, without actually sacrificing to the gods, obtained by bribery a *libellus* of sacrifice, i.e. a paper saying they had done so. *γ. Rudge:* Lake Leman is now called Lake Geneva, *not* St. Maurice, which is a town near it. *δ. Budgerigar*, and others: The Martyrs of Utica were 150 (some say 300) persons who, under Valerian, were burnt in a lime-kiln, thus forming one solid shining mass. The word is *not*, as *Dog-violet* thinks, connected with the Eucharistic Mass, which is *Missa*, not *Massa*, in Latin. Where did *Quintin* get her wonderful derivation?

19. Both points best given by *Bluebell* and *Moonraker*. *Rudge* mistakes St. Gregory Thaumaturgus for St. Gregory the Illuminator, Apostle of Armenia. The former was Bishop of his native Neocæsarea, *circa* 240-265. *Mouse*, and others: The first recorded reference of the Church to the civil power was not under Constantine, but occurred in A.D. 274, when Aurelian (not Valerian, as *Thistle* says), having vanquished Zenobia, was asked to decide to whom should belong the Episcopal house and temporal possessions of the Church at Antioch, capital of the East (not the Pisidian Antioch, as *Charissa* thinks), to Paul of Samosata, the deposed and heretic Patriarch, or to his Orthodox successor. 'To him with whom the Bishops of Italy hold,' said Aurelian, thus giving, as Gibbon observes, the most respectable and disinterested judges. Paul was finally deposed.

If *Malacoda* and *Sycorax* thought that Bog-Oak meant a literary allusion and not an appeal to the civil power, they should have quoted St. Peter's and St. Paul's warnings to submit to every

ordinance of man, as earlier than the advice of Theonas. *Regina:* It was the butchers, and not the Church, who appealed to Alexander Severus!

20. *Edina, Thistle, Etheldreda, Moonraker, Violets, De Maura, Water Wagtail, Hegesippus, Countess, West Penwith, Verena,* excellent. *Budgerigar,* and others: When saying St. Cyprian held his own against the Roman Church on the question of heretical baptism, it should be added that the practice of Rome and not of Carthage was finally adopted as Catholic by a decree of the Council of Nicæa. *Veritas,* and others: St. Stephen of Rome may have been overbearing in holding the correct view on this point, but to say he held it 'more through arrogance than any other motive,' is clearly violating the rule, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' We should 'speak gently' of the Saints and Martyrs. He and St. Cyprian are one now in Faith and Love.

Rudge is 20 years wrong. She puts St. Cyprian's consecration in 268 instead of 248, and the accession of Decius 269 instead of 249. St. Cyprian was martyred in 258. *Nero:* He was a native of Carthage, not Pontus; and on the outbreak of Persecution was not 'immediately beheaded,' but exiled first for eleven months. *Mu Sigma:* His conduct in the Great Plague should not have been omitted. Where does *P. P. C.* find that he worked in the mines?

Speranza's writing is always legible, but her thicker style is easier to read.

Notices to Correspondents.

Constans.—Geraldine still gave the first place in her heart to Felix, but she found herself not necessary to Clement, and Mr. Grinstead's constancy prevailed, and induced her to believe that Felix would have rejoiced to see her begin a fresh life, better perhaps far for Gerald than exclusively clerical surroundings. ED.

Quotations wanted.—*M. M., Industrial School, Andover*, would be glad if any one could send her some lines on destroying old letters, beginning somewhat in this way—

'Tear, scatter, burn, destroy, but keep them not;
I hate those silent witnesses.'

There are a good many lines in the same strain.

'The wealthy cit, grown old in trade,
Now wishes for the rural shade,
And buckles to his one-horse chair
Old Dobbin, or the foundered mare,' etc. A. M. B.

'Before thy sacred altar, Holy Truth,
I bow in manhood, as I knelt in youth.' C. M. M.

E. S. will find the hymns

'Jesus, our Prince and Saviour,'

and

'Lord Jesus Christ, Thou standest
A Priest, in robes of white,'

in a collection of hymns entitled, 'Hymns for the use of the Churches,' published by Strangeways and Walden, Castle Street, Leicester Square, London. E. G. H.

I turn to the East when I say the Creed. M. W. H.

'If I should die to-night
My friends would look upon my quiet face.'

ISABELLA.

Can any of the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' tell me of a Convalescent Home, easily reached from London, where poor women with young babies can be admitted?

Miss CHARLES, Hillside, Southwood Lane, Highgate, London.

The Society of Watchers and Workers is carried on still. The Secretary is Miss G. JACOB, The Close, Winchester. ED.

'Tranquil its spirit seemed
And floated slow
E'en in its very motion there was rest.'

Miss BLANCH.

Also could any one kindly lend her a book of poems called 'The Casket,' published by Mrs. Taylor 1815–16, in which appeared a translation of Schiller's 'Song of the Bell,' by a Miss Sotheby.

Acknowledged, with the warmest thanks, for the Dumb Boy: Melansia, 1*s.*; M. Jee, 2*s.*; Miss Grant, 2*s.*; Mrs. R., 2*s.*; M. S. B., 3*s.*; M. A. B., 4*s.*; Grateful Hebron, 1*s.*; E. S., 10*s.*; Hta., 1*s.*; Mrs. Lind, £1; Mrs. Lindsell, 3*s.*; A Tithe, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Aug. 5, 1*s.*; Card, 6*d.*; One who loves the Underwoods, 1*s.*; Mite, 1*s.*; Widow, 6*d.*; Anon., 2*s.* 6*d.*; A Friend, 10*s.*; Constant Reader, 1*s.*

A. C. D.—With many thanks, 'Robert Elsmere' has been so fully noticed elsewhere, that it is thought better not to review it here.

Ivy Leaf will be very much obliged to any one who can give her, or tell her where to find, any information about Walsingham Priory, in Norfolk. Why was 'Our Lady of Walsingham' so famous, and why was it so completely destroyed? Are there any remains of the Priory? In fact, any particulars will be gratefully received.

Walsingham was an English Loretto. Edward I. had a particular devotion to it, and the church is still in great beauty. Richard Taylor's *Index Monasticus* of Norfolk Monasteries would give an account of it. ED.

1. *Cama* is the Hindoo god of love.

2. *Apolaustic*, from the Greek Apolauein to enjoy, is defined in the 'New English Dictionary' (Oxford, 1885), to mean, as an adjective, 'concerned with or wholly devoted to seeking enjoyment; self-indulgent.' As a substantive it is a synonym for Æsthetics, suggested by Sir William Hamilton. The form *Apolaust* is not given in the above dictionary. METELLILE.

1. 'Soteriology' is a theological term, and that *only*. It is *not* a medical term, though wrongly so given even in some dictionaries. It is that part of theology which has to do with the plan of Redemption, and the doctrine of the Atonement. The medical meaning is a mere guess, based on the etymological meaning of the root. And Littré, in his great French dictionary, gives only the theological meaning. Yet Littré was a physician, and a very eminent scientist.

2. There is, so far as I know, not any English word *Apolaust*. There is *Apolaustic*, which means 'devoted to enjoyment,' or 'self-indulgent,' being simply a Greek adjective in English letters and form. R. F. L.

Metellile.—*Catchedecam* (more correctly, *Catstiecam*) means 'the comb of the cat's ladder.' The wild cat, as well as the wild boar or *grise* (hence, *Grisedale*), formerly inhabited the mountains of Cumberland. And the word *stiė* or *sty*, as in *Sty* Head Pass, is a cognate of the German *Steg*, and means a ladder or step ascent. CLIO.

Will some one kindly tell *Marcella* who is the author of the words quoted at the end of 'Self-Culture,' in the 'Monthly Packet' for July? 'In the end I learnt, through tears and much pain, that holiness is an infinite compassion for the weak and erring; that greatness is to take the common things of life and walk grandly amongst them; that happiness is a great love and much serving.'

The Monthly Packet.

OCTOBER, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAIDEN ALL FORLORN.

One secret was soon out, even before the cruel parting of Fly and Mysie, which it greatly mitigated.

Clipstone was to be repaired and put in order, to be rented by the Merrifields. It was really a fine old substantial squire's house, though neglected and consigned to farmers for four generations. It had great capabilities—a hall up to the roof, wainscoted rooms—at present happy hunting-grounds to boys and terriers—a choked fountain, numerous windows, walled up in the days of the 'tax on light,' and never reopened, and, moreover, a big stone barn, with a cross on the gable, and evident traces of having once been a chapel.

The place was actually in Rockstone parish, and had a hamlet of six or seven houses, for which cottage services were held once a week; but the restoration of the chapel would provide a place for these, and it would become a province for Lady Merrifield's care, while Sir Jasper was absolutely entreated, both by Lord Rotherwood and the Rector of Rockstone, to become the valuable layman of the parish; nor was he at all unwilling thus to bestow his enforced leisure.

It was a beautiful place. The valley of daffodils already visited narrowed into a ravine, where the rivulet rushed down from moorlands, through a ravine charmingly wooded, and interspersed with rock. It would give country delights to the children, and remove them from the gossip of the watering-place society, and yet not be too far off for those reading-room opportunities beloved of gentlemen.

The young people were in ecstasies, only mourning that they could not live there during the repairs, and that those experienced in the nature of workmen hesitated to promise that Clipstone would be habitable by the summer vacation. In the meantime, most of the movables from Silverfold were transported thither, and there was a

great deal of walking and driving to and fro, planning for the future, and revelling in the spring outburst of flowers.

School-room work had begun again, and Lady Merrifield was hearing Mysie read the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, while Miss Vincent superintended Primrose's copies, and Gillian's chalks were striving to portray a bust of Sophocles, when the distant sounds of the piano in the drawing-room stopped, and Valetta came in with words always ominous—

'Aunt Jane wants to speak to you, mamma.'

Lady Merrifield gathered up her work and departed, while Valetta, addressing the public, said, 'Something's up.'

'Oh!' cried Primrose, 'Sofi hasn't run away again?'

'I hope Kalliope isn't worse,' said Mysie anxiously.

'I guess,' said Valetta, 'somebody said something the other day!'

'Something proving us the hot-beds of gossip,' muttered Gillian.

'You had better get your German exercise, Valetta,' said Miss Vincent. 'Mysie, you have not finished your sums.'

And a sigh went round; but Valetta added one after-clap.

'Aunt Jane looked—I don't know how!'

Whereat Gillian nodded her head, and looked up at Miss Vincent, who was as curious as the rest, but restrained the manifestation manfully.

Meantime, Lady Merrifield found her sister standing at the window, and, without turning round, the words were uttered—

'Jasper was right, Lily.'

'You don't mean it?'

'Yes; he is after her!'—with a long breath.

'Mr. White!'

'Yes'—then sitting down. 'I did not think much of it before. They always are after Ada more or less—and she likes it; but it never has come to anything.'

'Why should it now?'

'It has! At least, it has gone further than ever anything did before, except Charlie Scott, that ridiculous boy at Beechcroft that William was so angry with, and who married somebody else.'

'You don't say that he has proposed to her?'

'Yes, he has—the man! By a letter this morning, and I could see she expected it—not that that's any wonder!'

'But, my dear, she can't possibly be thinking of it.'

'Well, I should have said it was impossible; but I see she has not made up her mind. Poor dear Ada! It is too bad to laugh; but she does like the having a real offer at last, and a great Italian castle laid at her feet.'

'But he isn't a gentleman! I don't mean only his birth—and I know he is a good man really—but Jasper said he could feel he was not a gentleman by the way he fell on Richard White before his sister.'

'I know! I know! I wonder if it would be for her happiness?'

'Then she has not answered him?'

'No; or, rather, I left her going to write. She won't accept him certainly now; but I believe she is telling him that she must have time to consider and consult her family.'

'She must know pretty well what her family will say. Fancy William! Fancy Emily! Fancy Reginald!'

'Yes, oh, yes! But Ada—I must say it—she does like to prolong the situation.'

'It is not fair on the poor man.'

'Well, she will act as she chooses; but I think she really does want to see what amount of opposition—— No, not that, but of estrangement it would cause.'

'Did you see the letter?'

'Yes; no doubt you will too. I told her I should come to you, and she did not object. I think she was glad to be saved broaching the subject, for she is half ashamed.'

'I should have thought she would have been as deeply offended at the presumption, as poor Gillian was with the valentine.'

'Lily, my dear, forty-two is not all one with seventeen, especially when there's an estate with an Italian countship attached to it! Though I'm sure I'd rather marry Alexis than this man. *He is* a gentleman in grain!'

'Oh, Jenny, you are very severe!'

'I'm afraid it is bitterness, Lily; so I rushed down to have it all out with you, and make up my mind what part to take.'

'It is very hard on you, my dear, after you have nursed and waited on her all these years.'

'It is the little titillation of vanity—exactly like the Ada of sixteen, nay, of six, that worries me, and makes me naughty,' said Jane, dashing off a tear. 'Oh, Lily! how could I have borne it if you had not come home?'

'But what do you mean about the part to take?'

'Well, you see, Lily, I really do not know what I ought to do. I want to clear my mind by talking to you.'

'I am afraid it would make a great difference to you in the matter of means.'

'I don't mean about that; but I am not sure whether I ought to stand up for her. You see the man is really good at heart, and religious, and he is taking out this chaplain. The climate, mountains, and sea, might really suit her health, and she could have all kinds of comforts and luxuries; and if she can get over his birth, and the want of fine edge of his manners, I don't know that we have any right to set ourselves against it.'

'I should have thought those objections would have weighed most of all with her.'

'And I do believe that if the whole family are unanimous in

scouting the very idea, she will give it up. She *is* proud of Mohun blood, and the Rotherwood connection and all, and, if there were a desperate opposition! Well, she would be rather flattered, and give in; but I am not sure that she would not always regret it, and pine after what she might have had.'

'Rotherwood likes the man.'

'Like—but that's not liking him to marry his cousin.'

'Rotherwood will not be the person most shocked.'

'No. We shall have a terrible time however it ends. Oh, I wish it was all over!'

'Do you think she really cares for the man—loves him, in fact?'

'My dear Lily, if Ada ever was in love with anybody, it was with Harry May, and that was all pure mistake. I never told anybody, but I believe it was that which upset her health. But they are both too old to concern themselves about such trifles. He does not expect it!'

'I have seen good strong love in a woman over forty.'

'Yes; but this is quite another thing. A lady of the house wanted! That's the motive. I should not wonder if he came home as much to look for a lady-wife as to set the Stebbings to rights; or, if not, he is driven to it by having the Whites on his hands.'

'I don't quite see that. I was going to ask you how it would affect them.'

'Well, you see, though she is perfectly willing and anxious to begin again, poor dear Kally really can't. She did try to arrange a design that had been running in her head for a long time, and she was so bad after it that Dr. Dagger said she must not attempt it. Then, though she is discreet enough for anything, Mr. White is not really her uncle, and could not take her about with him alone or even with Maura; so I gather from some expressions in his letter that he would like to take her out with them, spend the summer at Rocca Marina, and let her have a winter's study at Florence. Then, I suppose, she might come back and superintend on quite a different footing.'

'So he wants Ada as a chaperon for Kalliope?'

'That is an element in the affair, and not a bad one, and I don't think Ada will object. She won't be left entirely to his companionship.'

'My dear Jane! Then I'm sure she ought not to marry him!' cried Lady Merrifield indignantly. 'Here comes Jasper. May I tell him?'

'You will whether you may or not.'

And what Sir Jasper said was—

'"Who married the maiden all forlorn—"'

At which both sisters, though rather angry, could not help laughing, and Lady Merrifield explained that they had always said the events had gone on in a concatenation, like the house that Jack built, from

Gillian's peep through the rails. However, he was of opinion that it was better not to make a strenuous opposition.

'Adeline is quite old enough to judge for herself, whether the incongruities will interfere with her happiness,' he said; 'and this is really a worthy man who ought not to be contemned. Violent contradiction might leave memories that would make it difficult to be on affectionate terms afterwards.'

'Yes,' said Jane; 'that is what I feel. Thank you, Jasper. Now I must go to my district. Happily those things run on all the same for the present.'

But when she was gone Sir Jasper told his wife that he thought it ought to be seriously put before Adeline that Jane ought to be considered. She had devoted herself to the care of her sister for many years, and the division of their means would tell seriously upon her comfort.

'If it were a matter of affection, there would be nothing to say,' he observed; 'but nobody pretends that it is so, and surely Jane deserves consideration.'

'I should think her a much more comfortable companion than Mr. White,' said Lady Merrifield. 'I can't believe it will come to anything. Whatever the riches or the castle at Rocca Marina may be, Ada would, in a worldly point of view, give up a position of some consideration here, and I think that will weigh with her.'

As soon as possible, Lady Merrifield went up to see her sister, and found her writing letters in a great flutter of importance. It was quite plain that the affair was not to be quashed at once, and that, whether the suit were granted or not, all the family were to be aware that Adeline had had her choice. Warned by her husband, Lady Merrifield guarded the form of her remonstrances.

'Oh, yes, dear Lily, I know! It *is* a sacrifice in many points of view; but think what a field is open to me! There are all those English workmen and their wives and families living out there, and Mr. White does so need a lady to influence them.'

'You have not done much work of that kind. Besides, I thought this chaplain was married.'

'Yes; but the moral support of a lady at the head must be needful,' said Ada. 'It is quite a work.'

'Perhaps so,' said her sister, who had scarcely been in the habit of looking on Ada as a great moral influence. 'But have you thought what this will be to Jane?'

'Really, Lily, it is a good deal for Jane's sake. She will be so much more free without being bound to poor me!'—and Ada's head went on one side. 'You know she would never have lived here but for me; and now she will be able to do what she pleases.'

'Not pecuniarily.'

'Oh, it will be quite possible to see to all that! Besides, think of the advantage to her schemes. Oh, yes, dear Jenny, it will be a

wrench to her, of course, and she will miss me; but, when that is once got over, she will feel that I have acted for the best. Nor will it be such a separation; he means always to spend the summer here, and the winter and spring at Florence or Rocca Marina.' It was grand to hear the Italian syllables roll from Adeline's tongue. 'You know he could take the title if he pleased.'

'I am sure I hope he will not do anything so ridiculous!'

'Oh, no, of course not!' But it was plain that the secret consciousness of being Countess of Rocca Marina was an offset against being plain Mrs. White, and Adeline continued. 'There is another thing—I do not quite see how it can be managed about Kalliope otherwise, poor girl!'

It was quite true that the care of Kalliope would be greatly facilitated by Mr. White's marriage; but what was absurd was to suppose that Ada would have made any sacrifice for her sake, or any one else's, and there was something comical as well as provoking in this pose of devotion to the public good.

'You are decided, then?'

'Oh, no! I am only showing you what inducements there are to give up so much as I should do here—if I make up my mind to it.'

'There's only one inducement, I should think, valid for a moment.'

'Yes'—bridling a little. 'But, Lily, you always had your romance. We don't all meet with a Jasper at the right moment; and —and'—the Maid of Athens drooped her eyelids, and ingenuously curved her lips. 'I do think the poor man has it very much at heart.'

'Then you ought not to keep him in suspense.'

'And you—you really are not against it, Lily?' (rather in a disappointed tone), as if she expected to have her own value enhanced.

'I think you ought to do whatever is most right and just by him, and everybody else. If you really care for the man enough to overlook his origin, and his occasional betrayals of it, and think he will make you better and happier, take him at once, but don't pretend to call it a sacrifice, or for anybody's sake but for your own; and, any way, don't trifle with him and his suspense.'

Lady Merrifield spoke with unwonted severity, for she was really provoked.

'But, Lily, I must see what the others say—William and Emily. I told him that William was the head of our family.'

'If you mean to be guided by them, well and good; if not, I see no sense in asking them.'

After all, the family commotion fell short of what was expected by either of the sisters. The eldest brother, Mr. Mohun, of Beechcroft Court, wrote to the lady herself that she was quite old enough to know what was for her own happiness, and he had no desire to interfere with her choice if she preferred wealth to station. To Lady Merrifield his letter began: 'It is very well it is no worse, and as Jasper vouches for this being a worthy man, and of substantial

means, there is no valid objection. I shall take care to overhaul the settlements, and, if possible, I must make up poor Jane's income.'

The sister, Lady Henry Grey, in her dowager seclusion at Brighton, contented herself with a general moan on the decadence of society, and the levelling up that made such an affair possible. She had been meditating a visit to Rockquay, to see her dear Lilias (who, by the bye, had run down to her at Brighton for a day out of the stay in London), but now she would defer it till this matter was over. It would be too trying to have to accept this stonemason as one of the family.

As to Colonel Mohun, being one of the younger division of the family, there was no idea of consulting him, and he wrote a fairly civil little note to Adeline, hoping that she had decided for the best, and would be happy; while to the elder of the pair of sisters he said: 'So Ada has found her crooked stick at last. I always thought it inevitable. Keep up heart, old Jenny, and hold on till Her Majesty turns me off, and then we will see what is to be done.'

Perhaps this cool acquiescence was less pleasing to Adeline Mohun than a contest that would have proved her value and importance, and her brother William's observation that she was old enough to know her own mind was the cruellest cut of all. On the other hand, there was no doubt of her swain's devotion. If he had been influenced in his decision by convenience or calculation, he was certainly by this time heartily in love. Not only was Adeline a handsome, graceful woman, whose airs and affectations seemed far more absurd to those who had made merry over them from childhood than to a stranger of an inferior grade; but there was a great charm to a man, able to appreciate refinement, in his first familiar intercourse with thorough ladies. Jane began to be touched at sight of his devotion, and convinced of his attachment, and sometimes wondered with Lady Merrifield whether Adeline would rise to her opportunities and responsibilities, or be satisfied to be a petted idol.

One difficulty in this time of suspense was that the sisters had no right to take into their confidence the young folks, who were quite sharp-eyed enough to know that something was going on, and, not being put on honour, were not withheld from communicating their discoveries to one another in no measured words, though fortunately they had sense enough, especially under the awe of their father, not to let them go any farther than Mysie, who was entertaining because she was shocked at their audacious jokes and speculations; all at first on the false scent of their elder aunt, who certainly was in a state of excitement and uncertainty enough to throw her off the even tenor of her way, and excite some suspicion. When she actually brought down a number of the *Contemporary Review* instead of *Friendly Work* for the edification of her G. F. S., Gillian tried not to look too conscious when some of the girls actually tittered in the rear; and she absolutely

blushed when Aunt Jane deliberately stated that Ascension Day would fall on a Tuesday. So Gillian averred as she walked up the hill with Jasper and Mysie. It seemed a climax to the diversion she and Jasper had extracted from it in private, both wearing Punch's spectacles for the nonce, and holding such aberrations as proof positive. Mysie, on the other hand, was much exercised.

'Do you think she is in love, then?'

'Oh, yes! People always do those things in love. Besides, the Sofi hasn't got a single white hair in her, and you know what that always means!'

'I can't make it out! I can't think how Aunt Jane can be in love with a great man like that. His voice isn't nice, you know——'

'Not even as sweet as Bully Bottom's,' suggested Gillian.

'You're a chit,' said Jasper, 'or you'd be superior to the notion of love being indispensable.'

'When people are so *very* old,' said Mysie, in a meditative voice, 'perhaps they can't; but Aunt Jane is very good—and I thought it was only horrid worldly people that married without love.'

'Trust your good woman for looking to the main chance,' said Jasper, who was better read in Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant than his sisters.

''Tis not main chance,' said Gillian. 'Think of the lots of good she would do! What a recreation room for the girls, and what schools she would set up at Rocca Marina! Depend upon it, it's for that!'

'I suppose it is right if Aunt Jane does it,' said Mysie.

'Well done, Mysie! So, Aunt Jane is your Pope!'

'No; she's the King that can do no wrong,' said Gillian, laughing.

'Wrong—I didn't say wrong—but things aren't always real wrong that aren't somehow quite right,' said Mysie, with the bewildered reasoning of perceptions that outran her powers of expression.

'Mysie's speeches, for instance,' said Jasper.

'O Japs, what did I say wrong?'

'Don't tease her, Japs. He didn't mean morally but correctly.'

The three were on their way up the hill, when they met Primrose, who had accompanied Mrs. Halfpenny to see Kalliope, and who was evidently in a state of such great discomposure that they all stood round to ask what was the matter; but she hung down her head and would not say.

'Hoots! toots! I tell her she need not make such a work about it,' said Mrs. Halfpenny. 'The honest man did but kiss her, and no harm for her uncle that is to be.'

'He's a nasty man! And he snatched me up! And he is all scrubby and tobacco—ey, and I won't have him for an uncle,' cried Primrose.

'I hope he is not going to proceed in that way,' said Gillian *sotto voce* to Mysie.

'People always do snatch up primroses,' said Jasper.

'Don't, Japs! I don't like marble men. I wish they would stay marble.'

'You don't approve of the transformation?'

'Oh, Japs, is it true? Mysie, you know the statue at Rotherwood, where Pig—my—Lion made a stone figure and it turned into a woman. Yes; but it was a woman and this is a man.'

Mysie began an exposition of classic fable to her little sister, while Mrs. Halfpenny explained that this came of Christian folk setting up heathen idols in their houses, as 'twas a shame for decent folk to look at, let alone puir bairnies; while Jasper and Gillian gasped in convulsions of laughter, and bandied queries whether their aunt were the statue 'Pig-my-lion' had animated, as nothing could be less statuesque than she; whether the reverse had taken place, as Primrose observed, and she had been the Pygmalion to awaken the soul in the man of marble. Here, however, Mrs. Halfpenny became scandalised at such laughter in the open street; and, perceiving some one in the distance, she carried off Primrose, and enjoined the others to walk on doucely and wiselike.

Gillian was on her way to visit Kalliope, and make an appointment for her mother to take her out for a drive; but, as they passed the gate at Beechcroft, out burst Valetta and Fergus, quite breathless.

'O Gill, Gill! Mr. White is in the drawing-room, and he has brought Aunt Ada the most beautiful box you ever saw, with all the stoppers made of gold!'

'And he says I may get all the specimens I like at Rocca Marina,' shouted Fergus.

'Ivory brushes, and such a ring—sparkling up to the ceiling!' added Valetta.

'But, Val, Ferg, whom did you say?' demanded the elders, coming within the shadow of the copper beeches.

'Aunt Ada,' said Valetta, 'there's a great A engraved on all those dear, lovely bottles; and—oh, they smell!'

'Aunt Ada! Oh, I thought——'

'What did you think, Gill?' said Aunt Jane, coming from the grass-plat suddenly on them.

'Oh, Aunt Jane, I'm so glad!' cried Gillian. 'I thought'—and she blushed furiously.

'They made asses of themselves,' said Jasper.

'They said it was you,' added Mysie. 'Miss Mellon told Miss Elbury,' she added in excuse.

'Me? No, I thank you! So you are glad, Gillian?'

'Oh, yes, aunt! I couldn't have borne for you to do anything—queer'—and there was a look in Gillian's face that went to Jane's heart, and under other circumstances would have produced a kiss, but she rallied to her line of defence.

'My dear, you must not call this queer; Mr. White is very much

attached to your Aunt Ada, and I think he will make her very happy, and give her great opportunities of doing good.'

'That's just what Gillian said when she was afraid it was you,' said Mysie. 'I suppose that's it? And that makes it real right.'

'And the golden stoppers!' said Valetta, innocently, but almost choking Jasper with laughter, which must be suppressed before his aunt.

'May one know it now?' asked Gillian, sensible of the perilous ground.

'Yes, my dears; you must have been on tenter-hooks all this time, for, of course, you saw there was a crisis, and you behaved much better than I should have done at your age; but it was only a *fait accompli* this very day, and we couldn't tell you before.'

'When he brought down the golden stoppers,' Jasper could not help saying.

'No, no, you naughty boy! He would not have dared to bring it in before; he came before luncheon—all that came after. Oh, my dear, that dressing-case is perfectly awful! I wouldn't have such a burthen on my mind—for—for all the orphans in London! I hope there are no banditti at Rocca Marina.'

'Only accepted to-day! How did he get all his great A's engraved?' said Jasper, practically.

'He could not have had many doubts,' said Gillian. 'Does Kalliope know?'

'I cannot tell; I think he has probably told her.'

'He must have met Primrose there,' said Jasper. 'Poor Prim!' And her offence and the Pig-my-lion story were duly related, much to Aunt Jane's amusement.

'But,' she said, 'I think that the soul in the marble man is very real, and very warm; and, dear children, don't get into the habit of contemning him. Laugh, I suppose you must; I am afraid it must look ridiculous at our age; but please don't despise. I am going down to your mother.'

'May I come with you?' said Gillian. 'I don't think I can go to Kally till I have digested this a little; and, if you are going to mamma, she won't drive her out.'

Jane was much gratified by this volunteer, though Jasper did suggest that Gill was afraid of Primrose's treatment. He went on with the other three to Clipstone, while Gillian exclaimed—

'Oh, Aunt Jane, shall not you be very lonely?'

'Not nearly so much so as if you were not all here,' said her aunt cheerfully. 'When you bemoaned your sisters last year, we did not think the same thing was coming on me.'

'Phyllis and Alethea! It was a very different thing,' said Gillian. 'Besides, though I hated it so much, I had got used to being without them.'

'And to tell you the truth, Gill, nothing in that way ever was so

bad to me as your own mother going and marrying; and now, you see, I have got her back again—and more too.'

Aunt Jane's smile and softened eyes told that the young niece was included in the 'more too'; and Gillian felt a thrill of pleasure and affection in this proof that after all she was something to the aunt, towards whom her feelings had so entirely changed. She proceeded, however, to ask with considerable anxiety what would be done about the Whites, Kalliope especially; and in return she was told about the present plan of Kalliope's being taken to Italy to recover first, and then to pursue her studies at Florence, so as to return to her work more capable, and in a higher position.

'Oh, how exquisite!' cried Gillian. 'But, how about all the others?'

'The very thing I want to see about, and talk over with your mother. I am sure she ought to go; and it will not even be wasting time, for she cannot earn anything.'

Talking over things with Lady Merrifield was, however, impeded, for, behold, there was a visitor in the drawing-room. Aunt and niece exchanged glances of consternation as they detected a stranger's voice through the open window, and Gillian uttered a vituperative whisper.

'I do believe it is that dreadful Fangs;' then, hoping her aunt had not heard—'Captain Henderson, I mean. He threatened to come down after us, and now he will always be in and out; and we shall have no peace. He has got nothing on earth to do!'

Gillian's guess was right. The neat, trim, soldierly figure, with a long fair moustache and pleasant grey eyes, was introduced to Miss Mohun as 'Captain Henderson, one of my brother officers,' by Sir Jasper, who stood on the rug talking to him. Looks and signs among the ladies were token enough that the crisis had come; and Lady Merrifield soon secured freedom of speech by proposing to drive her sister to Clipstone, while Sir Jasper asked his visitor to walk with him.

'You will be in haste to sketch the place,' he said, 'before the workmen have done their best to demolish its beauty.'

As for Gillian, she saw her aunt hesitating on account of a parochial engagement for that afternoon; and, as it was happily not beyond her powers, she offered herself as a substitute, and was thankfully accepted. She felt quite glad to do anything obliging towards her Aunt Jane, and in a mood very unlike last year's grudging service; it was only reading to the 'mothers' meeting,' since among the good ladies there prevailed such a strange incapacity of reading aloud, that this part of the business was left to so few that, for one to fail, either in presence or in voice, was very inconvenient. All were settled down to their needlework, with their babies disposed of as best they might be. Mr. Hablot had finished his little lecture, and the one lady with a voice had nearly exhausted it, and there was

a slight sensation at the absence of the unfailing Miss Mohun, when Gillian came in with the apologies about going to drive with her mother.

'And,' as she described it afterwards, 'didn't those wretched beings all grin and titter; even the ladies, who ought to have had more manners, and that old Miss Mellon, who is a real growth of the hot-bed of gossip, simpered and supposed we must look for such things now; and, though I pretended not to hear, my cheeks would go and flame up as red as—that taxonia, just with longing to tell them Aunt Jane was not so ridiculous; and so I took hold of *For Half a Crown*, and began to read it as if I could bite them all!'

She read herself into a state of pacification, but did not attempt to see Kalliope that day, being rather shy of all that might be encountered in that house, especially after working hours. The next day, however, Lady Merrifield's services were required to chaperon the coy betrothed in an inspection of Cliff House and furniture, which was to be renovated according to her taste; and Gillian was to take that time for a visit to Kalliope, whom she expected to find in the garden. The usual corner was, however, vacant; and Mr. White was heard making a growl of 'Foolish girl! Doesn't know which way her bread is buttered.'

Maura, however, came running up, and said to Gillian, 'Please come this way. She is here.'

'What has she hidden herself for?' demanded Mr. White. 'I thought she might have been here to welcome this—Miss Adeline.'

'She is not very well to-day,' faltered Maura.

'Oh! ay, fretting. Well, I thought she had more sense.'

Gillian followed Maura, who was no sooner out of hearing than she began: 'It is too bad of him to be so cross. Kally really is so upset! She did not sleep all night, and I thought she would have fainted quite away this morning!'

'Oh, dear! has he been worrying her?'

'She is very glad and happy, of course, about Miss Ada! and he won't believe it, because he wants her to go out to Italy with them for all next winter.'

'And won't she? Oh, what a pity!'

'She said she really could not because of us, she could not leave us, Petros and all, without a home. She thought it her duty to stay and look after us. And then he got cross, and said that she was presuming on the hope of living in idleness here, and making him keep us all, but she would find herself mistaken, and went off very angry.'

'Oh, horrid! how could he?'

'I believe, if Kally could have walked so far, she would have gone down straight to Mr. Lee's. She wanted to, but she was all in a tremble, and I persuaded her not, though she did send me down to ask Mrs. Lee when she can be ready. Then, when Alexis came

home, Mr. White told him that he didn't in the least mean all that, and would not hear of her going away, though he was angry at her being so foolish, but he would give her another chance of not throwing away such advantages. And Alexis says she ought not. He wants her to go, and declares that he and I can very well manage with Mrs. Lee, and look after Petros, and that she must not think of rushing off in a huff for a few words said in a passion. So, between the two, she was quite upset and couldn't sleep, and, oh, if she were to be ill again!'

By this time they were in sight of Kalliope lying back in a basket-chair, shaded by the fence of the kitchen-garden, and her weary face and trembling hand showed how much this had shaken her in her weakness. She sent Maura away, and spoke out her troubles freely to Gillian. 'I thought at first my duty was quite clear, and that I ought not to go away and enjoy myself and leave the others to get on without me. Alec would find it so dreary; and, though Mr. and Mrs. Lee are very good and kind, they are not quite companions to him. Then Maura has come to think so much about people being ladies that I don't feel sure that she would attend to Mrs. Lee; and the same with Petros in the holidays. If I can't work at first, still I can make a home and look after them.'

'But it is only one winter, and Alexis thinks you ought! and, oh, what it would be, and how you would get on!'

'That is what puzzles me. Alexis thinks Mr. White has a right to expect me to improve myself, and not go on for ever making white jessamines with malachite leaves, and that he can look after Maura and Petros. I see, too, that I ought to try to recover, or I might be a burthen on Alexis for ever, and hinder all his better hopes. Then, there's the not liking to accept a favour after Mr. White said such things, though I ought not to think about it, since he made that apology; but it is a horrid feeling that I ought not to affront him for the sake of the others. Altogether I do feel so tossed. I can't get back the feeling I had when I was ill that I need not worry, for that God will decide.'

And there were tears in her eyes.

'Can't you ask some one's advice?' said Gillian.

'If I were sure they quite understood! My head is quite tired with thinking about it.'

Not many moments had passed before there were steps that made Kalliope start painfully, and Maura appeared, piloting another visitor. It was Miss Mohun, who had escaped from the survey of the rooms; so far uneasy at what she had gathered from Mr. White, that she was the more anxious to make the offer previously agreed to.

'My dear,' she said, 'I am afraid you look tired.'

'They have worried her and knocked her up,' said Gillian indignantly.

'I see! Kally, my dear, we are connections now, you know, and I

have heard of Mr. White's plan. It made me think whether you would find the matter easier if you let me have Maura while you are away to cheer my solitude. Then I could see that she did her lessons, and, between all Gillian's brothers, we could see that Petros in the holidays.'

'Oh! Miss Mohun! how can I be grateful enough? There is an end of all difficulties.'

And when the inspecting party came round, and Adeline bent to kiss the white, weary, but no longer distressed face, and kindly said, 'We shall see a great deal of each other, I hope,' she replied, with an earnest 'thank you,' and added to Mr. White, 'Miss Mohun has made it all easy to me, sir, and I am very grateful!'

'Ay, ay! You're a good girl at the bottom, and have some sense!'

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

RAYMOND.

'And I shall be alone until I die.'

It was nearly six months afterwards, and London, which had been supposed to be empty, was now perceptibly filling again. Maurice Caryl had had perhaps no temptation to leave London, and certainly no intention of doing so; but he was not sorry, as he walked down one of its most lively thoroughfares, to see the wonted stir and bustle of life once more rising to its normal height.

He had no expectation of seeing any one he knew, and indeed did not wish as yet to see any one who had known him; but he felt a little less lonely as the streets grew crowded, and various public characters might be seen again in their usual haunts.

He had not yet fulfilled his promise to Mrs. Tyndal of growing fat over his work, and his face had not quite its usual warm sun-brown, which made him look rather pale; but he looked well, and cheerful also, in a resolute eager sort of way. He had the look of a man who worked perhaps a little too hard, but who enjoyed his work and found that he could do it well.

Maurice Caryl was no genius, but he had, as one of his tutors had said of him, 'an excellent working intellect.' His mind would never have been master of his will (as it is with many men), goading and driving him on to a certain course of study or of action, almost in spite of himself. But it was an admirable servant of his will, capable of carrying through whatever he called upon it to perform, and without being at all conceited, he had a certain calm self-reliance—a confidence that what man had done man might do, which had stood him in good stead through the ordeal of more than one public trial of scholarship, and might do so again.

This is a kind of ability which perhaps promises better for success than the ups and downs, the heats and chills, of genius; but which generally goes with a cheerful, commonplace, and somewhat obtuse temperament.

Nature and education had made Maurice Caryl far from commonplace, and he was perhaps hardly obtuse enough for his own comfort;

but cheerful he was, now that the load of a guilty secret was lifted from his shoulders, and cheerful he looked accordingly.

His circumstances did not seem, from the outside, to be very likely to promote cheerfulness. The rigid economy which he practised was not so easy or so graceful a thing here in London as it would have been in a German University, and though perhaps a slight shabbiness of dress did not matter in one who was more than ordinarily handsome and picturesque-looking, yet it could not be supposed that he found his dingy fifth-floor lodgings convenient or agreeable, or that the food there served to him was such as a man might enjoy. Moreover, he had not a friend to speak to, and was working too hard to give himself time to make any, though more than one nice young fellow had made friendly advances towards him.

But he was not at all unhappy as he worked on alone, finding difficulties that seemed too much for other men melt away before him by dint of clear-headed perseverance. Or if he was unhappy it was in that fashion which looks strangely like happiness when we look back on it from after years. *Ah! les beaux jours quand j'étais si malheureux!*

His surroundings were uncongenial, his prospects more than doubtful, and his only love far away, and for the present quite out of reach.

But the pressure of poverty was greatly lightened by the fact that after all he had a little more than he chose to spend, though he was rigorously determined to spend no more. And the doubtfulness of his prospects hardly weighed upon him, when he felt in himself so much strength and courage to fight the world. While as for his absence from his love, he trusted in her so completely that it seemed to him sometimes that he was hardly parted from her at all—so clear and beautiful a vision went with him through the round of his daily work, and sat beside him in his scantily-furnished lodging, where the scorching summer sun blazing down on the leads all day made the atmosphere like that of an oven.

This young girl, so young for her age, so full of whims and fancies, had somehow contrived to inspire her lover with so firm a trust in her truth that he never tormented himself by an instant's doubt. She had promised—that was enough; and he would have believed that promise of hers, six months old though it was now, against the solemn affirmation of every other person in the world. Sometimes, when he had been working very hard and long, he allowed himself to shut his eyes and recall the very words of her promise, the look in her brave smiling eyes, the firm curve of her lips, and the soft slow emphasis of her voice. Having these things to remember, he would not have insulted her by a doubt, if all the suspicious circumstances that ever troubled the course of true love in a three volume novel had been heaped on him together.

Once a month he allowed himself to write to the Squire, not

mentioning her, but turning every sentence carefully with a thought of her, who directly or indirectly might come to hear them. Mr. Tyndal always answered these letters, and imagined that he kept his daughter's name out of his own with much discretion; but Day was so important an element in his life, and so much the pride and joy of his heart, that he could no more banish her altogether than Mr. Dick could keep King Charles' head out of his memorial.

And Maurice, I fear, kissed the name when it appeared, and thought more of those casual allusions than of all the rest of those kindly rambling epistles.

His own letters were cheery enough, and it cost him no effort to make them so. Indeed, he wondered sometimes whether he had any right to feel so glad and unconstrained, considering how great his fault had been. But he could not help it; after all, he was very young, and his fault had not been from any base or degrading motive. He had repented of it, in every sense of the word; and now the natural thing was to forget it, and to 'reach forward to those things that were before.' For Dagmar's sake he must hold his head up with the best, since she had crowned him king; and he was doing all that man could do to win a name and place worthy of offering to her.

What Mr. Wallingford was doing he neither knew nor cared. He knew that so just and business-like a man would not suffer things to go wrong at the Court, or the tenants to suffer in any way; and for himself, the place was like a nightmare to him, of which he never wished to think again. He did not even care greatly whether Mr. Wallingford believed his story or not, since Dagmar and her parents believed it.

It was nothing to him that the winds were rustling in the woods around the Court, or the roses blooming and drifting down unheeded in its lovely old garden, while he was stifling in his low-roofed attic in Gower Street. It was nothing to him that those wide lofty rooms stood empty in luxurious silence, while under his window the roar of London went on unceasingly, and bells rang, and doors slammed, and voices shouted and wrangled on the stairs. He had been so supremely miserable during those last few weeks at Winstead Court, that when he thought of the change in his circumstances it was with self-congratulation unalloyed.

He could certainly have afforded better lodgings, if he had chosen to live up to his slender income; but his wanderings had taught him to rough it, if necessary, with much composure, and he was saving money, in view of a far-off blissful possibility. He counted over his savings sometimes, and blushed for joy, thinking that they might go some day to furnish with some little added luxury the nest that he might choose for his lady and his queen. It would have seriously marred his pleasure to have remembered that the rich Squire's only daughter would probably bring her little dainty 'plenishings' with

her; but he did not think of any such thing. His Continental ideas of a '*dot*' were far more simple and business-like than ours of that dowry which is so often thought about, and so seldom mentioned by expectant lovers. He thought that, since he asked and expected nothing, he should be allowed to take Dagmar without a penny—if at all. He quite understood that if he had still been the master of Winstead Court his wife would have had a suitable *dot;* but it seemed to him that the Squire, in giving his consent under present circumstances, would be perfectly right in marking a slight sense of disapproval by adding nothing to it.

'It will be all for me to do,' thought Maurice, in a tingle of unworldly and unreasonable delight. 'She will depend on me—on what I can win for her! She will not mind being poor, I think; but she shall not be poor one day longer than I can help. We shall have to be careful at first, I dare say; but this that I am saving now shall be spent recklessly—on pretty things—for her special use.'

And then this young man, who had just thrown aside a fine estate, in the possession of which no man would ever have disturbed him, wasted five whole minutes of valuable time in elaborately drawing the portrait of a rocking-chair which he had seen in Regent Street, and in calculating how many small economies, in dinners and such things, would purchase the original. He could not draw the figure which he hoped to see in the chair one day; but in his mind's eye he saw it, and smiled in answer to the smile in the lovely eyes, and fell to work with renewed energy.

The only person connected in any way with Winstead whom Maurice had seen since he came up to town, was young Tom Pointer, who had followed him there early in the summer, and hunted him up at once.

It was not exactly pleasant for Maurice to see him; but he contrived to endure it, and spoke to him kindly enough.

But young Pointer, who had been meaning in a friendly fashion to help and patronise his fallen hero, found that it was not easy to do so. Maurice was too busy to go out anywhere, even to the theatre; too busy to avail himself of any introductions; too busy even to come to the most expensive place that could be found and dine extensively at his friend's cost.

The young fellow was honestly grieved and dismayed at the dingy quarters which Maurice contrived to put up with, and would have liked to offer him some pecuniary assistance, from himself or from his father. But, as he remarked ruefully afterwards, you might as well have thought of tipping a Crown Prince, and somehow he could never screw his courage up to the right pitch.

So, after a week or two, he departed, and Maurice was not sorry to see him go.

But on this October afternoon, as Maurice was walking down the busy street, lingering a little, and enjoying the pleasant air and

sunshine as a man should do who had more than earned a little relaxation, he saw a face that recalled Winstead even more clearly than Tom Pointer's good-humoured vacant smile.

He had paused a moment at the window of an art shop, enjoying a little gem of a water-colour that had all the middle of the window to itself, when, looking up suddenly, he caught a pair of dark rather sunken eyes fixed upon him, and recognised Raymond Dayrell.

Maurice had never seen Raymond since they had met at the Hall, in those days when he was just recovering from his illness, and since then he had almost forgotten his very existence.

But now his face recalled the Hall and all its inmates most vividly, and, for a moment, Maurice remembered nothing but that here was some one who might have heard of them, or even seen them, quite lately.

He moved forward impulsively, then checked himself. Raymond held out his hand, but, for the instant, Maurice did not take it.

'I beg your pardon, but *do you know?*' he asked significantly.

'Of course. How do you do, Mr. Caryl?' said Raymond, in a matter-of-course way, and still holding out the hand, which now Maurice did not hesitate to take.

They looked at one another curiously, while they interchanged a few commonplace words. Raymond remembered that he had pronounced Maurice once to be a mere boy, in spite of his stately looks, and recognised that no one would ever say that of him again. And Maurice, for his part, found Raymond looking very old—older far than the grey-headed Squire—in spite of his dark hair and slender youthful figure.

They walked on down the street together, talking in a cautious tentative fashion, and Maurice noticed that Raymond looked not only old, but ill. His face was worn and pale to the lips, and he moved and spoke with the languid deliberateness of a man who had not an atom of energy to spare.

It appeared that he had not seen or heard of the Winstead people for a long time; but he either was not averse to talk about them, or recognised Maurice's intense eagerness under the veil of his carefully indifferent manner, for he discussed the affairs of Winstead, and the wedding, and the plans of the family at the Hall, all the way to Temple Gardens.

Maurice was going out of his way, and knew it; but did not care. Whatever time he was losing now he could more than make up afterwards, working under the delightful stimulus of having heard Dagmar's name from other lips than his own.

'I have been expecting to meet you,' said Raymond abruptly. 'I would not ask for your address; but I knew that we should meet some day soon. Will you come sometimes and see me? I know your time is valuable just now; but you must go out occasionally, or you will kill yourself. I shall be glad if you will come.'

He spoke with a curious kind of constrained eagerness, and Maurice answered with his usual instinctive courtesy.

'I shall be very glad to come to you. I cannot ask you to return the compliment at present, for my quarters are not such as could be agreeable to my friends. But I will certainly come and see you soon, since you are good enough to wish it.'

They had reached the foot of Raymond's staircase as he spoke, and there they parted, Maurice hastening back to his work with renewed ardour.

Not even for the sake of hearing talk of Winstead and of *her* would he have pledged himself to leave that work to seek out any one; but the kindly, half-professional instinct in him, forbade him to refuse anything to one who looked as Raymond did.

'I think,' said Maurice to himself, 'that men who look like that rarely live long. I always fancied somehow that he had less vitality, less hold on life, than other men. And perhaps he has nothing to live for.'

Maurice Caryl had been through a furnace of sharper pain than Raymond Dayrell had ever felt or was capable of feeling; but he felt a real and tender pity for the elder man who was so much less happy than himself. And if he had known that Raymond had once hoped to win Dagmar, he would have pitied him more profoundly still.

He kept his promise, and Raymond was so evidently anxious to see more of him, that he went again and again. It came to be an understood thing at last that he should go at least once a week and spend an hour in the luxurious and yet somewhat dreary chambers to which, as the winter came on, Raymond became almost a prisoner.

Maurice found out several things about Raymond that surprised him. First, that he who had spent so many years in London, and mixed so much in society, was as lonely as he was himself, and never seemed to be visited by a single friend. Secondly—and what was still more surprising—that he seemed to have cut himself off altogether from the Winstead people, and never heard of them or wrote to them, though there did not seem to have been any quarrel, and he spoke of them with all kindness.

'Yes, I am ill,' he said, when Maurice ventured upon an inquiry, on the occasion of his second visit. 'But I am as well as I shall ever be. And that reminds me that I have a favour to ask of you. I believe you correspond with Mr. Tyndal. Will you promise me not to mention me to him?'

'If you wish it, of course,' answered the other, in blank surprise.

'I do wish it,' said Raymond, with a little smile of self-scorn. 'I might be puzzled to give a reason, even to myself; but I wish it all the same.'

Maurice wondered, but asked no more. By-and-by he began to perceive that this seclusion was purely voluntary on Raymond's part; that some of his friends would have been very willing to come

to him if he would have let them; and that he only spoke the truth when he said that he did not care to see anybody. As the two young men grew more intimate, Raymond began to speak of his own thoughts and feelings with the pathetic fragmentary openness of one who knows that they are doomed to be so short-lived that it is hardly worth while to speak of them, but still less to hide them. And Maurice grew to understand his mood of mind; the prideful loneliness of a man who feels he has no natural claim on any earthly being, and will not put forth his sickness and his loneliness as a claim. Something, too, of the natural petulance that murmurs, '*They would not care much now! But, by-and-by, when I am dead and gone, they will be sorry.*'

He did not blame any one but himself for his mournful isolation; but it was his wilful pleasure to make it complete, with that scorn of all partial alleviations which is sometimes the saddest feature of bodily or mental pain. No one could give him what he wanted, and therefore no one should give him anything. What they could do for him was not worth the humbling of his pride to claim.

No wonder that Maurice should have contrasted Raymond's lot and his own with ever-deepening pity. The only thing that he could not understand was why Raymond should have made *him* the exception to the general rule; and this he was never likely to discover.

The fact was that the impulse by which Raymond had broken through the growing habit of seclusion to make friends with Maurice, was one of the very few in his whole life by which he had deliberately preferred what he thought right to what was most in accordance with his own wishes.

In the very last letter he had had from the Squire he had heard the whole story of Maurice's confession and exile; and the young man's character and hopes for the future had been discussed with a wistful anxiety that had let Raymond into the secret.

'He wants Dagmar, and he will have her in the end, if he can put a decent face on the business,' said Raymond to himself. 'My uncle could not refuse a pickpocket who asked him for his watch in a pleasant and respectful fashion; and he is evidently very fond of this young fellow—too fond to judge him fairly. And Dagmar would have her way if she thought it right, against a dozen wills far stronger than their's.'

At first it seemed to Raymond that this was no business of his; but when he reflected how chance might throw him against Maurice, he reflected also that it might be his duty to try and find out what the young man was really like.

'I should judge him fairly and *hardly*,' he thought. 'If there is any harm in him I should find it out, and the Squire never would. I never did anything for any one in my life, and it is late to begin; but if I can help to take care of her in any way, she deserves that much of me.'

So he cultivated Maurice's acquaintance, with a half-suspicious, half-friendly earnestness; and found out, rather to his surprise, that Maurice Caryl—even with that dark story behind him—was more worthy of Dagmar Tyndal than ever Maurice Claughton had been. And by the time he had arrived at that conclusion, these two men, so strangely different in character and circumstances, yet both in a sense shipwrecked and solitary, had come to feel a kind of friendship for each other.

Raymond, who was turning petulantly from all his old friends, would have felt an added desolation if this new friend had turned from *him;* and Maurice, for his part, knew that his coming was looked for and welcomed, and found the knowledge pleasant. He made a vow to himself that as long as Raymond needed him he would be at his service, that he would even put by his work for a time to serve him, for the sake of the place where they two had met, and the unspoken tie that was between them.

He had a prevision that his service would be needed soon, that Raymond would soon want a friend's hand to help him as far as possible along the dark lone way that lies before us all. He had found out what was the matter with Raymond: a complication of various small maladies, all betokening deficient strength and vitality, not one serious in itself, but altogether making up an alarming total. His doctor spoke hopefully to him, and so did Maurice; but their speech was rather in accordance with facts than with their own secret opinion. And he made no secret of his own impression.

'Any other man might get over this,' he said, 'but I shall not. I never had energy enough to do as much as other people. Let it go; I have let other things go that I cared for more.'

It was to Maurice that he said this, when their acquaintance had ripened into friendship; and Maurice was too honest to contradict him, but only suggested, very delicately but very earnestly, that he ought to let his friends know.

'I shall do no such thing,' answered Raymond deliberately, 'I have no claim on them—I never had. But you know enough of them to know that if they heard—this—about me, they would never be satisfied without doing *something*. And I prefer to be let alone.'

'I feel like an hypocrite when I write to the Squire, and keep back what he has every right to know.'

'No matter! I have your promise. Surely if a man is utterly alone in the world he may claim at least the privilege of going out of it without troubling any one?'

Maurice made no answer, and after a moment Raymond turned and looked at him, his face softening.

'Forgive me,' he said, 'I did not quite mean that, either; and I am *not* utterly alone in the world since we have found each other out. I dare say I shall trouble *you* to the end, if you still persist in being troubled about me.'

'You know that you may count upon whatever I can do,' said Maurice simply.

'Yes?' answered Raymond, with eyes still bent meditatively upon his face. 'I dare say I shall say many more ungrateful and ungenerous things, but I can fancy your being very patient. I am afraid the compliment is not worth having, but you are the only man that I should care to have with me, when——'

He stopped, but why it would be hard to say, since he seemed neither regretful nor afraid.

'I will be with you, if you should need me, I promise that,' said Maurice, answering the implied request.

'Thank you. After all, you can afford to be patient with me, for you are so much better off than I am. Ay! even if you were never to get the thing you want.'

'Not in that case!' said the other, with a half-smile that could not hide the fact that he flinched a little from the bare possibility.

'No? You are very sympathetic, my new friend, but you cannot quite put yourself in my place. You are alive, very much alive—down to your very finger-tips; and I am dead already, and only waiting to be buried. I set my heart on one thing, only one; and even when I lost that I could not greatly care. I saw the announcement of her wedding the other day and did not care two straws about it! Confess! would you not bear the worst that Fate could do to you rather than change with me?'

'Yes; if all this were real,' said Maurice, in a tone that was purposely business-like and unsympathetic. 'But it isn't, you know. It is chiefly physical, and if you were better you would cease talking like your Lord Byron, and find life about as interesting as other people do.'

'But not as interesting as you do!' answered the elder man with a smile. 'Put it anyway you like; it makes no difference. But you don't in your heart believe all that, any more than I do. *You* are too young, and I am too old. That is what is the matter with me, and nothing else, after all. I am too old, centuries too old, and too long out of my grave.'

It was impossible to tell whether he spoke in jest or earnest, and Maurice chose to take it as the former.

'This is very unpractical talk,' he said, rising, 'and I ought to be going back to my work. Now, take care of yourself, and don't let me find you doing absolutely nothing when I come again. It is the worst thing possible, for anybody. If you don't feel up to work, read an exciting novel.'

'I will, if you can find one that will excite me,' said Raymond, smiling again, and so they parted.

It was just before Christmas, but neither of these two lonely men made any allusion to the joyous season. To Raymond, who had

never known the inner circle of family life, it had never been much, and now was less than nothing.

And Maurice, reading hard in his little attic, with his feet on the fender and the one gas-jet burning dimly over his head, did not pity himself half so much as he was pitied by those kind souls away at Winstead, who could hardly eat their luxurious Christmas dinner for thinking wistfully of him.

When he made his way again to the Temple it was in the bitter chill of a January evening. And this time he did not scold Raymond, though he found him again unoccupied.

For Raymond was really ill now, and almost helpless; the flimsy piteous pretence of being independent and able to get on alone quite broken down at last. 'I should have sent for you if you had not come,' he confessed; and he seemed to resign himself into Maurice's hands, as it were, with a sigh of relief.

But he was still obdurate when the young man again gently pleaded to be allowed to let at least *some* of his friends know. Maurice was better to him than loneliness, but loneliness was better than the kindly superficial sympathy of those summer-friends now that the winter was come.

So Maurice gave it up, and did the only thing that could be done under the circumstances—moved his books and slender belongings across to the Temple, and took up his quarters there.

Perhaps Raymond hardly understood the sacrifice it was to the other to give up his solitude and banish himself so far from his beloved work. But he knew that he could not get on now without Maurice, and he was grateful when he thought of it, and always gentlemanly and courteous, even in the captious discontent of mortal weakness and weariness.

And Maurice, for his part, got on pretty well, being one of those fortunate people who can do two things at once, and managed to do a good deal of steady work, even with some part of his attention always free to notice the wants and wishes of his patient.

It might well have been something of a trial to him, as time went on—February was over, and March well begun—and still there seemed no prospect of his task being done. Raymond could do without him less than ever, but as he himself grimly remarked, he was like the man in the American village, who 'couldn't even seem to *up and die*, right off, like other folks.'

But Maurice was by no means in a hurry for that end of his cares and labours. He had come to have that tender feeling towards Raymond which, by the beautiful law of compensations, we always have for that for which we have worked and suffered: and he was distinctly happier with that heavy charge and responsibility than he would have been without it. Poor Raymond's sharp and bitter speeches, even when directed against himself, never hurt him in the least; but he was grieved sometimes when his patient, like King

Charles, gently apologised for being 'such an unconscionable time in dying,' and promised him that he should be free very soon.

Nevertheless, as the weeks slipped on, a great trial did loom before Maurice's imagination; one that he saw no way of escaping. Never for one day since he left Winstead had he forgotten Mrs. Tyndal's injunction to him to come back in a year. He meant to obey it, whether it was repeated or not. He should be able to make them understand, far better than by writing, how he was getting on and what were his prospects for the future; he should find out how they were disposed towards him, and perhaps even win some kind of a promise, that if he continued to do well he might hope some day for his reward; he should be able to assure Dagmar, far more eloquently than he had had words to do before, of his unalterable love and gratitude. And, above all, he should see her, and hear her speak; and sometimes the very thought of that made his brain swim with delight, as if he had had a glimpse of heaven.

But as the time drew near, his blissful visions were chequered by a probability, that deepened at last to a certainty, that when the day, so long looked forward to, actually came, he should not be free. To leave a man whom he cared for alone on his death-bed, even to go a-wooing, seemed to him an impossibility.

To wait a little longer, even to a lover's impatience, might not have seemed so great a calamity; but how was he to explain the delay to them? As he grew worse, Raymond was only more sullenly bent on keeping his condition a secret from every one; and to Maurice's tender heart it seemed as if it would be positive cruelty to press a dying man to yield his wish, and to give as a reason, to one so hopeless, his own glad hopes for the future. He knew that if he urged the matter Raymond would only shut his heart against the last ray of human tenderness that was left to him; and make his one friend welcome to *go*, but not to tell. So there was no deliverance in that quarter, since Raymond had his promise.

But meanwhile he tormented himself not a little. Would the Squire and Mrs. Tyndal think that he had forgotten or that he did not care to come? What engagement *could* they think he would allow to keep him from Winstead under such circumstances? It seemed hardly possible that they should do him justice, while he was unable to give them any explanation; and sometimes he wondered whether they would doubt him, and whether Dagmar might not doubt him too, till he felt half maddened.

He had thought at first that he *must* go, if only for a flying visit; but much study of Bradshaw convinced him that it could not be done under twelve hours, even allowing himself no more than half an hour at the Hall; and as the time drew near he began to see that Raymond was not fit to be left, even for twelve hours, and that so hurried a visit—when he could give no adequate reason for such haste—would be hardly better than none.

So he gave up the idea, not without many secret strivings of spirit, and wrote—one night just before he expected to receive the Squire's usual monthly letter—saying that he had hoped to avail himself of Mrs. Tyndal's kind permission and to report himself at the Hall; but that the illness of a friend would prevent his doing so as early as the day he had been looking forward to so long. They might be sure that he would come, if not forbidden, the first hour he was free.

'I feel such a hypocrite that I dare not say any more,' thought Maurice ruefully, looking at the formal words that so little expressed his feelings. 'He knows I haven't got a friend in London, so I can't expect him to believe me. And I wonder what he will say when he finds out about poor Raymond, and that I have been deceiving him on that score all this while? I will never make a promise to any one again.'

It was really greatly to Maurice's credit that he should have been able to speak so gently and tenderly to his patient as he did after posting that letter; but perhaps Raymond recognised a little strain in the gentleness, or perhaps noticed a little drawing-together of the young man's dark flexible brows.

'What is the matter?' he asked presently, after he had watched Maurice's face for a little while in the shadow above the reading-lamp's circle of light.

Most men would have answered 'Nothing!' but Maurice had not yet unlearnt the habit of literal truthfulness that he had acquired when he had been ever painfully conscious of one great unrepented lie, eating into his very soul.

'Not very much,' he answered soberly, after a moment. 'It is not to be expected that things should go altogether smooth with me, under the circumstances.'

'Under *what* circumstances?' asked Raymond, after again a momentary pause. They had maintained a curious reserve, these two, after Maurice had once satisfied himself that Raymond was not receiving him under a false impression; but now it suddenly occurred to the dying man that he would like to break it through, to learn something of the hopes and wishes of this new friend who had appeared so strangely out of the shadows to help him through the last dark stage of his journey. 'Under *what* circumstances?' he said.

'Those that I have made for myself,' said Maurice, rather abstractedly, looking down upon his book. 'To be doubted is the ruin of all my hopes; but what right have I to blame them if they should doubt me?'

'Does she care for you?' said Raymond abruptly.

'She says she will!' answered the young man simply; but the sudden light that leapt into his eyes belied the quietness of his manner.

'It will be called a bad match for her,' said Raymond, half to

himself. 'Much she will care about that! And what shall you do if they refuse their consent?'

'It will be just as she pleases! If she will trust me I will not fail her. I am her's, to take or to leave.'

'And meanwhile you are staking your whole soul on a girl's courage and constancy! In the days when I was young and overwise I should have called that folly. I can hardly call it wisdom, even now! But I think perhaps such folly is best.'

Maurice made no answer. He was smiling to himself over his book, his gloom half banished for the time by one blissful recollection; and yet a pang of pity for the other made his heart ache. This despairing indifference seemed to him very terrible, and all the more so, because—but for his true-love—he might by this time have been plunged in just such a gulf himself. It seemed to him that something ought surely to be done for Raymond, something more than he himself could do. But this patient was not easy to deal with—ten years his senior,—morbidly bent on being let alone, and troubling no one more than was needful,—and far too ill to be crossed or argued with. In his humility Maurice did not think himself at all a proper person to hint even at those subjects of consideration that ought to occupy the thoughts of a dying man; but he could not divest himself of an uneasy feeling of responsibility.'

Almost every day Maurice was obliged to leave his charge, in order to attend his lectures, which, as the time for his examination was rapidly approaching, he dared not neglect. But he never allowed himself to be absent for long at a time, and it pleased Raymond just as well to be occasionally left to himself with only his 'boy' within call. This youth had been a great trial before Maurice came, and still was as provoking as he dared to be. But his master would put up with anything—as he guessed—rather than face a stranger. Maurice had not travelled half over the world, however, without knowing full well how to manage a refractory 'help'; and, when this particular specimen was more than usually trying, used to row him *in German*, which expressive language of fluent gutturals always had the effect of reducing him for the time to good behaviour.

The next morning, almost as soon as Maurice had gone out, Raymond called 'John,' and requested of him pen, ink, and paper.

He had been thinking deeply most of the night as he lay awake, and the result of those thoughts he was now trying to embody in the first letter he had written for months. He made two or three beginnings, and then lay back exhausted, looking at the feeble slanting writing with a sense of being *beaten*, that perhaps a whole life of ill-success had never brought to him in such a degree. It occurred to him after a time that he should never write a letter again, and the strangeness of it took all his thoughts with vague awe and wonder. He knew that he was dying, and did not on the whole regret it, and yet the giving up, one by one, of all these little every-day habits

was to him what the parting from dear friends is to happier men. He lay thinking till the striking of the clock warned him that Maurice would soon be here, and that he had not yet accomplished what he had to do. He called John in again, and that astute youth saw the state of things at a glance, and entertained hopes of being asked to write for his master, which he thought would be very interesting; but Raymond only sent out for a telegraph form, which he filled up with very few words, and sent forthwith to the office. He was very particular, too, about having the pens and paper put away; and when Maurice came back would not own that he had been doing anything to make himself so unusually weary.

Maurice had to go out again the next day, as a matter of necessity; but he went about his work with a heavy heart, seeing the day that would end his anxieties looming ever nearer, and yet dreading that day unspeakably.

That very morning the doctor had very gently hinted to Raymond that there might be some one whom he would like to see; and both the sick man and his friend had known well what he meant. But Raymond had only smiled in his inscrutable fashion without answering; and Maurice had not yet made up his mind to press him again.

But he was very uneasy, and hurried home even more quickly than usual.

On the stairs, however, he paused suddenly, with that impulse of wonder which makes us stop and ask ourselves questions instead of going on to find the answer to them. Yes! his ears had not deceived him—there *was* a strange voice in Raymond's room! He went on more slowly, paused a moment at the bedroom door, then tapped at it, and entered.

Then, for the time, he forgot all his anxieties—and even Raymond—utterly. For it was the Squire's well-known face that turned to him as the door opened, and the Squire's hand that grasped his eagerly, with more than all the old friendliness. And somehow, from the very tone of his old friend's voice, and the look of his face, Maurice gathered—what an older and less hopeful man would have been very slow to believe—that it was all right, and that with patience and long endeavour he should surely get what he wanted in the end. It was no wonder if, for a moment, the room seemed to swim round, and he hardly heard Mr. Tyndal's eager greeting and inquiries.

His instinct, as he recovered himself, made him think first of Raymond, who, as he guessed, had had more than enough of talking and excitement.

He prevailed upon the Squire to come away into the sitting-room; and went back at once to his patient. Raymond looked at him with an odd little smile.

'You were surprised,' he said; 'I did not think you were such a nervous subject, or I might have warned you this morning that I

expected my uncle; but I think you will not be sorry to see him.'

'Far from it,' said Maurice, in his most business-like tones; 'But you will be good enough to talk no more, but let me put you comfortable, and get you what you want before I go back to him. I will look after his comfort properly, you may depend, for the honour of your roof.'

Raymond knew that there was no use in saying more, and perhaps was too weary to wish it; and in a few minutes Maurice was free to go back to the Squire, who was pacing restlessly up and down the sitting-room.

'My dear boy, how are you?' he repeated, seizing the young man's outstretched hands in both his own. 'You look as if you were working yourself to death; but, of course, you have had nursing and anxiety to tell upon you as well. How long has this been going on? He tells me, poor fellow, that he wouldn't let you write to me. I never was so shocked in my life.'

'Oh, I am so thankful you have come,' cried Maurice, with something in his voice almost like a sob. 'He needs what I cannot do for him, and he will listen to you.'

'Is it really as bad with him as he thinks? There, never mind!—I see. I was afraid things were serious when I got his telegram. Poor Ray!—poor lad! We were always fond of him, all of us.'

'I think it will not be—long,' said Maurice, after a minute, lowering his voice. 'You will talk to him, will you not? There are things that ought to be thought of, at such a time; and it is not for me to speak of them, Heaven knows, considering all things.'

'I understand,' said the Squire gently. 'Poor fellow, it is hard to know what to say to him for the best. He tells me he should have been quite alone to the last but for you. I am sure we can never thank you enough. I should never have forgiven myself if—though it would hardly have been our fault. However, I promised I wouldn't speak of those things at present.'

'And I must remember that I have to act host,' said Maurice, smiling sadly. 'You have had a long and hurried journey, I am afraid, and must want something to eat. Our resources are not unlimited in this joint bachelor housekeeping; but I can improvise something which you may call dinner.'

'And that reminds me,' said Mr. Tyndal, 'that I must write home; and I had better do it at once. I gave them no hint as to how long I might have to stay; but of course I shall not go back at once, as things are.'

Maurice found him pens and paper, and went away to consult the youth John about the dinner, and to inspire him to unusual exertion. Without being asked he volunteered the information that the elderly gent had been there a long time; and that a hour after he came they

had sent him (John) out to fetch another gent that lived in the Strand, and he had brought him home in a cab.

Maurice may have wondered, but he did not even question himself as to the meaning of this. Raymond and he had arrived at their present degree of friendship without being in the slightest degree confidential; and he had no wish even to know what had made Raymond break through his self-imposed rule.

The Squire had many more questions to ask as he and Maurice sat at dinner together, and the young man answered them fully and freely; and did not take it amiss when those that he ventured to put in return were replied to with some reserve and constraint.

'They were all well at Winstead,' Mr. Tyndal said—and he smiled when he spoke of them in a way that showed that all was right.

But he kept a guard over his lips, and never let slip the name that Maurice was longing to hear; and once, when he had said something that betrayed an expectation of seeing Maurice very soon at Winstead, he checked himself in some confusion, and muttered something again about having promised not to speak of that at present.

The young man was tantalised, but not discouraged. It was evident to him that the Squire was most favourably disposed, but that some one or other had been urging him to caution and prudence. That Mr. Tyndal would do what he thought right no one who knew him could doubt; but that he would long regard what was prudent no one who knew him would expect. And after his long months of hard work and recent anxiety and discouragement, Maurice felt inclined to be cautious in admitting this new joy, and to sip the strong heady wine of hope by degrees.

Meanwhile, it seemed almost cruel to be thinking of hope, so near that room where Life and Hope were taking their last long farewell. Of their dinner neither Maurice nor the Squire thought much; and when it was over the young man sent Mr. Tyndal in to sit with Raymond, and settled himself with his books within call.

It is not within a writer's province to tell what passed between those two, left alone together; between the kindly, blundering, wrong-headed, right-hearted elderly man, and the other, so many years younger, and yet older far than his friend and adviser would ever be.

What the Squire said was by no means ridiculous, but it would be very easy to raise a smile at the way in which he said it; at the curious mingling of earnestness and dread of seeming to preach, of deep religious feeling and a sense that it did not become a layman to *speak* of these things, however much he might think about them.

Perhaps Raymond did smile occasionally, being hardly so much in earnest as the other. But on the whole he was grave and grateful; quite willing to hear and consider all that could be said to him, though it did seem to him that it was no one's business but his

own, and that the circumstances hardly warranted such a display of earnestness. He even consented to see a clergyman, if the Squire wished it, though he did not quite see the object of it. He had never done any one any harm, as far as he knew; and he had as little thought of being specially repentant for a wasted life as he had of taking credit to himself for the few faint efforts at unselfishness and justice that he had made of late. Having all along taken life too easily, he was prepared now to take death as easily! And perhaps he could not help it, then. At any rate, he *thought* he could not, and hoped therefore that it was not wrong.

This was on the surface. Perhaps there was an undercurrent of deeper and better feeling, unexpressed; a longing to have done with the life that the want of a noble purpose had spoiled and marred, a yearning to be set right and forgiven.

The Squire, at any rate, always maintained that there was, and that the thought of the long quiet talk he had had with poor dear Raymond was most satisfactory and comforting to him.

Maurice let it go on as long as he dared, and then quietly fetched Mr. Tyndal away. He made his patient comfortable for the night, and then went back to his guest, who was much exercised in his mind as to what clergyman he should ask to-morrow to come and see Raymond. Maurice could not help him much, there; and he announced his intention of going off to consult an old friend of his at Kensington the first thing in the morning. In the meantime he professed to be tired, and said he would go out and look for a bed—mainly, as Maurice believed, that he might not stay to talk and be beguiled into saying something premature.

Maurice had already sent out and found him a bed close at hand, and he went off to it, with a friendly flattering good-night and blessing that warmed the young man's heart as he went back to his patient.

Of late Maurice had slept on a sofa in Raymond's room, to be ready in case he needed anything. It was very seldom that he would express a wish, and as a rule he was very silent; but to-night he was wakeful and quite talkative. But his companion noticed, with a little anxiety, that he seemed to be talking rather to himself than to any one else; rambling on about old times and places in a way that was strange and pathetic in a man who had always professed to have no sentiment about the past. When the gas had been turned down he grew quieter, and by-and-by Maurice fancied that he had fallen asleep, and so allowed himself to drop asleep too.

It was perhaps two hours after when Maurice dreamed that he heard himself called, and started up, broad awake in an instant. It was Raymond who was speaking, but he did not seem to hear or understand the remark that Maurice made, in a purposely commonplace tone, as he turned up the light.

'I am a fool!' he was saying, rather hurriedly; 'I was always a

fool! I thought I could put off and put off still, and it would not matter—and I have put off too long, as usual.'

'What have you put off?' said Maurice gently, drawing near the bed.

'I thought I could help you!' he went on, unheeding. 'I saw my way to doing some little good, so—and Heaven knows I have done little enough in my time! But I waited, I would not send—and now it is too late.'

'But who did you wish to send for?' said Maurice again, touching his hand. Raymond looked round, half-bewildered, like one waking from a dream.

'I forget!' he said. '*Did* I only dream it, or did my uncle really come to-day?'

'He came. He was with you all the evening. You remember he was here when I came in.'

Raymond sighed, and looked round the room again, then rather wistfully into Maurice's face.

'I forget,' he repeated. 'Well! I am glad it was not so.—One thing—only one! It was as well to have completed *that*, at least.—And Escott came too,—Yes! I remember now.—You have been very good to me! Remember that at least I did what I could to serve you—that I should have been glad to have done more—even if it cost me some trouble—which is much to say, for *me*.'

'I will remember, always; be sure of that. But tell me what is it that troubles you now? What do you wish me to do?'

'Nothing! Don't turn down the gas again.'

'I will not. Will you let me go for a few minutes? I will be back again as soon as possible.'

Maurice had not undressed that night, with a dim prevision that he might be wanted in haste. He darted out now, roused up the nearest available messenger, and sent him for the doctor and Mr. Tyndal, and was back again in a very short space of time. Raymond did not seem to have missed him, but lay as if half-falling asleep.

'It would have been more *in character* if I had missed this chance too,' he murmured, with a half smile. 'But I am glad I did not. Good-bye!'

'It is not time for good-byes yet,' said Maurice, bending over him, and forcing himself to speak clearly; but Raymond only answered by a slight negative movement of the head, and a little deepening of that indescribable look of *self-withdrawal*.

The doctor came, but he did nothing; and perhaps Maurice had not expected him to do anything. He had not thought it would be so soon, he said, but he was hardly surprised. Mr. Tyndal came, but Raymond took no notice of him—did not even seem to hear what he said. Only when Maurice leaned over and asked whether he would not speak to his uncle, he repeated wearily, 'Good-bye.'

He noticed no voice but Maurice's; and after a little while he did not

even notice that, but fell asleep, like one over-wearied; and sleeping laid down at last the burden that had long been too heavy for him. There was no word or look more for any one; but the night was long past, and the day almost done, before it was really over.

'He cared for me, a little!' said Maurice, in rather a distraught fashion, as the Squire drew him at last away into his own room. 'And he is gone now. They all go!'

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DOBB'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

RATHER more than two years must be supposed to have passed away, and we must see what changes they have brought to the dwellers in Market-Yoredale with whom we are acquainted.

One great change, which every one except Agatha thought might come at any moment, had not occurred. Mrs. Browning was still alive, and not more ill and suffering than she had been for years. Agatha alone was not surprised, because her aunt had been so long in very much the same condition, that poor Agatha accepted it as the natural state of things, and did not at all realise that it must end some day. Poor Agatha! She had other causes for sorrow, which she could not ignore, so it was perhaps as well that she was so curiously blind to this.

It was Thursday—the first Thursday in the month, the day of the great market at Market-Yoredale. It was a lovely September day, bright and warm, and Mrs. Browning had been taking a turn round the garden, supported by her niece, whose slight, but vigorous and elastic form, was well able to give the support she needed.

They returned to the house, and Agatha, having made her aunt comfortable on a sofa, called in the maid, and saw the table neatly set forth for tea. She even measured out the tea in a cup, saying—

'When Mr. Winstanley comes, Nanny, make the tea, and mind that you make it as I taught you. Don't bring us to disgrace with watery, half-cold tea.'

She spoke pleasantly, but when the girl looked up, expecting to meet the particularly bright smile with which her young mistress generally spoke, she found that, so far from smiling, Agatha was looking very grave—so grave, that Nanny hastily concluded that she had not done the cutlets well that day, and that Mrs. Browning had failed to eat her dinner in consequence.

'Them cutlings?' said she anxiously, 'was they right to-day, ma'am?'

'Quite right, Nanny. I could not have done them better myself. You will really cook very nicely before long. That will do now.'

Nanny withdrew, and the two ladies were silent for a time.

'Are you going to read to me, Agatha?' said Mrs. Browning at last, more to break the silence than for any other reason.

Agatha started, as if her thoughts had been very far away.

'Not unless you particularly wish it, auntie. I want to go to the end of the lane to meet Edward.'

'Very well, dear. I dare say I shall take a doze. Agatha, is there anything wrong?'

'I heard a report to-day which has vexed me. I shall tell you all about it; but not now. If I delay now, I shall miss my walk; so, good bye. There is your little bell in case you want Nanny.'

Mrs. Browning guessed at once that the report referred to Edward Winstanley, and that Agatha had heard it from Mrs. Drayton, the Rector's wife, when she visited the school that morning. One change that had taken place in Market-Yoredale was that the old Rector had left it, and a new one had come in his place. A middle-aged, active man, whose wife was willing and able to help him, Mr. Drayton had already worked several changes in his parish, which the better sort of parishioners called improvements. And Mrs. Drayton had become quite intimate with the Sunnybank ladies, who thoroughly liked her, in spite of her slight oddity of temper and her formal manner; and indeed she deserved to be liked, for her manner covered a very kind heart, and she was a really good Christian woman.

Mrs. Browning felt anxious, and the history of Agatha's engagement justified her in feeling so. For when the year of mourning had passed, and every one expected the wedding to take place at once, Agatha herself had proposed to Edward to delay it; that, at least, was all that she had told her aunt about what passed between her and her lover. He had consented—whether willingly or reluctantly, she did not say. Since that time there had been an indefinable change in Edward's manner; and, bright and cheerful as Agatha always was while with her, Mrs. Browning divined that the girl was not happy. More than this she could not guess, and she could not ask. Agatha had always been reserved on points connected with her keenest feelings, and, as she grew to womanhood, this reserve increased greatly. If she told her aunt anything, it was certain to be the truth, and the whole truth; but she was not one whom you could question. But Mrs. Browning knew that what she believed to be right, that she would do, and so she respected her reticence.

Agatha walked briskly up the lane into which Sunnybank and one or two other houses opened. It ended in a gate and turnstile, and on the other side of these ran the high road, here bordered with trees and very pretty. Agatha passed through the stile, and stood looking along the broad white road that lay between her and the town. There were many people there, but not the person she hoped to see; and, after a few moments, she went back into the lane, and

sat down under a great lime-tree which stood beside the gate and had a rustic seat under it.

Agatha had changed a good deal since her engagement. Then she had been young-looking for her eighteen years; now she looked more than twenty. Without being a regular beauty, she was very pleasing in appearance; her eyes were very fine, and her hair abundant and beautiful. Her face was wonderfully expressive, and her white dress—she still wore white in summer—showed that her figure was spare, but strong and graceful. She was rather tall, but not too tall. There she sat, with her hands lying quietly in her lap. The perfect stillness of her figure would, to an observant person, have been a sufficient proof that plenty of strength, moral, mental, and physical, lay under the folds of white muslin that looked so picturesque in the green shade of the lime-tree—green still, though fast turning yellow at the top—through which the sun was sending golden shafts to brighten her up. She sat there until many parties, on foot, on horseback, and in various vehicles, had passed the gate. Then she moved for the first time, looked at her watch, and, rising, took another glance down the road to the town. No one was coming; the road was empty, and Agatha walked home, looking back more than once, but always in vain. When near home, she stopped for a moment, no one was near, and no windows overlooked this part of the lane. Agatha put her hands up to her forehead, pressing them over her eyes; then, with a quick, gasping sigh, let them fall by her side, and walked on.

'Nanny,' said she to her new handmaid, 'you may make the tea, and bring it in in ten minutes. Mr. Winstanley is not coming.'

She threw aside her hat in the hall, and passed into the sitting-room.

'Something has delayed Edward, Aunt Mary, so we will have our tea. I am hungry; we were so early at dinner. Oh, it is such a lovely evening! There is a glow in the evening sunshine at this time of year which always seems to me one of the most beautiful things in the world.'

She gave her aunt her tea, chatting cheerfully all the time. She ate and drank herself, and seemed much as usual, only that the smile which generally sweetened her discourse was absent. After tea she got the book they were reading, and read aloud for some time; then, laying it down, she said quietly—

'I think I shall go again to meet Edward. He will soon be coming now, if at all.'

'Put on your shawl, dear, for it is cool in the evenings now. I suppose he remained in town for the market dinner. Poor fellow! he cannot always get away, and I am sure it must be far from a pleasure to him.'

'I suppose so,' Agatha answered vaguely as she left the room. Forgetting all about a shawl, she put on her hat and went out.

It was now seven o'clock, and the road was empty and quiet. Agatha stood looking in the direction of the town, until a somewhat forced and silly laugh made her turn round. Edward was behind her, standing leaning against the wall. It was still quite light, light enough to show her that he was flushed and—not exactly excited, but not quite like himself.

'You look so stately, Agatha, standing there as upright as a dart. It was very good of you to come and meet me.'

'Edward, why did you stay in town for the market dinner to-day? You promised me that you would not.'

'Yes; but I met a fellow with whom I had business after I had left the market, and by the time I could shake him off—by the time I had satisfied him, I mean—it was late, and I was hungry, and I had to give him some dinner, of course. I could not bring him here with me; he's not in your line, you know. Come and give me a cup of tea, won't you?'

'Not to-night. We will not disturb my aunt.'

Edward reddened angrily, and, raising his eyes to hers, began hurriedly—

'Upon my word, Agatha——'

But his eyes fell before the steady sadness of hers.

'Oh, Ned!' she whispered, 'again!'

For a moment he was silent; then, rousing himself, he began a long and rambling defence—a great many words, and but little sense in them. Agatha listened with such a look of pain and pity on her face that at last he stopped short, and in a changed voice exclaimed—

'Don't look like that, Agatha! Look here, you told me a year ago that you would marry me in a year if I gave up the habit of attending those abominable dinners—yes, I know there was more; but that was the chief thing. Now, if you will forgive me for having failed—not very often, you must acknowledge; but still I don't deny that I have failed—but, if you will be my wife at once, I promise solemnly never to go to those dinners again.'

'Come to me to-morrow, and we will talk of this.'

'Now, Agatha, don't be so stiff and solemn. If you and I could change complexions, you would not have found me out; and I am as well able to talk of this, and of anything else, as I ever am; and, to be frank, I must have an answer. I promised—I mean, I find that being, as I may say, without a home, is a great temptation to me. I should come home fast enough after my business was done, if *you* were at home, Agatha.'

'Yet you did not come to me to-day,' she said quietly.

'Oh, that is different!' he said awkwardly.

By this time they were inside the gate, Edward sitting on the seat under the lime-tree, and Agatha standing before him. She made a little gesture with her hand, as if dismissing the subject, saying—

'You see, we had better talk of it to-morrow.'

'But I prefer to arrange it now,' he answered angrily. 'I honestly tell you, it is of importance to me to have it settled. I want to know, now and here, if you mean to keep your promise?'

'My promise was conditional, Edward.'

'I know that. You made no conditions when I first asked you—you loved me then, Agatha?'

'I loved you then, and I love you now, Edward Winstanley, better than you have loved me, or any one else; that you know, as well as I do.'

'It does not look very like it,' he answered hotly. 'A girl who really loved me would marry me now, in the hope——'

'That you would keep promises after marriage better than before! I will do it, Edward, if you will do one thing for me.'

'You will?' he cried, springing up and holding out his hands to her; but she stepped a little back, and he sat down again. Oh, Agatha, what a darling you are! You will save me; you don't know, and I cannot tell you all about it—not yet. But you really are a dear, good girl, and——'

'Stay, you have not heard my conditions. I must have a real right to hope; and your promise to me is not enough. I know that sounds harsh, but you have forced me to feel it. I know very well that in any case there is a risk—I know what you are thinking of now, and cannot make up your mind to tell me; but I will forgive all, and run all risks, if you will become a total abstainer, and give up racing and gambling in every form.'

Edward's handsome face lost the look of relief and triumph it had worn for a moment; he looked surprised, ashamed, finally sulky.

'A pretty milksop you want to make of me,' he said. 'And what do you mean by saying that you know what I don't want to tell you?'

'I know that you lost heavily on the great race at Doncaster, and that you are now being pressed for the money; and I know that, when you had those college friends of yours staying with you, you played cards every night, and lost a great deal of money.'

'Who told you all this?'

'I have her leave to say that it was Mrs. Drayton.'

Edward muttered a few words, and Agatha, bending towards him, said in a low voice—

'Edward, do you need any proof that the life you are leading is sadly changing you? Ask yourself if, two years ago, you would have used such words—in my hearing—about a lady because she has done what you must know was right.'

Edward was silent. After a time he said—

'I was wrong, I confess, and, of course, she meant no harm; but I would rather have told you myself. But, whoever told you, it is true enough. My father tied up his money in such a way that I can't get

at it. If you were my wife, I could manage; but I suppose Mrs. Drayton and your aunt want you to give me up?'

'My aunt knows nothing; she has so much to bear that I spare her all I can. Mrs. Drayton did so advise me; but I told her I did not agree with her. And I say again, with my eyes open to the danger I dare, and with a full knowledge—fuller than most girls can have of the life of anxiety I may be entering upon; yet I do love you so truly, Edward, that, if you will take a solemn oath to be a total abstainer all your life, I will marry you next month—or sooner, if you wish it. I won't press the other promise, for, if you do this, I think you will be safe—safer at least from that temptation.'

Edward sat moodily thinking—how the men with whom he had dined that day would jeer at him, how Stanley, and Manton, and young Leigh, and all those fellows would laugh and turn him into ridicule; and Phelps would make a song about it, and sing it at one of those jolly parties from which he must be excluded for the future. And, besides all this, there was another objection—he had no wish to give up these things; and he had not the true, over-mastering love for Agatha which would make him willing to sacrifice anything rather than lose her. Not that he meant to lose her—he loved her, though not as she loved him; and he was extremely proud of her, and of his engagement.

'Hang it all, Agatha!' he burst out at last. 'This is really too bad! Mrs. Drayton put you up to this.'

'No, it is my own thought.'

'It is no credit to you. Would you marry a man whom you think you cannot trust to take care of himself? Men always get into mischief before they settle down, and I am no worse than my neighbours. Come, Agatha, don't humiliate me like this! I really can't make myself a laughing-stock to every man I know.'

'Ah, Edward, don't refuse me! I have thought about it well. I know it is a little hard, but I cannot go back; do this, and I will be your true and loving wife; refuse, and——'

'Ay, and what? You may well hesitate, Agatha, for it just comes to this. If you send me about my business, I must let Crossley, and leave England for a time; and our engagement cannot go on—it is absurd being engaged like this, when you are determined not to marry me.'

'But—you will promise to do this?' she said gently, so gently that he fancied she was wavering.

'No,' he said, 'I really cannot! I should never respect myself again.'

She was silent.

'Come, my dear girl; tell me you did not know what a hurting, degrading thing you were asking of me, and we'll say no more about it.'

'I cannot do that; I have told you what I would do if you refuse

my request—we must part! I will be plain with you, Edward; I *know* that for you there is no safety but in total abstinence. I will make the promise at the same time with you, if that will make it any easier.'

'Not at all! I really cannot do what must make me perfectly ridiculous! Think it over, Agatha; I will come to you to-morrow.'

'For what purpose? If your mind is made up, so is mine. Unless you change, we must part—as well now as to-morrow.'

'As you will,' he said sulkily, and sat staring down at the ground.

'Edward, I am going,' the girl said, very low.

'If you *will* go, I cannot help it. I think you have behaved very badly to me; but I suppose it must be borne. Good-bye—I shall trouble you no more.'

'You will trouble me always; unless you are my joy, you must needs be my sorrow. Yet I dare not change what I have said. I should not save you; and I could not bear to watch your ruin. Good-bye.'

Edward sprang up and watched the white figure as it hurried along in the grey dimness. She was soon out of sight.

'I did well to take her coolly,' he muttered. 'She will write to-morrow. Poor little Agatha! She'll repent soon enough—she's very fond of me.'

(*To be continued.*)

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLVII.

THE RYE-HOUSE PLOT.

1683–1685.

'OPPRESSION maketh a wise man mad,' and the English had begun to despair, when they saw Charles II. dispensing with a parliament by means of French gold, crushing the municipal freedom of the cities, even of London, and when they knew that the next heir was of the much-hated Romish communion, and, though a more sincere, yet a harsher man than his brother.

'Never fear for me, James, no one will kill me to make you king,' Charles had said, with great truth. If there was hope in the Princess of Orange, yet this was very uncertain, since the young Duchess of York, every two or three years, gave birth to an infant, though all died in early childhood. It is curious that this century was remarkable for the mortality of infants, probably immediately owing to some unhealthy mode of treatment, but also a memorable accompaniment of an age of peculiar vice, crime, and temptation.

The Protestant party were, however, gratified by the Princess Anne's marriage. At seventeen, Anne, a plump, blooming, fair-faced girl, had had a tender correspondence with the Earl of Mulgrave; but one of the letters was surprised by Anne's favourite confidante, Mrs. Churchill, and shown to the King. The Earl was sent in command to Tangier in the same ship with one of the King's sons. The vessel turned out to be unseaworthy, and, whenever the King's health was proposed, Lord Mulgrave used to say, 'Let us wait till we get safe out of his rotten ship.'

A brother of General Churchill's was in service of the Court of Denmark, and the connection seems to have suggested to King Christian V. to propose his brother George as the husband of Anne of York. The King was satisfied; the Duke of York, though not pleased, could not object, and the suitor was accepted, the marriage taking place on the 29th of July, 1683. Prince George, a heavy, silent, good-natured, inoffensive person, was contented to reside in England, with fair hope that the succession to the crown would fall into his family, as the Duchess's infants all died, and the Princess of Orange was still childless. This was the one hope of England; meantime the men who remembered with sympathy the resistance to Charles I. felt no scruple in the like resistance to his son, a far worse

man, and who had belied so many of the expectations, and, as they felt, the conditions, of his restoration.

The Whig party, of which Shaftesbury had been the head, were determined to take strong measures for, as they held, preserving the religion and liberty of the country; while, on the other hand, the Tories held that their duty was to accept the hereditary succession, and obey in all things lawful, trusting that, as long as they acted rightly, Providence would protect their religion and liberty.

Both were views that good men could conscientiously hold, but the dregs of each party, as well as the scum, were men of evil spirit. Among the Whigs was noted William Lord Russell, the eldest son of the Earl of Bedford, a good and religious man, married to an excellent wife, Lady Rachael Wriothesley, daughter of the Marquis of Southampton. He thought the crimes of the Sovereign fully justified schemes, if not for overthrow and destruction, at least for coercion, and for preventing the succession from passing to a Papist heir. So too conscientiously thought Hampden, the grandson of John Hampden, and so did the Earl of Essex and Algernon Sidney. This last was now an elderly man, being nephew to Sir Philip. In politics he was a republican, as far as might be, of the old Greek or Roman type; in religion something of a freethinker, but anxious for general toleration. He had been an active member of the Long Parliament and had manifested great disapprobation of Cromwell's usurpation, and he had since watched the progress of affairs with great displeasure. These were the superior and conscientious stamp of conspirators, though, strange to say, they corresponded with the ministers of Louis XIV., and received his subsidies.

With these were joined the Duke of Monmouth, with much of his father's attractiveness, and all his licentious habits, acting merely out of ambition; also Lord Grey, a man of bad character, who had lately been the subject of a scandalous trial; Lord Howard of Escrick, an intriguer, and the exiled Earl of Argyle. There were plans for a general rising, in Scotland, in the Whiggishly inclined counties and in London, obtaining money and ammunition from Holland, and the noblemen supplying what they could raise themselves. Argyle corresponded with many gentlemen, who were indignant at the persecution of the Covenanters, and would have joined an insurrection.

There were a considerable number of inferior plotters connected with these; and some of these, notably Goodenough, a displaced undersheriff of London; West, a lawyer; Rumbold, a maltster, all citizens infuriated by the attack on the Corporation of London, devised a scheme for a party to lie in wait at the Rye House, in Hertfordshire, a country house of Rumbold's, and there, as the King and Duke returned from the Newmarket races, for two men, disguised as labourers, to draw an empty cart across the road so as to delay the coach, while half-a-dozen others on horseback fired into it.

The assassination part of the conspiracy was so immediately quashed

as they thought, by the Duke of Monmouth and the noblemen that they heard no more of it, and may have thought it abandoned. On the 1st of June, 1683, a letter was seized which excited some suspicion, and on the 12th a vintner named Josiah Keyling came to Legge, Lord Dartmouth, a gentleman of the Duke of York's, to make a disclosure of the plot. The King and Duke had indeed been at Newmarket, and safely passed the Rye House, but they had returned sooner than was expected, and Rumbold had not got his men together, and the attempt was only deferred.

Keyling and his brother seem to have given warning to as many of the conspirators as they could, and so many escaped that only one, named Barber, was taken, an instrument-maker, who denied any knowledge of designs against the King. West, the lawyer, however, surrendered, and turned witness in the expectation of pardon, describing meetings held at his chambers, and accusing Robert Ferguson, a Scotch minister intimate with Monmouth, Argyle, and Shaftesbury. Rumsey, an officer engaged in Shaftesbury's plans, then surrendered, and these men offered evidence; but Charles, warned by the monstrous inventions of the Popish plot, refused to promise them immunity. However, they were only the more determined on earning it, and Rumsey made five, West fourteen, depositions; Shepherd, a wine-merchant, followed, describing meetings at his house, and implicating for the first time the noblemen. He declared that, before Lord Shaftesbury's escape, that personage had met the Duke of Monmouth, Lords Grey and Russell, Sir Thomas Armstrong, Colonel Rumsey, and Mr. Ferguson, and concerted measures for overpowering his Majesty's guards. On this a proclamation was issued for the apprehension of all those named. Monmouth, Armstrong, and Ferguson escaped to Holland. Probably the council wished Russell to do the same; for, though the front of Southampton House, where he was lodging, was openly guarded, the back door was left unwatched; but he thought escape would argue guilt, and waited to be quietly arrested in his study, and was taken to the council. There the King declared his assurance that he acquitted Russell of designs against his life, but believed that he was aware of treason against the Government. On being asked whether he had ever been at Shepherd's, Lord Russell said, 'Yes, but only to taste wine.' He owned to having met Monmouth there, but would name no one else. He was then sent to the Tower, and on entering it, told his servant that his life was sworn away, for the devil was loose. Grey was arrested, and denied all knowledge of the plot, requesting permission to live in his lodgings instead of being sent to the Tower. He was permitted to live in the house of the Serjeant-at-arms, where he so abused the liberty granted to him as to escape while his host was asleep after a carouse, and make his way to Holland.

Howard of Escrick was left at large for some days longer, though the King was convinced that he was deep in mischief, and in point of fact it was he who had drawn in first Sidney, and then Essex and

Russell. At last West accused him, and a party of horse were sent to his house at Knightsbridge to apprehend him. He was not to be found at first, but his bed was warm and his clothes lying about, and on a close search he was discovered in a cupboard. When brought before the Council he begged to confess in private to the King and Duke of York, and the immediate effect of this interview was an order for the arrest of Essex, Sidney, and Hampden.

Essex was brought from his house at Cassiobury, putting on so cheerful an air that his wife was not alarmed. Means of escape were offered him, but he thought his evasion would incriminate his friends, and refused, standing firmly before the Council, but sinking into great depression of spirits in the Tower. Algernon Sidney was cool as an ancient Roman, refusing to answer any questions, and Hampden showed the same spirit. Several Scottish gentlemen were accused of intending to assist in Argyle's rising, and orders were sent for their arrest through the Justice General. On the very morning of their coming, this official saw Macarthur, the servant of one of them, his friend, Lord Melville, arriving from Fife to make preparations for his master's stay in Edinburgh. The only warning he ventured to give was, 'Get back, you Highland dog.' Macarthur began to explain, but only heard the same words in a gruff voice, 'Get back, you Highland dog!' He began to suspect there was meaning in this incivility from such a person so much interested in his master, and turned about to return home. At the ferry across the Forth, he saw a party of soldiers embarking, and, by making great exertions, he outstripped them and warned Lord Melville, who hid himself and escaped to Holland.

Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, an upright man, but involved in this unfortunate correspondence, was captured at Edinburgh, and a party of soldiers were sent out to seize his friend, Sir Patrick Hume, of Polwarth. They halted for refreshment at the house of one of his friends, where the lady gathered their intentions, but durst not send either a verbal or a written warning. She, therefore, wrapped a feather in paper, and sent a little boy across the hills to give it into Sir Patrick's hand.

He understood, and had time to conceal himself in the vaults under the old church a mile and a half distant, before the soldiers arrived, and, not finding him, took up their abode with the family. No one knew his hiding-place except his wife and Grisell, the eldest of his large family, and a carpenter named James Winton. Grisell was only eighteen years old, but to her was committed the charge of supplying her father with necessaries. On the first night, she and James took him bedding, most needful in the dark, damp vault, where light and air only came through one small slit in the wall. She had always been afraid of ghosts, and, on her return, her mother asked if she had been frightened. 'Only,' she said, 'by the barking of the minister's dogs, which she feared might betray her.' Lady Hume,

by affecting an alarm of mad dogs, prevailed on the minister to get rid of them. Every night Grisell carried her father food, which she had great difficulty in securing without exciting suspicion, and there were often merry laughs over her adventures, especially when one day at dinner she had conveyed a sheep's head into the napkin on her lap, and her little brother, Sandie, much aggrieved, shouted out, 'Mither, look at Grizie! While we were supping our brose, she has eaten up the haill tup's head.' By day, Sir Patrick's sole occupation in his dark hole was repeating passages he had learnt by heart, especially Buchanan's Latin version of the Psalms.

Meantime the trials went on. Baillie of Jerviswood was offered free pardon if he would furnish evidence; but he indignantly answered, 'Those who can make such a proposal know not me nor my country!' But there was no lack of very doubtful evidence. Three inferior plotters, Walcot, Rouse, and Hone were first tried and executed, the two first owning to the scheme for insurrection, but denying all designs of murder. Hone confessed to have discussed the killing the blackbird and the goldfinch, namely the King and Duke, but he said it had gone no further than words.

Then Lord Russell was tried at the Old Bailey. He was not a peer, only an eldest son, and therefore there was an ordinary jury, the list of which his wife carefully studied to see if there were any names which it would be well to challenge. The prisoner asked that the trial might be deferred, as some of his witnesses had not had time to arrive, but the Attorney-General, Sir Robert Sawyer, brutally answered, 'You would not have given the king an hour's notice for saving his life, the trial must proceed.'

Lord Russell asked for pen, ink, and paper, and for permission to take notes of the evidence. The Chief Justice, Pemberton, said he might have a servant for the purpose.

'My wife is here to do so,' he replied; and so,

'That sweet saint, that sat by Russell's side,'

quietly worked for him all through the trial.

Two witnesses made unimportant depositions, but the traitorous villain, Lord Howard, then was brought forward. He faltered in his speech, and excused himself by saying he had just heard of an unhappy accident. This was the suicide of the Earl of Essex, who, on that very morning had asked for a razor, and in a few moments had cut his own throat. He was a man of grave and melancholy disposition, and the crisis had, no doubt, affected his mind. Perhaps the words of the King as to Archbishop Plunket preyed on him, 'His blood be on your head, my lord,' when he found himself, in the like evil case, accused of planning a murder he had never thought of. The announcement of his fate at such a moment was said by the Tories to have been accidental; by the Whigs, to have been intended for effect; and the crown lawyers certainly availed themselves of it. The Attorney-General said, 'My Lord Russell was one of the council for carrying

on the plot with the Earl of Essex, who has this morning prevented the hand of justice upon himself,' and Sir George Jeffreys followed suit, declaring that only knowledge of guilt could have caused such a deed.

Howard's evidence was of Russell's intimacy with Shaftesbury, and of his presence in Hampden's house at consultations for an insurrection; but he durst not utter a word of any plan of assassination, and it appears that Russell had withdrawn from the scheme, thinking civil war a greater evil than tyranny for a time, and, as the defence pointed out, all the strongest evidence adduced by this witness was hearsay.

Jeffreys, springing up, insisted on knowing if the prisoner had made any open objection to the plan for overpowering the guards. The leading question was answered 'No!'

West was then examined, and declared Russell's innocence as to any murderous plan, but said he was one of the lords on whom the conspirators chiefly depended, 'because of his sobriety.' Lord Russell's defence was, that a design to levy war was not treason without some overt act, and brought witnesses to his peaceableness. One of them said, 'I took him to be one of the best sons, one of the best fathers, one of the best masters, one of the best husbands, one of the best Christians we had.'

Before the jury withdrew to consider their verdict, he thus addressed them: 'Gentlemen, I am now in your hands entirely, my honour, my life and all, and I hope the heats and animosities that are among you will not so bias you as to make you in the least inclined to find an innocent man guilty. I call heaven and earth to witness that I never had the least design against the king's life. I am in your hands, so God direct you.'

At 4 o'clock, however, the jury brought in a verdict of high treason, and the next day the sentence followed. No stone was left unturned to save the prisoner. His old father offered the King, through the Duchess of Portsmouth, £100,000 to buy his life; Barillon, the French ambassador, interceded in vain; Lord Dartmouth represented that much was due to Lord Southampton, Russell's father-in-law. 'If I do not take his life, he will soon have mine,' said Charles, no doubt meaning that a revolution might bring him, like his father, to the block. Lady Russell carried a petition to the Duke of York, who was thought to be her husband's chief enemy; but she was only able to deliver it to the gentle young Duchess. She threw herself, nearly fainting at the feet of the King, but Charles would not look at her, and no hope was left. Lord Cavendish tried to persuade the prisoner to exchange clothes with him and thus escape, but Russell would not endanger his friend. His mind was made up, and as he said to Bishop Burnet, he only permitted his wife to make so many useless and harassing efforts on his behalf because he thought it would be a comfort to her afterwards to feel that she had left nothing untried. He spoke of his gratitude that it had never

entered his head to propose the baseness of denouncing his friends to save his life, like Lord Howard, and rejoiced to leave his children to such a mother.

They spent their last day together like a Sunday, with an early Communion celebrated by Dr. Tillotson, and then in peaceful, devotional converse. Russell saw and blessed his three young children, two girls and a boy, and then supped alone with his wife, parting at 10 o'clock, calmly but with many kisses. 'The bitterness of death is past,' he said; and the only break in his calm devotion was when, on his way to execution, he passed Southampton House, and then the tears fell fast. He was beheaded on the 21st of July, 1683, full of devotion and resolution, and the crowd of spectators were entirely silent and awe-stricken.

It was on that same day that the University of Oxford published a declaration, founded on the whole attitude of the primitive Church towards the Cæsars, and on the injunctions of SS. Peter and Paul, namely that passive obedience was the badge and character of the Church of England; by which the divines meant that the 'powers that be' should be obeyed in all things lawful, and that, in the case of their enjoining anything contrary to the conscience of a Christian, there must be disobedience with patient submission to the consequences even to the death, insurrection or armed resistance even to the worst of sovereigns being absolute rebellion, and therefore coming under a curse. They also held that direct hereditary succession pointed out the Divine appointment of the ruler, and must not be interfered with, whatever the heir might be. To this doctrine and declaration a large body in the Church stood firm at a heavy cost, holding it as the only form of loyalty, their favourite virtue. In point of fact, there will always be a doubt whether loyalty be duty to the Sovereign or to the law.

Algernon Sidney was not tried till the next term, and in the meantime Sir George Jeffreys, a coarse, hard-hearted, violent, and unscrupulous man, had been made Chief Justice at thirty-four years of age, in the room of Pemberton. Lord Howard again was the principal witness, showing Sidney as one of the council of six, together with Russell, Essex, Hampden, and Armstrong, and that he had sent one Aaron Smith as an emissary to Scotland to concert measures with the malcontents there. Further, a treasonable manuscript had been found on Sidney's desk, which three not very competent witnesses swore to be in his handwriting. Passages were read from it which were entirely generalities against misgovernment, and defence of popular rights, without any special application to the present time, and the main body of it had been written long before. The defence was, first, that it was not proved to be in his writing; next, that it was a private paper, never published; and, lastly, that it was not treasonable. Would a defence of the destruction of Nero and Caligula, Sidney said, prove a plan for assassinating King Charles? It

really was an answer to a pamphlet on the right of resistance written many years before, and the colour of the ink proved its age.

Then Sidney showed how utterly unworthy of credit Lord Howard was—how he was deeply in debt to himself, and that he, moreover, was, like the inferior witnesses, earning his pardon by accusations. He had even been heard to say that he should not have his pardon till he had done some other jobs and gone through the drudgery of swearing. A number of witnesses of high rank declared that Lord Howard had expressed his utter disbelief in any plot at all, and his own brother, Edward Howard, even assured the Court of his having said it was a mere sham, forged by priests and Jesuits. Lord Howard might have said so; but, though there was no definite project formed by the men of higher stamp for a rebellion, and none at all of murder on their part, the lower sort, either from fanaticism or from indignation at the wrongs done to the corporation of London, had certainly aimed at the assassination of the King and Duke. Charles, one of the acutest men of his time, availed himself of the vague connection to destroy the leading men, who he foresaw would sooner or later cause a revolution, in which he and his brother might not indeed be murdered, but might meet their father's fate. This was the secret of his permitting the law of treason to be put in force against high-minded men, who, on their own principles, might easily begin a civil war. So Sidney's defence was unavailing; he was found guilty, and Jeffreys pronounced sentence with all its horrors.

'Then,' cried Sidney, 'oh, my God, I beseech Thee to sanctify these sufferings unto me, and impute not my blood unto the country. Let no inquisition be made for it; but if any, and the shedding of blood that is innocent must be revenged, let the weight of it fall only on those that maliciously persecute me for righteousness' sake.'

To which Jeffreys replied—

'I pray God work in you a temper fit to go to the other world, for I see you are not fit for this.'

Sidney held out his hand, and said—

'My Lord, feel my pulse, and see if I am disordered. I bless God I never was in better temper than I now am.'

Efforts were made to save Sidney by Lord Halifax, his nephew by marriage, but in vain. Only his noble blood availed him to be beheaded—he died with the grave, self-concentrated dignity with which he had lived.

Halifax thought it well to bring home Monmouth to counteract the influence of York. The Duke signed some submissive letters to his father, came over and met him at a private house, where Charles showed himself displeased, but affectionate, and promised pardon on condition of unreserved submission. On this Monmouth surrendered, and there followed a strange tangle of confessions and retractations. He seems, in fact, to have told his father and uncle all he knew, but to have drawn back as soon as he found his words likely to be used

against the remaining prisoners, and heard the reproaches of those Whig friends on whose support he relied; and when in the spring he was subpœnaed as a witness against Hampden he again fled to Holland.

The flight saved Hampden's life, for the only witness available was Howard of Escrick, and two were needed in cases of treason. So he was only indicted for a misdemeanour, fined forty thousand pounds and imprisoned till the amount should be paid. Holloway, a merchant of Bristol, and Sir Thomas Armstrong, were sentenced and executed. Sir Thomas Armstrong's daughter was present at the trial, and shrieked out, 'My Lord, do not murder my father!'

'Take her into custody' said Jeffreys.

'God's judgments light upon you!'

'I am clamour proof,' said Jeffreys.

Charles rewarded the Chief Justice with a valuable ring, which the wits called a blood stone.' But the significant advice was added, 'My Lord, you are going on circuit, do not drink too hard.'

Jeffreys at this time tried the saintly Richard Baxter for libel, some words against the Church of Rome being thought to reflect on the English Church. Never was more insolence displayed: 'Richard, Richard, thou art an old fellow and an old knave; thy books are as full of treason as an egg is full of meat.'

He was found guilty, had to pay a fine of £500, and was imprisoned for two years.

There were no more executions on this unhappy plot in England, and in Scotland the only person put to death was Baillie of Jerviswood, though on the evidence of Ferguson, surnamed the plotter, full 2000 were denounced as outlaws. Baillie was, no doubt, in correspondence with the Earl of Argyle, and from him the Scotch branch of the conspiracy, such as it was, is known as the Jerviswood plot. He was a devout, much-esteemed man and received his doom with the words, 'My Lords, the sentence is sharp, and the time is short; but I thank God who has made me as fit to die as you are to live.' His wife remained with him to the last moment on the scaffold, and his son George fled to Holland, and entered the regiment of guards of the Prince of Orange.

Thither, too, escaped Sir Patrick Hume in disguise, guided by his steward. His wife and ten children followed, and, to eke out the £150 a year allowed out of his forfeited estate, he practised as a physician at Utrecht, and his son joined his friend, George Baillie, in the Prince's guards. Poor and exiled as they were, they led a most happy life, always looked back to by the children as their most joyous days and with Grisell as the great element of peace, gladness, and usefulness, as commemorated by her descendant, Joanna Baillie—

'And well, with ready hand and heart
Each task of toilsome duty taking,
Did one dear inmate take her part—
The last asleep, the earliest waking.'

PREPARATION OF PRAYER-BOOK LESSONS.

LII.

THE CONSECRATION OF BISHOPS.

Susan. One thing I was going to ask. Why have we not the Coronation Service and the Consecration of Churches in our Prayer-books?

Aunt Anne. Because they are so seldom needed by the general congregation.

S. Consecrations of churches are not so very rare.

A. Not now, but in 1549 the churches were in excess of the population, and there was a great deal more desecration than consecration. I believe—but am not sure—that the first Consecrations after the Reformation were that of Aberguilly Palace Chapel, while Laud was Bishop of St. David's, and afterwards, in 1630, those of St. Catherine Cree and St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, of which Prynne gave an absurd and exaggerated account. The Service was drawn up by Bishop Andrews, and is nearly the same as is at present used.

S. Is it from ancient models?

A. I do not think there is much evidence as to ancient custom, except that there was anointing of the altar. The Coronation Service was originally drawn up by St. Dunstan, and was used unaltered for all the sovereigns, except that the oath after the Conquest was to preserve the Church in the same state as under Edward the Confessor; but at the crowning of William and Mary this was altered into, 'To maintain the Scripture and the Protestant Religion as established by law.' People had come to imagine by that time that the Church of Edward the Confessor implied all the later corruptions, and we can accept 'Protestant Religion as established by law' as meaning the Church of England—for this was what the framers intended. This is still the form of the Oath, and George III. believed that it would be broken by consent to Roman Catholic emancipation, and therefore resisted with all the might of his conscience. But we had better go on to our subject in hand.

S. I see the day of consecration is not in an Ember week, but some Sunday or Holyday.

A. Yes, this was always so; on Sundays because of the pouring forth of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and on the Apostles' festivals to mark the descent of the Bishops from the Apostles.

S. The Service is the ordinary one till the Collect, and that is almost the same as the one for St. Peter's Day.

A. That dates from 1549, and must have been placed here as equally appropriate. The first of the Epistles, either of which may be read, is appointed in the Sacramentary of Leofric of Exeter, a thousand years old.

S. St. Paul's directions to Timothy. And the other is his beautiful farewell to the Elders of Ephesus. The Gospels, any one of which may be chosen, are the Charge of St. Peter, the bestowing of absolving power, and the great commission to teach and baptise.

A. Especially appropriate to a missionary Bishop.

S. I see the Archbishop says the Collect, and two other Bishops the Epistle and Gospel.

A. As three at least must take part in the Service, and it is a general act of courtesy and friendship that these should be diocesans under whom the candidate has worked.

S. The Consecration really begins after the Nicene Creed: 'The elected Bishop vested with his rochet.'

A. The rochet is a short alb, the word *rochette* dating from the 13th century. The lawn sleeves properly belong to it, but it was a matter of later arrangement and convenience to fasten them to the upper garment, not yet assumed. The meaning of the direction was that the full priestly garment was originally worn, albe and cope.

S. You said nothing about the cope before.

A. Because it is come to be worn chiefly by Bishops at Coronations. It is a kind of cloak, richly embroidered. Priests used to wear it at Celebrations, but the custom was entirely dropped, except to swell royal pomp, though it is now gradually being taken up again. In the Service of 1549, surplice and cope were prescribed for the Consecration dress, but, as perhaps you remember, Hooper would hardly consent to wear any kind of ecclesiastical vestment, and only yielded after a controversy with Ridley, on being persuaded not to let such a matter stand in the way of his usefulness. The cope was then no longer prescribed, only the rochette.

S. The Archbishop sits in his chair, and the new Bishop is presented by the two others. He gives the royal mandate, and then takes an oath of obedience to his Metropolitan.

A. The oath of allegiance used to come first, but it is now taken before the beginning of the Service. As a rubrical part of the formula, it actually interfered with the Consecration of Bishops for America, and needed to be set aside when missionaries are consecrated for places not within the English dominions, such as Hawii, Madagascar, or Japan. The promise of obedience to the Metropolitan seems to have been first devised in the 7th century, and not to have been universal till much later. In America, the promise is of obedience to the doctrine, discipline, and worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.

S. There is then an invitation to the congregation to pray, and the Litany is said, with one special clause and Collect. Then follows

an examination, something like that to Priests and Deacons, only going further.

A. All that is of very old date, and universal in the East and West. It used to include an interrogation on the faith, but the signing of the Thirty-Nine Articles stands instead of this.

S. They are very stringent questions and vows. After that the rest of the Episcopal dress is put on.

A. Yes, the chimere, which is a sort of tight cape, coming down to the feet. It used to have no sleeves, only openings for the long sleeves of the alb or rochet to come through. It was of scarlet under Edward VI., even Bishop Hooper preaching before him in one; but as a concession to the Puritans the Elizabethan Bishops used black satin, and this has been usual ever since, the sleeves of the rochette being sewn into the armholes. The scarlet is, however, still the official dress in the House of Lords.

S. And the mitre?

A. That continues the mitre prescribed for Aaron, but is seldom worn, except at coronations, and is not part of the dress put on at the Consecration.

S. What is called the apron, worn out of church in common life?

A. That is the remains of the cassock. You know the cassock was the regular clerical dress, just as the *soutane* is in France, with sash and black academical gown. When ordinary clergymen left off the cassock, it was continued by Bishops, dwindled to its present form. I think this vesting was ordained as part of the ceremony, as you know. Aaron was robed before the congregation, but in these days the Bishop generally retires to a robing-room, and comes back when the great invocation, *Veni Creator*, begins.

S. After which he is actually consecrated, the Archbishop saying the words, and all the other Bishops laying their hands on his head.

A. The outward sign of anointing was a custom of Gregory the Great, and afterwards spread to other places; but as it does not seem to have been a primitive custom, it was not restored after our Reformers rejected it.

S. The Bible is delivered to the Bishop.

A. The Book of the Gospels used to be opened and laid on his head or neck.

S. That must have been why it was supposed to have been done at the 'Nag's Head.'

A. Matthew Paris says that from the first words visible after the Book was opened, auguries would be deduced as to the future career of the newly consecrated. Two other ceremonies have been omitted, the delivery of the ring and of the staff.

S. By the ring the Bishop is married to his diocese, is he not?

A. Yes, fulfilling the promise in Isaiah, 'For as a young man marrieth a virgin, so shall thy sons marry thee' (lxii. 5), in remembrance of the ring put on; and again, St. Paul's words to the

Corinthian Church, 'I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ.'

S. Bishops still wear the ring.

A. Yes, on the fourth finger of the right instead of the left hand. The words of blessing were, 'O Creator and Preserver of mankind, Author of spiritual Grace, and Giver of everlasting Salvation, send Thy blessing upon this ring, that whoso shall walk, distinguished by this sign of faith, by the protection of Thy heavenly power may attain everlasting life through Christ our Lord. Amen.'

S. What a pity that those first Bishops after the Reformation were such Puritans.

A. Yes; Archbishop Grindal looked on even the shorn ritual as mere mummery, and Jewel disdained the robes, so that we can only rejoice that the most essential was preserved, remembering how much had been done to deprive these emblems of all signification in popular eyes.

S. Was not the staff given too?

A. The Bishop's pastoral staff, shaped like a shepherd's crook, must have been one of the oldest emblematic ornaments. It is mentioned by Gregory the Great. The words of delivery of it in the Roman Church are, 'Take the staff of the pastoral office, be piously severe with vice needing correction, keeping justice without anger, softening the souls of hearers to the nourishment of virtue, in tranquillity, not forsaking censure of severity.' Most beautiful pastoral staves belonged to each see. Some old ones are still preserved, having happily escaped the general destruction, and they were always viewed as fit emblems of the chief pastor. Now in many dioceses the staff is borne before the Bishop on solemn occasions.

S. And Archbishops have a cross.

A. Yes; that is probably the crozier. At first only those had one who had the pall, but afterwards it became the mark of all Archbishops. The words said at the delivery of the Bible, 'Be to the flock of Christ a shepherd, not a wolf,' and the repetition of St. Peter's assurance, in 1549 were followed by the giving of the staff; but the omission of such delivery is noted at Archbishop Parker's Consecration, probably because his consecrators objected.

S. There follows the Holy Communion, and one more special prayer.

A. Then the Bishop goes forth as the successor of the Apostles, to minister to the Church in his Master's Name, according to the promise, 'And lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world.'

APPEAL FOR RATCLIFF, EAST LONDON.

BY FLORENCE H. DODSON.

EAST LONDON has ceased to be considered as an undiscovered region, over which broods an impenetrable cloud of poverty and crime. More and more visitors have become acquainted with its condition. Appeals multiply, and it is not without compunction that one adds to the number. Although many go forth to spy the nakedness of the land, few go down to subdue it, and to this end workers and money are still needed.

That which has made, and still makes the condition of parts of East London more deplorable, than those of other poverty-stricken districts, is that here we have no neighbouring admixture of poorer and better circumstances, but a distressing succession of wretched dwellings, occupied by extremely needy people, many of them too depressed by their misery to move, except in an often hopeless quest of work, out of their own district, and failing that, to drown their cares at the nearest public-house, separated from the rest of the world by the brand of their poverty, nourishing a vague idea that somewhere at the other end of London, ladies and gentlemen do nothing but drive about in gorgeous carriages, who might, if they only knew, and spoke the word, sweep away the existing state of things and initiate a Golden Age.

It is for a district such as this, that of St. James's, Ratcliff, one of the neediest of London, that I attempt to appeal.

Ratcliff is becoming more and more the habitation of a poor class, and has sunk in the social scale. Although the area of the parish is small, a population continually fluctuating, averages nearly 8000 of whom the roughest and poorest half may be reckoned as Irish. We fail to grasp the significance of these numbers, or to realise the proportion of human beings herded in a single street, until, in the event of a fire or an accident, such as a child being run over, the whole available population pours forth to see and hear. A large portion of the people are casual labourers, dependent for their work upon employment at the Docks. The shipping has diminished and continues to diminish, and consequently they lead a hand-to-mouth existence, which can hardly fail to be morally and physically deteriorating. The more fortunate are engaged in factories, such as those of 'jam,' 'rope,' 'matches,' 'cigars,' 'clay-pipes,' etc. Employment in these is also precarious, owing to the number of persons seeking it; many are constantly out of work without any fault of

their own. Some are 'rat-catchers,' 'rag-sorters,' or 'bottle-washers;' these receive very low pay. A few take tailoring and shirts from warehouses to finish at home. The meagreness of the wages allotted to these has already roused the indignation of society through the evidence given before what is known as the 'sweating committee.' It is not, however, on the prevailing state of chronic distress, or on harrowing cases of acute distress, that I now purpose to dwell—it would be easy to enlarge upon either; heavy, indeed, must be the hearts of those who have heard the 'bitter cry,' and tender and strong need to be the hearts of those who have set their lives to encounter it. What I am asking readers to do—is to understand the condition of, and to help to support various agencies for good which have been started, and which the parish, although poor, is struggling —vainly struggling—not on account of indifference, but on account of want of resources to support itself.

In 1881 the Young Women's Help Society, by the invitation of the Vicar (the Rev. R. R. Arbuthnot), established a club for girls in London Street—a street generally recognised as one of the roughest in the place. Classes for girls had already been attempted and carried on three nights a week by Mrs. Arbuthnot, assisted by two of the Board School mistresses. These classes were transferred to the club and placed under the charge of a lady (Miss Sterry, now Mrs. Jay), who went to live there on purpose to work it. This club was open from 7 to 10 every evening, and earlier on Sundays. The girls were at first admitted free; on becoming members they were asked to subscribe a penny a month. How great the need of such a club will be most appreciated by those who know the appearance of such places in the evening. It is not to be supposed that when a whole family occupies a single room they will remain indoors. The lads and girls romp in the street, dance to the organ, or run after a passing band. The children play in the gutters, and laugh at the notion of turning in before 12 or 1 at night. There are frequent sounds of rude revelry, followed at the time the public-houses close, by street fights and other noisy and discordant scenes.

The club once started prospered. The girls came in rapidly increasing numbers. Games were provided. Classes were instituted, the piano in itself proved a great attraction. Thus the first breath of a civilising influence passed over them. Nothing is more striking than the speed with which some of these girls respond to the teaching they meet with in the club. They may run wild again, no doubt they sometimes do, but a standard of goodness has been raised; the conception of a higher life has sunk into their hearts, the seed sown will live and shall presently bear fruit.

The Young Women's Help Society did not merely open club-rooms in London Street. They took two of the little houses, turned them into one, and thus provided a place in which ladies who managed the club might live, or have lodgings. They hoped to make this

Home the centre of their work among women and girls in East London, and thence to send workers to help at other clubs. Ladies residing there were asked to pay a guinea a week for board and lodging. Others who came to assist, and found it difficult to return home late, were able to remain the night at a charge of three shillings. Two rooms in the matron's house were reserved as lodgings for working girls. Experience has since proved that girls among the factory population of Ratcliff seldom require lodgings. They marry, for the most part, at a very early age, and until they do, they live with their parents and take their earnings home. The lodging-rooms for working girls were, therefore, converted into rooms for receiving and training younger girls, who helped to do the housework, and to wait upon the ladies. These children, often without homes, were sent from various quarters by ladies desirous of befriending them; but the locality is not one to which it is desirable to send girls from a distance. The Y. W. H. S. have therefore decided to shift their quarters and to remove to a better situation, and one that is within easier access of other clubs depending on them. This shifting of the Society's Home does not affect the continuance of the girls' club, which remains a branch of the Y. W. H. S., under the care of a lady (Miss Warry), who has had the charge of it nearly four years. There are now about 112 girls benefiting by the Ratcliff Club, or by off-shoot classes held for them elsewhere in the parish. These classes have included Bible-teaching, reading, writing, needlework, cooking, and dress-making. During the summer the girls are allowed the use of a Board School playground once a week, and are thus able to enjoy out-door recreation. The work has of necessity grown. Some of the former members are married. Some have been enabled to emigrate, some are doing well in service; not a few of those working at a distance return when they can get a free evening to look up old friends. Ladies have been given access to one of the largest factories, and are allowed to read to the girls twice a week during the half-hour allotted for tea. Thus directly the Home can be proved to have benefited many who turn to it with affection, indirectly it has benefited more. It has become the centre of all work carried on in the parish among women, girls, and children. Such a centre is needed; much which has been undertaken could not be satisfactorily carried on unless workers were able to live and meet together on the spot. There is a general desire that efforts well begun should not be relaxed, and I am therefore charged to make the refurnishing of the Home the first note of this appeal. There are no funds available for the purpose, except such as can be obtained from voluntary contributions. The Y. W. H. S. have left the lending library, piano, and furniture with which at the outset they equipped the club-rooms; but they have been obliged, in the interest of their new training home, to remove all the other furniture.

Reader, will you help by subscriptions, however small, to continue that which has been begun, and to make the Home a parochial institution?

Larger sums are needed, but every sixpence helps to fill the treasury. Twenty-five pounds is required for repairs, and £80 for furnishing; besides this, the rent of the houses has to be defrayed, and rates and taxes provided for.

To show that the club girls appreciate the benefits they receive, and, although poor, are not unwilling to give, it should be mentioned that within the last six months members of the Sunday class have contributed 10*s.* 6*d.* to the Bishop of Bedford's East London Church Fund. It is to be regretted that the girls are not before you to plead their own cause—their words would carry more force than those of this paper. Although many go fruiting and hopping, there is much groaning and moaning among those who remain in London, because the club has to be closed for six weeks during the summer whilst workers are away. 'We have nowhere to go,' is the piteous exclamation of a bright Irish girl who works in the rope factory. Her home is in a narrow court, she does not care for the boisterous amusements which delight so many. She will probably spend her evenings sitting on the doorstep, counting the days, till the club re-opens.

The halfpenny dinners to Board School children were at first carried on in the club-rooms at the Home. These, owing to the increase in the number of children sent by the Board Schools, have had to be removed to a schoolroom attached to St. James's Church. A small kitchen had to be added to the school, and this entailed expense, which has not been altogether cleared off. 6387 dinners were supplied by this means to children in the course of last winter. There are many persons who are only able to help a little, to whom this portion of the work especially appeals. Let it be clearly understood that every penny sent to this end will be thankfully received. The child's halfpenny does not quite pay for its dinner. The actual cost amounts to about three farthings a head. Money sent to supply free dinners in cases of sickness, or extreme distress, is also needed, so likewise are hospital letters, and letters for convalescent homes.

The Mothers' Meeting, working in connection with the 'Parochial Mission Women's Association,' meet every week in St. James's schoolroom. They number over 200 mothers; many of the women also come to a smaller instruction class held for them elsewhere. Before the Board Schools started, St. James's schoolroom, standing in an open space apart from the crowded thoroughfare, was the principal school of the district. It is now the seat of the temperance work, and in daily use as a club-room, or place of entertainment. Troubles since the days of Job have seldom come alone. The school has long been in need of repairs; the other day it was announced that the floor was not safe and would fall in, if these were longer delayed. The

estimate amounts to £150. Will any one help? The room is sorely needed; the children's dinners, and much of the most important work would be brought to a standstill, if it were not available.

The Good Templars and the Band of Hope each occupy it on a separate evening. The Ratcliff branch of the 'Church of England Working Men's Society' also make use of it. Their club, open once a week, is free to all working men—and many take advantage of the opportunity of spending a quiet evening. Members of the C. E. W. M. S. have visited the lodging-houses, increased their numbers, and done good work among their fellows.

As working-men going to working-men they are sometimes received by those who are inclined to look with less favour on the clergy, as being paid professionals. The Ratcliff branch, started soon after the 'East London Mission,' numbers '51'—'That which they have done, but earnest of the things, that they shall do.'

The Lads' Institute, with its cricket club, football clubs, wood-carving classes, and capital gymnasium, as well as the Men's Club in the same block in Narrow Street, have probably been heard of by many who are not acquainted with the district. This Institute has recently been enlarged through the exertions of Mr. Murray. It stands on the site occupied, three years ago, by the lowest of lodging-houses. The removal of that lodging-house has added much to the quiet of the neighbouring streets.

The lads from this Institute are a help to the People's Mission Chapel in Ratcliff Square. This chapel improvised in a large bare room under a railway-arch, over which trains are continually rushing, has gathered in many for its services, who think themselves too ill-dressed to come to church. Boys, who a short time ago arrived barefooted to offer themselves as choristers, pass in in white surplices, whilst elder lads take a part in conducting the service.

The expenses of this Mission are partly met by sales of clothing. This sale of old clothes, as well as plain clothes, sent by friends from a distance, is held once a week, and well attended. It would be still better attended if more clothing were forthcoming—petticoats and under-garments for women, as well as for girls going to service, are in constant demand, as indeed are boots and articles of dress of every description.

The children's play-room, occupying two large rooms of a building which was once the children's hospital, now removed to Shadwell, has only been open a few months. The hire of the rooms, and the pay of the women in charge, are the kind gift of Mr. Besant, who in this, and in other ways, has been a true friend to Ratcliff. The play-room was opened to keep the children from being obliged to play in the streets after school-hours. During the cold spring days a row of tiny children were generally to be found, sitting on a low form looking at pictures near the fire, whilst the others were skipping, playing oranges and lemons, or dancing 'Sir Roger de

Coverley,' in the thick of an indescribable dust and din. Toys at first were not indulged in, for fear they might lead to disputes; but substantial toys, such as strong dolls, wooden horses, and pictures, would now be welcome. Every evening before leaving the play-room, the children troop upstairs into another room for their short evening prayers. There are more than 400 children under instruction in the Sunday-schools. All available persons are enlisted as teachers, but more are needed.

It is on the children in particular that hopes for the future should be centred, and to whom we look to carry forward the deepening purpose of the age. It should also be mentioned that the Board Schools are in themselves a powerful factor. The changes they have effected in a short time are of a marked character. The children are tidier and more orderly. The mothers begin to have some regard to their appearance. The younger girls who have had the advantage of the schools are less uncouth than their elder sisters.

A healthier spirit has begun, we hope, to spring up among the people, infusing some ambition into their lives, stimulating them to greater exertion, and rousing a wholesome discontent at the wretched squalor, and attendant evils of their surroundings. The creating of such a public opinion among themselves is of the utmost importance, and far more effective than any pressure which can be brought to bear from without. They need to be roused to greater self-respect, and helped to help themselves. The day when some well-devised scheme for classes of technical education shall be placed within their reach will no doubt be as pregnant of good results as the schools which have preceded it. Model lodging-houses have bettered the outward appearance of one of the worst courts, but they cannot diminish the inhabitants, who still crowd, the closer together, in surrounding streets. More District Visitors are needed—those who already go among the population receive invariably a warm and friendly welcome, and are generally invited to return.

The aim of this paper has been to state briefly a few of the needs of a struggling parish—to show that the parish is responding to the work, and that numbers of working people are co-operating with the Vicar, who has known how to win their affections, and to give scope to their energies. The burden is, however, too great to be allowed to rest on the shoulders of a Vicar, assisted by one curate. Be it remembered that a large part of an East-end clergyman's time is spent in trying to raise money for necessary purposes, and in continually attending to cases of distress among persons of all denominations, who come to the one house likely to be able to afford relief. The church has been restored, and the total cost of it since 1881, extending through the tenure of the present incumbent, has amounted to £1070 9*s.* 9*d.*

The desire which has recently sprung up to provide the stipend

for a second curate can be taken as a sure sign of progress, and recognition of work already accomplished. The people are willing to give their pennies for the object; few of them can do more. Help must be obtained from outside. Certain sums would have to be guaranteed for two or three years, until sufficient funds had been collected to set the salary on a more durable basis. If several would join, the sum, thus to be guaranteed by each, need not be large, and until the requisite £100 a year is permanently provided why is it preposterous to hope that a clergyman might be found able for a time to volunteer gratuitous service? The shackles of an artificial life have not yet crushed out the spirit of the days, 'When every morning brought a noble chance, and every chance brought out a noble knight.' Perhaps a wealthy parish could be persuaded to adopt a poor one, and to assist with offertories once a quarter. To show how low is the normal condition of funds for ordinary parish expenses, I quote from the last number of the Parish Magazine: 'After everything is added up, irrespective of the Vicar's stipend, the expenses come to £725 in the year. Of this £265 is paid by societies' grants; another £61 is made up from offertories; £67 by payments and sales. For the rest, about £332, the Vicar is responsible, and the sum has to be made up by subscriptions, partly obtained in the parish, and partly gathered from friends outside. For the convenience of readers, a list is supplied of objects in need of support. Contributions may be sent to the Rev. R. R. Arbuthnot or Mrs. Arbuthnot, St. James's Vicarage, Ratcliff, London, E.; or to Miss R. Warry, 6, London Street, Ratcliff, E.; or to the Hon. Florence H. Dodson, 6, Seamore Place, May Fair, W.

Subscriptions or donations are asked for—

1. The stipend for a second curate.
2. The church and choir expenses.
3. To maintain the Workers' Home, and the Girls' Club in London Street.
4. To assist girls to emigrate, or to fit them out for service.
5. To maintain and cover the expenses of services in the Mission Chapel at Ratcliff Square.
6. To maintain the Lads' Institute and the Men's Club in Narrow Street.
7. For the repairs of St. James's schoolroom.
8. For the children's dinners.
9. For the Sick and Distress Fund.
10. Gifts of clothing (old and new) for the weekly sale.
11. Orders for plain needlework to help women who can work, and are out of work.
12. Games, books, illustrated papers, music and songs suitable for use in the clubs.
13. Flowers, fruit, and vegetables are always welcome for distribution. These should be marked 'Perishable,' and addressed to Miss

Warry, 6, London Street, Ratcliff, London, E. Reader, will you help to strengthen the hands of those who are doing their utmost to roll back that great mass of ignorance and crime, which, if left to accumulate, would break forth like a troubled sea, and overleap the limits in which it is at present confined? The task of defending the outposts is to the interest of the many, and must not be left to a few. If it is right that those 'who tarry behind with the stuff' should share with those who go down to the battle, it is none the less sure that those who go down to the battle should carry with them the sympathy and practical support of those who wait.

Will you help a little, if you cannot help much? There are appeals on every side, and other claims no doubt are urgent; but since all true work is to one great end, let us join hands and take courage. Certain that an effort in any direction does revive the spirits of many, and carry strength all down the line.

'There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
To help to build the wooden wall.'

FLORENCE H. DODSON.

6, *Seamore Place, W.*
July 23rd, 1888.

A GOODLY CHILD.

IN TWO PARTS.

CHAPTER I.

'Where did you come from, baby dear?'
'Out of the everywhere into here.'

'Where did you get your eyes so blue?'
'Out of the sky as I came through.'

* * * * *

'Where did you get that little tear?'
'I found it waiting when I got here.'—*George Macdonald.*

THE four Miss Stuarts moved in the very best society in Gowanside. And that, not because they were possessed of large means or a fine house; nor yet because they shone particularly in company, or were gifted with brains above their neighbours; nor even because they had attained to any particular beauty of life and character (if, indeed, these lesser matters had been much accounted of in Gowanside); but simply because their father had been a gentleman born and bred, with nothing to do, and a natural turn for doing it, and they themselves were gentlewomen born and bred, and their cousin once removed was a Scotch baronet. Excellent reasons these, in the eyes of the Gowanside people, for the high estimation in which the Miss Stuarts were held; excellent excuses, too, for the pride and exclusiveness of which they were sometimes accused; for the village people called them 'high,' and the retired Edinburgh tradesmen, whose new-built villas had of late years invaded the genteel retirement of Gowanside, called them 'upsetting.' And, without doubt, there was some ground for these accusations. For one thing it was well known that the Miss Stuarts were intimate with Miss Sprott, who was their next-door neighbour on the one side, while they had no communication whatever with gentle little Miss Blyth who lived in the cottage on the other side, excepting, now and then, in the shape of a formal message requesting her to restrain her dog from entering their garden. But then Miss Sprott was the daughter of the late minister of the parish, while old Mr. Blyth was strongly suspected to have been an upholsterer.

Yes; the Miss Stuarts were proud, and perhaps this pride might account for the fact that they, the entire family of the late Colin Stuart, Esq., of Broomlaw Cottage, remained the four Miss Stuarts still. And this was a matter of wonderment to no one more than to themselves. They had never anticipated that they would have been

so overlooked, and when it gradually dawned upon them that they had actually taken their places in the ranks of the old maids who formed such an important part of the population of Gowanside, although they accepted the position with calm philosophy, they were inwardly much surprised at it.

'Well, I did think that one of us, at *least*, would have been married,' Miss Flora, the youngest, sometimes said rather pathetically; but when her sister Janet retorted sharply, 'Yes; there is generally one fool, at *least*, in a family,' she thought it best to drop the subject, before going on to speak of the marked attention which the Earl's chaplain had at one time paid her. For the Miss Stuarts, although Scotchwomen, were staunch Episcopalians, and on Sundays and Holy-days attended service at the Earl of Hopekirk's private chapel, a mile from Gowanside, where the congregation would sometimes have gone down to zero, but for their presence.

Miss Janet was the eldest of the Miss Stuarts, and, as one might say, the master of the house. She had the reputation of being very strong-minded, founded upon the fact that once in the dead of night, when the entire household was gathered in a trembling, shivering group near the pantry-door listening, with speechless terror, to the unmistakable sounds of a burglar within, Miss Stuart, who had donned her spectacles, flannel petticoat, and sealskin jacket, and armed herself with a poker, boldly threw open the door, and called out in a stern, clear voice, 'Come out this minute!' Nor did she fly, like the rest, during the awful pause which ensued before Poppet, the cat, came slowly out, licking her jaws, and trying to look quite unconscious; but when she saw her, she merely laid the poker down, and returned to bed as if nothing had happened. It was no wonder that after this Miss Stuart was always expected to head the expeditions which were made to the dark corners of the house whenever any unusual noises were heard, and whatever her dislike to the honourable post may have been, she nobly concealed her feelings, even when forced to enter the empty garret alone, and put the usual question 'Is there any one there?' The absence of any reply was always accepted by the Miss Stuarts as a satisfactory proof that no unlawful intruder was concealed beneath their roof, and it never seemed to strike them as at all unlikely that the supposed burglar would answer promptly, 'Yes; I am here!'

Besides her boldness in the matter of robbers, which claimed for Miss Stuart her sisters' wondering respect, she was also considered by them remarkably clever at figures. She could add up the butcher's book without showing the slightest tendency to use her fingers, always knew what change she ought to get back when making purchases, and did not shrink from asking for three-quarters of a yard at fourpence-halfpenny, even when the mistress of the draper's shop had earnestly assured her that 'it didna' count.'

Miss Stuart was a great authority on the up-bringing of children,

and a real terror to all the indulgent, slatternly mothers in the neighbourhood, to whose dirt and inefficiency she attributed whooping-cough, measles, croup, and all the other ills that children are heirs to. And she was also a bit of a theologian, and held decided, if somewhat gloomy, views on religious subjects. She felt very doubtful as to the salvation of the great majority of her fellow-men, esteeming, as she did, a trust in the 'wideness of God's mercy' as a mere absurdity in those who had nothing better in themselves to trust to, in spite of many arguments with Mr. Gordon, the Earl's chaplain, on the subject. Miss Stuart, for all these reasons, was undoubtedly the clever woman of the family, and this being the case, the housekeeping was handed over to Miss Peggy, the second sister, whose talents were not of too high an order to hinder her from occupying herself with the humble duties of the pantry and the store-room. In these duties she was assisted by the old servant, Jean, who had been in the Stuart family for nearly forty years, and who, together with a stout village girl of sixteen, formed the Miss Stuarts' household. The house-keeping, I have said, was handed over to Miss Peggy, and so she conscientiously made a point of going into the kitchen every morning and attempting to order the dinner—'attempting,' I say advisedly, for it was always Jean who settled it all in the end.

'Hoo can I hae a roast, an' me wi' ma irons at the fire?' she would ask in a tone of scathing contempt, if poor Miss Peggy committed the fatal error of asking for a joint on a Wednesday—a day on which roasting was (according to Jean) out of the question. But then if Wednesday was the ironing-day, Tuesday was the washing-day, and Monday was the cleaning-up day after Sunday, and Saturday was the cleaning-up day before Sunday, and Sunday *was* Sunday, and on all of these days Jean's convenience had to be anxiously consulted, so that it generally ended in Miss Peggy's humbly asking what it would be possible to have for dinner, and consenting with thankfulness to what Jean suggested, after which she would retire to the parlour under the impression that she had ordered the dinner!

Miss Mary, the third Miss Stuart, was much the handsomest of the sisters, although her thick wavy hair was quite white, which was attributed by some people to a disappointment in love, by others, more prosaic, to a persistent neglect of the use of pomade. However that might be, it is quite certain that it set off her dark eyes and eye-brows in no small degree, and heightened the effect of the tinge of rose colour which lingered in her thin cheeks. For Miss Mary was rather fragile, indeed, it might be truthfully said that she *enjoyed* ill-health, for she had never been energetic, and disliked the exertion for which she was now considered unequal. This, too, was attributed by the sentimental of Gowanside to an early disappointment, although Miss Stuart had candidly explained that her sister Mary could not possibly have had a disappointment, seeing she had never been engaged, and if there lingered in Miss Mary's heart a memory, and

in her prayers a name (which name was Jacob Tweedie), she spoke of it to no one.

She seldom went beyond the garden, and was quite tired out if she took her favourite walk to the turn of the Edinburgh road, from which a streak of silver sea could be seen. When that point was reached, she always paused for awhile, standing still with eyes strained to catch the distant glimmer, and although her sweet face showed no outward signs of grief, still there went up from her heart that sigh, the saddest to a tender soul, 'If he had but known I loved him!'

Miss Flora, who always accompanied Miss Mary in her walks, objected very much to going in that particular direction, not because of the distance, but because it was a walk for which Toosey, the dog, did not care; and as Miss Flora always accompanied Miss Mary in her walks, and Toosey always followed Miss Flora, it was a pity that Toosey should be put out, and 'really very inconsiderate of Mary,' as Miss Flora would say. Toosey's objections arose from the fact that to reach the Edinburgh road it was necessary to pass through the village of Gowanside. And in the village there were other dogs—a great many other dogs—and some of them had never seen dogs in coats at all, and none of them could get accustomed to the sight of Toosey in the coat which he wore on cold days, on account of a troublesome cough which he had. For Toosey was a Skye, and his hair was rough and long, and his figure was difficult to fit, and his coat, made by Miss Flora, had an unfortunate tendency to turn up-side down, so that altogether poor Toosey preferred the quieter roads where he was less observed, and doubtless shared Miss Flora's opinion that it was very inconsiderate of Miss Mary to go so often through the village.

'Please, ma'am, would you speak a minute?' asked Lisbeth, the Miss Stuarts' little maid, in a hoarse, excited whisper, putting her head in at the parlour door, and beckoning mysteriously with her large red forefinger.

It was Christmas-Eve, 1879, and the hour was five o'clock. The Miss Stuarts were enjoying the delightful interval between dinner and tea, which they invariably dedicated to repose. This they did each in her own peculiar way. Miss Mary, being the most delicate, took possession of the sofa, and sometimes snored, although she *never* slept. Miss Stuart wrapped her head in a woollen shawl and slept undisguisedly in the easy chair on one side of the fire, while Miss Peggy, on the other side, merely 'closed her eyes.' Miss Flora knitted lazily with a book upon her knee, and Poppet and Toosey, having settled themselves in the very middle of the hearthrug, shared in the general drowsiness. To have this time of peaceful repose broken in upon was no small offence in the Miss Stuarts' eyes, and it was only after twice asking in an exasperated whisper, 'What is it, Lisbeth?'

without receiving any reply, that Miss Stuart rose and left the room, carefully closing the door after her, that her sisters, at least, might not be disturbed.

'Well, what *is* it, Lisbeth?' she asked for the third time, drawing her shawl closer round her as she approached the open door, where Lisbeth and Jean were both standing, and through which a blast of frosty air was making its way into the house. 'Has that wretched dog got in again?'

'No, ma'am; it's not that.' Jean and Lisbeth spoke both together and then stopped short, and looked at one another.

'Then what on earth is it? Will you speak?' cried Miss Stuart, and Jean stammered out—'It's—it's a bundle, ma'am, lying on the door-step like—an' it's wrapped in a bit plaidie: Lisbeth found it when she was going for the milk, an' she come ben to me, an' she sez, "Jean," sez she, "come here an' see what's on the door-step," an' when I saw it, I gave it a bit push with my foot like, just to see what it was, and it *moved!*'

At this awful climax Jean paused, quite out of breath, and gazed significantly at her mistress.

'Moved,' repeated Miss Stuart contemptuously; 'don't be a fool, I beg of you, Jean; moved, indeed!'

'Yes it did, please ma'am, I saw it,' put in Lisbeth, whose eyes were round with mingled curiosity and alarm.

'Where is it?' demanded Miss Stuart, and conducted by Jean, and followed at a safe distance by Lisbeth, who had heard of substances which explode if you so much as look at them, she stepped outside the door. It was bitterly cold that Christmas-Eve. The snow lay deep upon the ground and transformed the trimly-cut shrubs in the Miss Stuarts' garden into shapeless masses; the wind whistled keenly, bending rudely before it the stately Lombardy poplars which fringed the lawn. The night was dark, but just overhead there was a rent in the clouds, and one 'pale, kind star in winter's sky' shone down upon the group in the porch of Broomlaw Cottage. The night was dark, but not too dark for Miss Stuart to be able to see, lying in the most sheltered corner of the porch, the bundle which had caused such alarm to the two maids. A very innocent-looking bundle it was, quite moderate in size, and wrapped up in a faded tartan shawl. And yet, as Miss Stuart looked, an unaccountable fear took possession of her, and when her eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and she discerned a feeble movement of the tartan shawl, it was all she could do to refrain from running away with a loud scream, as Lisbeth did. But she who had faced robbers (imaginary ones) by the dozen, was not going to shrink now, so, lifting up the bundle cautiously, and holding it at arm's length, Miss Stuart hastened to the parlour, preceded by Lisbeth, who threw open the door with a bang, and closely followed by Jean.

'Whose baby is that?' asked Miss Mary, with languid curiosity.

'*Baby!*' shrieked Miss Stuart, and then having laid her burden on the table, and unfastened with trembling hands a crooked safety-pin, she unfolded the tartan shawl.

It was nothing very alarming at which the four old ladies gazed in silent horror. Only a little baby three or four months old, with a tumbled, white gown, pale, tear-stained face, and tiny fists tight clenched, as if to do battle with the cruel world on which it had been cast.

'Mercy me! It's a bairn!' cried Lisbeth, who was the first to recover breath, and in her eagerness to get a nearer view of the strange visitant, she elbowed old Jean, and trampled mercilessly on the dog's tail.

'Haud your tongue, Lisbeth Falcondar, and dinna stramp on the dog,' said the old servant, with a withering look at the young one. 'It ill sets you to gie an opeenion afore the leddies has spoken.'

'It certainly *is* a baby,' said Miss Peggy decidedly; 'but the question is *whose* baby?'

'It must have been left here by mistake,' suggested Miss Flora; 'they constantly leave things here by mistake. Where did you find it, Lisbeth?'

Then the whole story of the discovery was gone over again in the form of a duet, in which Jean sometimes took the solo part, and sometimes Lisbeth, but which consisted largely of concerted parts for two voices.

'It must go to the police-office at once,' interrupted Miss Stuart, snatching off her spectacles as she always did when she was excited, and gazing resentfully at the unconscious cause of so much perturbation.

'Or the parish,' said Miss Peggy; 'the parish ought to look after it, and find out who its parents are, and all that sort of thing.' (N.B. Miss Peggy had not the slightest idea what she meant by the 'Parish.')

Here a movement in the half-frozen outcast arrested the attention of all, and interrupted the arrangements which were being made for its disposal. The little fists were unclenched and the long, pink fingers outstretched, as though seeking for something beyond their grasp; the eyes were opened with a frightened stare, and finally the lips parted and gave vent to a wail of disappointment and despair which would have touched a heart of stone, and which sent poor Poppet, after one wild glance round the room, in abject terror to the washing-house, from which refuge she was not unearthed until the next day.

'Oh, the poor little lamb! The innocent, wee darling!' cried Miss Mary, snatching up the infant, and pressing it eagerly to her breast, while she tried to stop its cries with kisses; 'how could we turn it away from our door to-night—on Christmas-Eve? It would be a cruel, cruel sin.'

No one answered, and she sat down beside the fire, and began to take off the woollen boots with which the child's icy feet were covered, while still it cried feebly on with a low, plaintive wailing.

'It is hungry,' said Miss Stuart, 'bring something for it to eat, Lisbeth.'

'Preserve us a', ma'am! a bairn like that's no' fit to eat: it'll be its mother that it's wantin',' said Jean, while Lisbeth, who had seven little brothers and sisters at home, sniggered audibly at her mistress's ignorance.

'It must have milk,' said Miss Flora. 'Babies should have milk—only milk, and always from the same cow.'

'The same cow! What same cow, in all the world?' asked Miss Peggy.

This Miss Flora was not prepared to explain, and she was relieved when Lisbeth broke in with—

'If you please, ma'am, my mother has a bottle; she got it for my wee brother Jimsey, when she was sae ill with the brongeddes herself she couldna' nurse him. I'll rin for't, ma'am; I'll no' be a meenit, an' she can come back wi' me, an' gie it a drink out o' the bottle; an' I'll can get the milk at the same time,' for Mrs. Falconar, or Falcondar, as Jean, for reasons best known to herself, persisted in calling it, kept three cows, and supplied the Miss Stuarts, and several of their neighbours, with milk. Lisbeth was bursting with impatience to tell the news of the discovery of the foundling, so when Miss Mary said eagerly, 'Yes, run, Lisbeth, run, and bring your mother back with you; the poor, wee lammie is half-dead with cold and hunger,' she fled out of the room before any counter orders could be given, and sped down the hill in the midst of the snow, with her white apron flying, and only a little, checked shawl over her head.

CHAPTER II.

'The mitherless lammie ne'er missed its ain mammie,
We tentit it kindly by nicht and by day.'
—*Baroness Caroline Nairn.*

Mrs. Falconar, a fine-looking matron of about forty-five, was engaged in putting the youngest of her children to bed, when her daughter Lisbeth suddenly burst in upon her, crying—

'Oh, mither, mither! The Miss Stuarts hae gotten a bairn—a wee, wee lassie!'

'Hoots, wumman, are ye demented?' asked her mother, looking with some anxiety at Lisbeth's dishevelled locks and flushed face. 'Hoo could the Miss Stuarts hae gotten a bairn, decent buddies?'

Then Lisbeth, nothing loth, told her tale, and the troop of red-haired children gathered round with wondering eyes and open mouths, and the father, coming in from the byre, stopped to listen too, and threw in an occasional 'ma gudeness me!' when Lisbeth

paused for breath, and Mrs. Falconar, with her Jimsey half-undressed in her arms, stood still to hear the pitiful story. In this third edition the baby appeared as a creature of more than human loveliness, but frozen as hard as stone. Lisbeth's own sensations on finding the bundle were described as little less than maddening, while Miss Stuart was represented as on the very point of sending for the police, and only restrained therefrom by the promise of the speedy arrival of Mrs. Falconar and the bottle.

When this point of the story was reached, Mrs. Falconar thrust the now sleeping Jimsey into the arms of her eldest boy, and began to rummage wildly in a chest-of-drawers. One drawer after another was turned over in vain, until at last, the object of the search having dawned on Mr. Falconar, he slowly withdrew his pipe from his mouth, and pointed silently with it towards the high mantelpiece, where, between two china Highlanders, Jimsey's discarded bottle had been placed as an article of virtu, and forgotten by his mother, who seldom dusted her ornaments for fear of breaking them.

'Couldna' ye hae tell't me that suner?' she cried irately, and then snatching down the bottle, she gave it a hasty wipe on her gown, donned her bonnet and shawl, and accompanied by Lisbeth and the milk, was soon ploughing her way through the snow up the steep road to Broomlaw Cottage.

Meanwhile the Miss Stuarts were waiting anxiously for her coming. Jean had gone back to the kitchen, and was banging about the pots and pans in a way which showed that her temper was in a highly disturbed condition. Now and then she muttered to herself, and a listener might have heard some such sentences as these—'Mercy on us! A bairn! An' naebody in the hoose but fower auld maids!—I ken fine we'll no get rid on it, ony mair than if it was a cat. Miss Mary's aye for keepin' strayed beasts; it's just awfu'.'

Sometimes Jean stopped her clattering and muttering to listen to the strange sounds which reached her from the parlour. The crying of the baby she was becoming quite accustomed to, but when a voice was heard singing 'The bonnie house o' Airlie,' in a loud, cheerful tone, as if determined to force the child to take a less dismal view of its circumstances, she sat down suddenly, exclaiming, 'Miss Mary!'

The singing was not at all a success. The louder Miss Mary sang, the louder the baby cried, and when the singer changed her tactics and droned out, 'Few are thy days and full of woe,' in what she intended for a soothing tone, the poor infant bemoaned its fate so piteously that Miss Stuart could stand it no longer, and putting her fingers in her ears, exclaimed, 'For any sake, stop that noise, Mary; one at a time is quite enough.'

It was a great relief to all when Lisbeth and her mother arrived.

The baby was speedily handed over to Mrs. Falconar, and lay contentedly on her knee, taking long pulls at the bottle, and turning its observant eyes from one to another of the strangers round it, as if

fearful of an attempt to rob it of the comfort it was enjoying. At last the watchful eyes closed; the soft head pillowed itself on Mrs. Falconer's breast, and the little one slept. Cautiously, very cautiously, as if they were afraid of arousing a sleeping lion, they took off the baby's tiny garments and dressed her in one of the substantial night-gowns which Miss Stuart made for presentation to the deserving poor; then she was given into Lisbeth's charge for the night, and laid in Lisbeth's bed.

It soon became known all over Gowanside that a baby had been found on the Miss Stuarts' door-step. The news travelled with the milk, and the story became the more wonderful the more widely it was spread. Many and various were the details which were added to it, and there was one adornment of the tale to which the Gowanside gossips clung with peculiar pertinacity, namely, that when the child was discovered the tears were frozen to her cheeks. With this fiction nothing would induce them to part, and it is still related in the village as a curious and touching fact.

Much commiseration was expressed for the Miss Stuarts in their misfortune, which, by the way, was characterised as a 'judgment' by the mothers who had suffered from Miss Janet's exhortations on the subject of children. Many opinions were offered as to the best home available for the child, and many conjectures made as to its birth and parentage. But day after day went by, and still nothing was heard of the defaulting parents, and still the little girl remained at Broomlaw Cottage.

Matters were in this position when the news that 'the Miss Stuarts' baby,' as the child was now generally called, had been formally and finally adopted by them, and baptised in the Earl's chapel, came upon the good people of Gowanside like a clap of thunder. Truth obliges me to state that this step was not the result of deep convictions of duty on the Miss Stuarts' part; they simply drifted into it. In the first place Miss Mary had refused to part with the child on Christmas-Eve, and, being delicate, she had to be humoured. Then Lisbeth, who had turned out a good nurse, always burst into tears whenever there was any mention of the baby being sent away, and declared between her sobs, that in that case, she 'wouldna' bide in the hoose anither meenit,' which was very annoying. But it was Miss Flora who settled the matter by asking, as she did two or three times every day—

'If the baby does not stay here, where is she to go?'

To this question no one had a satisfactory answer to give, and so it gradually became a recognised fact among the Miss Stuarts that the baby was to be adopted by them.

'Since the child is to stay, who is to tell Jean?' asked Miss Janet, the evening before the day fixed for the baby's baptism. This was a difficult question, and it was one which in all the arrangements concerning the child had been tacitly avoided. But now it could no longer

be set aside, and Miss Peggy, as being Jean's favourite, was chosen to make the unwelcome communication. She went into the kitchen about supper time, and after wandering round in an aimless sort of way for about ten minutes, suddenly recited the following speech, which she had carefully prepared beforehand—

'My sisters and I think it right to inform you, Jean, as our old and faithful friend, that after deep consideration, we have decided to adopt the poor infant left homeless and friendless by a kind Providence at our door on a winter's night.'

'Aweel, Miss Peggy, gin ye've made up yer minds till't, it's no, for me to speak, but I'll wunner if ye dinna tak' the rue afore the year's oot, an' there's nae rice, an' the soap's dune, an' I havena' a pickle o' saut in the hoose.'

It was characteristic of Jean that when ruffled in temper she invariably remembered a long list of wants hitherto unfelt, so Miss Peggy was not at all surprised to hear that the supplies had suddenly run out. She intimated that a moderate quantity of the articles mentioned was quite within her means, and might be procured immediately, and retreated from the kitchen feeling much relieved that Jean had taken her communication so quietly.

It was on a mild day towards the end of February that the Miss Stuarts took their adopted child to church for the first time. Patches of snow still lay on the Pentlands, but the sun was glinting on the black, bare trees, the sky was blue, and a soft wind greeted the first snowdrops, which were showing themselves here and there on sheltered banks. The hawthorn hedge which skirted the level road to Hopekirk was covered with tiny, pink buds, and fresh, green moss was springing everywhere, and printing itself like little ferns on the damp, grey stones. Within the chapel, too, were signs of spring, for the Earl's little daughters had decked the font with white flowers, and twisted trailing stems of ivy round the pillars which supported the alabaster bowl. And now they stood waiting—three slender, fair-haired maidens, in quaint, crimson gowns—holding each others' hands, and gazing with grave eyes at the poor baby of whom they had heard, who had neither father nor mother, and who was henceforward to live with the four Miss Stuarts.

'Dorothy, I baptize thee In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

Mr. Gordon's voice rang out clear and solemn in the quiet chapel as he held the little one in his arms, poured the 'pure water' upon her, and signed her with the sign of the Cross. And she, Christ's new-made soldier and servant, lay gently back in the strong arms which held her, her brow 'all glistening with baptismal dew,' her vague, blue eyes wandering from one to another of the glowing stained-glass windows, through which the sunshine streamed, and cast flecks of shifting colour like disembodied gems upon her long, white gown.

The ceremony over, Dorothy was given back to her God-parents,

and kissed by the Ladies Muriel, Maud, and Madeline, after which the whole party took their way homewards, and from that day forth the little foundling was firmly installed in Broomlaw Cottage. The garret was cleared out and fitted up as a nursery. A great many coloured pictures were stuck up on the walls by Miss Flora, which was her idea of a nursery. A bath was placed right in the middle of the floor, which was Miss Peggy's idea of a nursery. Miss Mary added a graceful statuette of the Madonna and Child, and Miss Stuart a large black kettle, which she directed Lisbeth to keep constantly full of boiling water to be ready for fits. Dorothy, however, did not take any fits, although she got the usual number of teeth at the usual time. Neither did she take croup, although Miss Stuart lived in daily readiness for an attack; nor measles, although Miss Sprott foretold that she could not possibly escape that youthful disease. On the contrary, Dorothy was a perfectly healthy child, and remained uninjured by an amount of tender care which would have ruined a less robust constitution. For Miss Stuart had sent to Edinburgh for 'Advice to Mothers,' and Miss Mary bought 'Hints on Health' at the post-office in the village, and Lisbeth consulted her mother at every turn, and all three were anxious to turn to account the knowledge which they gained from these various sources. It was a little unfortunate for Dorothy that the advice given not unfrequently differed. For instance, in cases where 'Advice to Mothers' authoritatively recommended a dessert-spoonful of castor-oil, 'Hints on Health' saw no hope but in grey powders, and Lisbeth's mother advised that a piece of new flannel should be wound round the part affected, sewn up, and not removed for an indefinite period. Now a child of less energy and good sense than Dorothy might have suffered a good deal from the effects of these different modes of treatment, especially when, as sometimes happened, they were tried simultaneously; but, while still very young, she discovered the best means of guarding against the danger of over-dosing. She knocked the castor-oil out of Miss Stuart's hand, spat out Miss Mary's grey powder, and showed herself uncommonly lusty and strong. As for poor Lisbeth's new flannel, the very idea of it was treated with such contempt by Miss Stuart that she never dared to sew it round Dorothy's little stomach, for which purpose she intended it, although she sometimes introduced it surreptitiously beneath her other clothing.

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

IV.

THE DRAMA UP TO 1642.

THE origin of the modern drama is to be looked for in the early efforts of the Christian priesthood to provide their converts with a substitute for representations of the plays of Terence and other heathen dramatists. Hence such compositions as the Χριστὸς Πάσχων of St. Gregory the Nazianzene (about 390 A.D.), which professes to set forth the Passion of our Lord, 'after the manner of Euripides,' and has a messenger and a chorus like those found in the Greek drama, and the Latin comedies by Hroswitha, the Benedictine nun of Gandersheim who wrote at some time during the tenth century. Plays of this kind, acted solely, or chiefly, in monasteries or convents, took root in England after the Norman conquest, previous to which there had been, so far as we are aware, no attempt whatever at dramatic representation. The first play known to have been acted in this country is the *Ludus de S. Katharina*, performed at Dunstable in 1110, by command of the Norman Geoffrey, subsequently abbot of St. Albans. Such representations, however, soon became common enough, and on high days and holidays seem to have been an integral part of the Church service, taking the place of the Lessons, or the Epistle and Gospel. After 1268 they were no longer exclusively managed by the clergy and religious orders, but were taken up by the town guilds, the members of which would represent the whole course of Scripture history, from the creation onwards, in the space of two or three days, using a great movable stage, which was wheeled about from place to place. Three collections of these plays remain to us, the *Towneley*, *Chester*, and *Coventry* plays, compiled at different dates between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. A distinction should here be made between the three classes of religious dramas which occupied the stage, or what was equivalent to the stage, until the beginning of the sixteenth century: there were the *Mysteries*, which dealt with Scriptural subjects only; the *Miracle Plays*, of which the subjects were the lives of saints; and the *Moralities*, which were of allegorical representations of moral ideas. This distinction is important, since it was the two first-mentioned classes which developed into the later historical and tragic drama, while the third, passing through the stage of the *Interlude*, culminated in comedy proper. It is not difficult to see how the transition took place; the

subjects of the *Miracle and Mystery* plays had become too trite and well known to excite much interest—something new was wanted, and this was furnished by the old English chronicles, the Greek and Latin poets, the Italian and Spanish romances which the Renaissance movement impelled men to study with eager enthusiasm. Bishop Bale's *King Johan* (1548) is the first example of a revived interest in English history, and its adaptation to dramatic purposes. This play, of which the leading idea is the resistance of King John to the papal demands, breathes the spirit of Protestantism, and is very important as an indication of the correspondence between the life and thought of the nation, and their reflection on the stage which was to become so perfect and entire by the end of the century. Plays were written from the Catholic point of view as well; but these, of course, trod upon dangerous ground in the days of Henry VIII., though encouraged under Queen Mary. Lord Buckhurst's *Gorboduc* (1568), the first English tragedy, exemplifies the study of classic models as well as the zeal for English legend, since it is modelled on the tragedies of Seneca, each act beginning with a dumb-show explanatory of what is to follow, and ending with a chorus by 'four ancient and sage men of Britain.' The plot resembles the story of *King Lear*, for it describes the disasters which befell the Kingdom of Britain when it was divided by King Gorboduc between his two sons Ferrex and Porrex. *Gorboduc* is only one of many tragedies formed on classic models which were written at this epoch, while the Italian poets, and notably Boccaccio, were ransacked for romantic subjects. The first of these of which we have certain information is *Tancred and Gismunda*, a play based on a story in the *Decameron*, and acted in 1568 by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple; there is, however, reason to believe that before this date a version of *Romeo and Juliet*, based on Luigi da Porta's tale, *La Giulietta* had been dramatised. Meanwhile Moralities were still popular, and of these perhaps as good an example as any is one which is known by the name of *Everyman*, and printed in the first volume of Dodsley's *Old Plays*. The plot of this composition, which was published in 1531, is extremely simple, consisting of the summons by Death of *Everyman*, his desertion by Kindred and Goods, his appeal to Knowledge, who passes him on to Confession and Penance, and his final demise supported by Good Deeds. Interesting and edifying as the dialogues between these personifications, no doubt, were, it was not unnatural that a desire for something more human should gradually arise; this desire found its expression in the *Interludes* already mentioned, the foremost writer of which, John Heywood (1530–40), still indeed brought Vices and Virtues upon the stage, but Vices and Virtues in the more entertaining shape of types of character then existing and well known. His *Four P's* (the Palmer, Pardoner, Poticary, and Pedler) was written for representation at the Court, as were most of his other plays; on the other hand, the first regular comedy, the outcome and successor of

Heywood's *Interludes*, was written by an Eton schoolmaster to be acted by Eton boys. This was *Ralph Roister Doister*, composed by Master Nicholas Udall in 1551, and a really amusing and laughable play modelled on the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. The hero is a swaggering soldier, who supposes every one to be in love with him, and, deluded by his friend Matthew Merrygreek, who makes fun of him the whole time, will not understand that the heroine, a rich widow called Christian Custance, is only annoyed by his advances, being in fact engaged to another man. The character of Christian is well and distinctly drawn, and there is plenty of bright lively dialogue, very pleasant to read. *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, written by John Still, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in 1575, is another comedy of the same class, but hardly so readable as *Roister Doister*.

The drama was beginning to prosper; in 1574 a patent was given to a company known as 'the Earl of Leicester's servants,' to act in any part of England, and in 1576 the first theatre was built at Blackfriars, London. Thus the stage became a public institution, and plays were no longer exclusively written to be presented before select audiences by the Universities, the Inns of Court, and the Children of the Chapel Royal.

It was, however, from the Universities that the stage was for the most part furnished with plays during that period, from about 1580 to 1596, which may be looked upon as constituting the first epoch in the history of the regular drama. To Oxford and Cambridge belongs that curious and interesting group of men, known as the University wits, a brilliant group, the members of which were all classical scholars, and all endowed with at least a touch of genius, while most of them lived wild so-called Bohemian lives, and met with early deaths.

Rather apart from the rest stands John Lyly, of Magdalen College, Oxford, in that there was little of the Bohemian about him, while his plays were for the most part of a more allegorical type than those written by other writers of the school, and were acted 'by the children of St. Paul's before her Majesty,' instead of in the new public theatres.

Campaspe (1584), *Endimion* (1591), and *Gallathea* (1592) are three of his representative works, and they abound in the alliteration, antithesis, and classical affectations which are found to perfection in his *Euphues*, and which disfigure in greater or lesser degree nearly all the writings of the period. Lyly's merit is that he adopted the fashion of writing plays in prose, and also introduced a witty, fanciful style of dialogue unlike anything that had preceded it; he was a person addicted to literary quarrels, and at daggers drawn with Gabriel Harvey in the *Martin Marprelate* controversy, to which he contributed a celebrated pamphlet known as *Pappe with a Hatchet*. Of his contemporary, Thomas Kyd, little is known but that he was the author of *The Spanish Tragedy*, a play which is the very type of that extravagant aggregation of horrors which was thought in those

days to constitute true tragic grandeur. It contains, however, one really splendid scene, which is given by Lamb in his *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, and is, as he says, 'the very salt of the old play,' though it is uncertain how much was written by Kyd himself, and how much by Ben Jonson, who is known to have re-touched it. George Peele (1552–1597) is perhaps the first of the University wits proper; he left Broadgates Hall, Oxford, about 1581, and went up to London, where he lived hard and wrote plays for the space of seventeen years. His *Edward I.* is interesting as marking the transition from works like Bale's *King Johan*, in which traces of the morality play are visible, to the historical plays of Shakspere; the machinery of the former being set aside, the latter not attained to, and the result a series of scenes from Holinshed somewhat inartistically put together.

Peele's *David and Bethsabe* contains passages of considerable beauty, and his versification has much sweetness and melody.

Robert Greene (1560–1592) is the next of the school, and he has left in his pamphlet *A Groat's Worth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance*, autobigraphical notices of a wild and wasted life, which included a runaway marriage and the desertion of his wife, and was brought to a premature end by Greene's partaking to excess of herrings and Rhenish wine. Greene's best work is the *Honourable History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, a play of which the most interesting part is not the absurd magical performance of the friars, but the prettily described wooing of a rustic, Margaret of Tresingham, by Prince Edward (son of Henry III.), and the anticipation, in what follows, of Longfellow's *Courtship of Miles Standish*. There is a great charm in Greene's descriptions of country life, and his rustics are pleasing enough when he refrains from putting classical allusions into their mouths. Greene was an indefatigable pamphleteer, as likewise were Lodge (1558 to 1625), and Nash (1565 to 1602). The last-named pair indeed, though they wrote plays, were but little distinguished as dramatists. Lodge, an Oxford man, a lawyer, a navigator, and a physician in turn, wrote a play on the subject of Marius and Sylla, in which one curious and absurd scene describes the broken French spoken by the Gaul who, commissioned to kill Marius in prison, runs off exclaiming, 'Me no dare kill Marius; adieu, Messieurs, me be dead si je touche Marius!' Nash was the author of *Will Summer's Testament*, said to be a very dull comedy indeed. But the greatest of the University wits, the greatest of Shakspere's predecessors, was beyond all doubt Christopher Marlowe, whose genius is well described in Drayton's fine passage—

> 'Next Marlowe, bathèd in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those brave translunàry things
> That the first poets had; his raptures were
> All ayre and fire, which made his verses dere;
> For that fine madnes still he did retaine,
> Which rightly should possesse a poet's braine.'

There is also a too-well-justified allusion to him in the anonymously published *Returne from Parnassus*, where he is spoken of as—

'Happy in his buskined muse,'

but—

'Unhappy in his life and end.
Pity it is that wit so ill should dwell,—
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.'

Marlowe was 'unhappy in his life and end'; born at Canterbury in 1564 (the year of Shakspere's birth), though the child of poor parents, his father being a shoemaker, he received a good education, first at the King's school in his native city, and then at Benet College, Cambridge. Very early he went up to London and took to dramatic work; at one time, according to an old ballad which professes to give the history of his life, he became an actor, but was soon after incapacitated by an accident which resulted in his lameness. *Tamburlaine the Great*, his first play, was produced in 1587, and the others followed in rapid succession. He died miserably in a drunken quarrel when only twenty-eight years old. If Greene's *Groat's Worth* is to be trusted, he was an atheist, and indeed there is extant a document by one Richard Bame (himself subsequently hanged), containing a categorical list of Marlowe's mischievous opinions and sayings, which 'note,' as it was called, would probably have resulted in his trial had he lived to undergo it.

Few details, however, are known about him, and the only indisputable facts are the irregularity of his life and the wretchedness of his death.

The series of his plays opens, amid thunder and lightning, as it were, with *Tamburlaine the Great*, a play in which unbridled cruelty and ambition are depicted with extraordinary force, and yet with such want of moderation in piling horror upon horror, that disgust is excited rather than awe, and we remain unmoved when, to use the words of one of the characters, we see—

'The streets strawed with dissevered joints of men,
And wounded bodies gasping yet for life!'

Nevertheless, it contains fine passages, written in what Jonson calls, 'Marlowe's mighty line,' and it is interesting as being the first play in blank verse acted upon the English stage, Marlowe alluding with scorn in his prologue to 'the jigging veins of rhyming mother wits.' His next play, *Dr. Faustus* (1588), is a wonderful piece of work, in spite of weaknesses of construction and characterisation, and such blemishes as the too-rapid alternations of feeling in Faust, and the ridiculous schoolboy tricks which he accomplishes by means of his supernatural powers. There is to be sure no Margaret in Marlowe's play; but, as Hallam says, perhaps the deep melancholy of his Mephistopheles is not less impressive than the 'malignant mirth'

of Goethe's conception; there could, at all events, be nothing more striking than such passages as that in which Mephistopheles answers to the question put by Faustus as to how, if condemned to hell, he is out of hell—

> 'Why, this is hell. Nor am I out of it.
> Thinkest thou that I, that saw the face of God,
> And tasted the eternal joys of heaven,
> Am not tormented with ten thousand hells
> In being deprived of everlasting bliss?'

This is but one instance of the way in which this play fulfils, in parts, the requirement in Aristotle's definition of a tragedy—that it should 'purify by exciting pity and terror.' The last scene, where Faustus in vain repentance awaits his doom, is full of terrible power, and the suspense is such that the reader is almost fain to cry with him—

> 'O lente lente currite noctis equi.'

The Jew of Malta (1589–1590) is superior, no doubt, to Faustus in point of construction, but remains a revolting performance at the best. Murder fellows murder, and the situation becomes ridiculous when a whole convent full of nuns is destroyed at one fell swoop. The central figure, Barabbas, is painted in such unmitigatedly black and repulsive colours, that one longs for a touch of humanity if only by way of contrast and relief. The difference between Marlowe's Jew and Shakspere's in the *Merchant of Venice*, is almost as great as between a monster and a human being; but there are elements of similarity in the two plays, and notably the relations of father and daughter in each.

There remains little space in which to speak of *Edward II.* (1590), by some considered Marlowe's finest play; *The Massacre of Paris* (1590), acknowledged to be his worst; and *Dido, Queen of Carthage* (date uncertain), in which he was assisted by Nash.

Of his non-dramatic works the most noted are *Hero and Leander*, a long beautiful poem in the heroic couplet, and the pretty song beginning, 'Come live with me and be my love.' Marlowe's services to dramatic literature were great, in that he gave, so to speak, to its body the form of blank verse, and to its soul the gift of that poetic fire and passion of which he was a master. The quality of his work is nothing less than astounding when his youth at the time he died is considered; Shakspere at the same age had written nothing so great as *Faustus* and *Edward II.* Marlowe's genius was, however, one of those that 'grow on the sunny side of the wall,' and it would be unsafe to conclude that, had he lived, he would have continued to surpass his great contemporary. It was in 1592, the year of Marlowe's death, that there appeared, within a few months of each other, two pamphlets, which throw an important light on Shakspere's life, the details of which are unfortunately obscure enough. The first of

these pamphlets is the already-mentioned *Groat's Worth of Wit*, by Robert Greene, and it contains the following passage: 'Yes, trust them not [the players]; for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapped in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and, being an absolute Johannes Factotum, is, in his own conceit, the only Shakescene in a country.' The above expressions apparently gave offence, for not long afterwards there was published by Henry Chettle, who was somehow implicated in *The Groat's Worth*, a pamphlet called *Kind Heart's Dream*, in which he apologises for them, and says, 'I am as sorry as if the originall fault had beene my fault, because myselfe have seene his (Shakspere's) demeanor no lesse civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.' By these passages two things are made clear, first the jealousy with which the literary, university-bred dramatists regarded the nascent school of actor-playwrights; and, secondly, the prosperity and good reputation to which the chief of those actor-playwrights had attained by the year 1592. The exact date at which Shakspere took to the stage is uncertain; he had spent his early years in his native town of Stratford-on-Avon, where he had been sent by his father, a prosperous glover, to acquire his famous traditional 'small Latin and less Greek,' at the grammar school. At eighteen, very shortly, one may suppose, after leaving school, he married Anne Hathaway, a woman seven years older than himself, and after this his movements become obscure. What induced him to take to the stage we cannot tell, but it may have been the unsatisfactory condition in which his father's affairs are known to have been at about this time, and his own non-success in some profession; or, again, the disagreeable consequences of a poaching affray in which he is said to have been mixed up. Whatever the truth as to this may be, he owed his first opening to the Burbages, the great acting family (natives of Warwickshire), who reigned at the Blackfriars Theatre, and after 1599 at the Globe. At their invitation Shakspere went up to London, where, after the fashion of the day, he was at first employed in re-writing and adapting old plays for the use of the company. *Titus Andronicus* (1588 to 1590) and the first part of *Henry VI.* (1590 to 1591) were almost certainly re-touched in this manner, while in the second and third parts of *Henry VI.* (1591 to 1592) and in *Richard III.* traces have been seen of Marlowe's handiwork, the joint production of a play by two or more authors being a common feature of the Elizabethan drama. Shakspere, however, who had perhaps written his *Venus and Adonis* before leaving Stratford, soon began to produce independent plays, and by 1598, in the *Palladis Tamia* of Francis Meres, we have a list of six comedies and six tragedies by him—works which, in the opinion of

Meres, established his claim to be accounted 'the most excellent in both kinds for the stage.' 'I say,' adds Meres, 'that the Muses would speak with Shakspere's fine filed phrase if they would speak English.'

He was successful in every way; in 1599 he became with the Burbages' family joint owner of the Globe Theatre, and in 1603 the company to which he belonged (known since 1594 as the Lord Chamberlain's) was honoured with the official title of the King's servants.

Plenty has been written to show that his youth was wild and passionate; but his Bohemianism, if he had it, was of a very different type to that of his predecessors, and did not prevent him from thinking it worth while to save money and buy land. In 1602 he became possessed of an estate at Stratford, and thither he retired from London and the stage in 1610—six years before his death. This is the bare outline of his life; for a deeper view of it we must go to his works, which are thought by those who have studied the subject to exhibit four distinct stages of thought and progress. The first of these stages extends from 1590 to 1595 or 1596, and is the period of apprenticeship, of experimental re-touching of other people's work, and of clever first essays in play-writing. Among the earliest plays are *Love's Labour Lost* (1590), in which the sense of the ridiculous predominates, and the humour of the Euphuists is laughed at, and the *Comedy of Error* (1591), which is almost a farce, and depends for its interests on situation rather than character. The *Two Gentlemen of Verona* followed (1592–3), and then came the fairy drama of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, still showing youthful buoyancy and delicate imagining, apart from any attempt to deal with the deeper problems of life. *Romeo and Juliet*, the first tragedy, aglow with southern fire and passion, and *Lucrece*, a poem full of the same fervid feeling, also belong in all probability to this first period, as do the early historical plays, *Richard II.* (1594) and *King John* (1595). The next period, 'in the world' as it is called, begins about 1596, and ends in 1600 or 1601. It includes those later historical plays, *Henry IV.* (1597–8) and *Henry V.* (1599), which perfectly represent the intense national feeling which prevailed in England during the years following the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and also the series of comedies which seem to show Shakspere at the height of happiness and prosperity, namely, *The Merchant of Venice* (1596), the *Taming of the Shrew* (1597), and the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (1598), with *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, all of which appeared between 1598 and 1601.

There is a note of melancholy about the next series of plays, *All's Well That Ends Well* (1602), *Measure for Measure* (1603), and *Troilus and Cressida* (1603?), and this has been connected with certain outward circumstances in Shakspere's life—the death of his father, and the fall of his patrons, Essex, Southampton, and Pembroke, as well as

with the deep questioning sense of the 'painful riddle of the world,' which must naturally come with ripening intellect and power. This finds full expression in the great tragedies, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, all written between 1601 and 1606, and followed by *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, in each of which the darker side of things, human weakness and passion and sin, and the irresistible fate that these bring upon themselves, seem most present to the poet's mind, and to obscure partly, though never altogether, the brighter, happier, more hopeful, and equally truthful aspect. Light broke through the clouds, and the plays of the last period (1608–1613) 'on the heights,' as it has been called. *Pericles*, *Cymbeline*, *The Tempest*, and the *Winter's Tale* are full of hopefulness and serenity, giving the idea of attainment to that 'port after stormie seas,' and 'ease after warre,' which, as another great poet has said, 'doth greatly please.' *Henry VIII.* (1612–1613), in which he was assisted by Fletcher, is the last play which Shakspere is known to have written. Further internal evidence as to his life may be gathered from the sonnets, written between 1595 and 1605, and these—the most beautiful compositions of their kind in the language—show clearly disappointment in love and in friendship. There may, of course, be a certain degree of fancifulness in the above classification, and it has been treated by a recent critic with contempt; but the most unfanciful person could hardly fail to perceive the different stages of development marked by the production of, for instance, the three plays, *Love's Labour Lost*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, and *The Tempest*. In the same way, it needs but very little critical acumen to discern the simply enormous difference between Shakspere's work, taken as a whole, and that of any of his contemporaries. To take but a very few points. Where in any of the University wits is there to be found anything resembling the humour, the irresistible sense of the comic, and power of expressing it, which flashes through the tragic gloom even of Shakspere's most tragic plays? Marlowe apparently had no humour at all; Peele and Greene had a certain amount, but not enough, for instance, to prevent them from freely putting classical allusions into the mouths of rustics, and from cramming their plays with bombast and bloodshed, until two extremes meet and the horrible becomes the grotesque? Again, and this is a point of the utmost importance, each and all of them are hopelessly behind him in the power of characterisation; Marlowe, the greatest of them, puts, for the most part, personified passions upon the stage—his *Tamburlaine* being nothing more than an embodiment of ambition, *Faustus* of the pride of intellect, *Barabbas* of avarice, and so on. Peele and Greene avoid this, but their characters are faintly drawn, and not one of them attains to that reality of existence which has made nearly all Shakspere's men and women familiar to people who seldom enough open his plays It was the want of self-control, so sadly manifested in their lives, which, in part, no doubt, caused that absence of pro-

portion, that exaggeration and ranting in the tragedies of the early dramatists, which have already been pointed out.

'Give me the man,'

says Hamlet,

'That is not Passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core—ay, in my heart of hearts.'

'I love a dire revenge,'

says one of the characters in a nearly contemporary play—

'Give me the man that will all others kill,
And last himself!'

These two passages, ludicrous as is the last, are no bad illustrations of two opposite theories of art no less than of conduct. Horrors there are, no doubt, in the tragedies resulting from each; but it is hardly unfair to say that in the one case they are an end, in the other a means, for indeed the great and distinguishing mark of Shakspere's tragedies is that in them character is of all-preponderating importance, their subject being, as has well been said, 'ever the degenerating of a more or less noble nature under the preponderance of a great passion; the consequences of his sin bringing sorrow on the hero, and in this pathos his better contrary nature rising, too late yet to ward off the ruin, but not too late to atone for the past by a purification of his nature.'

The task of pointing out Shakspere's unique position as a poet and dramatist is, however, one which might be protracted to any length; the fact of that unique position is one which we all early take for granted upon the authority of other people, and which it is a pity if we do not find out for ourselves by later study of his works.

There is some authority for believing that to the good offices of Shakspere, Ben Jonson, 'Father Ben' as Dryden called him, the second greatest dramatist of the age, owed the representation of his first and most noted comedy by the Lord Chamberlain's Company (Burbage's) in 1598. 'Father Ben's' figure stands out distinct and prominent among the crowd of lesser men; he was a great burly, awkward, dictatorial man, with an enormous idea of his own importance and the loftiness of his vocation, a sharp tongue and a bitter pen, but a kind and generous heart. Born in 1573, by 1598 he had already had a sufficiently chequered and adventurous career, having been a Westminster scholar, a bricklayer (his stepfather's trade), a soldier, and an actor. In the last-named capacity he was attached to Henslowe's company, the rival of the Burbages, but, having fought and killed another actor in a duel, and been in prison (where he became a Roman Catholic), was dismissed by Henslowe. Then it was, so the story runs, that he became acquainted with Shakspere, that Shakspere recommended his *Every Man in his Humour* to the Burbages,

and, when it was acted, took a part in it himself. After this, Jonson's success as a dramatist met with few checks or none, but his firm conviction that it was his special mission to scourge and satirise the failings of the age in general, and his brother playwrights in particular, involved him in one literary quarrel after another. In *Every Man out of his Humour* (1599), and *Cynthia's Revels* (1600), he reflected so bitterly upon the character of his old manager Henslowe, and of the dramatists Marston and Dekker, that the two latter retorted with a play called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, in which Jonson himself was caricatured. To this he replied with the *Poetaster* (1601), a comedy of which the scene is laid in the times of Augustus, with a view to showing that—

> 'Virgil, Horace, and the rest
> Of those great master-spirits, did not want
> Detractors then, or practisers against them.'

This play, which roused Dekker and Marston to reply in the *Satiromastix*, offended so many people with its coarse caricatures, that Jonson found it necessary to write a so-called apology, at the conclusion of which he says—

> 'But I leave the monsters
> To their sure fate; and, since the comic Muse
> Hath proved so ominous to me, I'll try
> If Tragedy have a more kind aspect.'

His tragedies, *Sejanus* (1603) and *Catiline* (1611), have been described as 'Roman history done into robust blank verse,' and, monuments of learning as they are (for Jonson brought away sound scholarship from Westminster School, where his tutor was the antiquary Camden), they offer but few attractions to the ordinary reader.

Tragedy was not his natural vein, and with the exception of these two plays, in spite of his resolution quoted above, he confined himself to the production of comedies, the most noted being *Volpone* (1605), the *Silent Woman* (1609), the *Alchemist* (1610), and *Bartholomew Fair* (1614). He also brought to a great pitch of perfection the art of writing the masques, or allegorical plays, which were so marked a feature in all great festivities of that age, and especially in those given in honour of royalty. These masques (the fashion for representing which had been imported from Italy early in the sixteenth century) were a very serious business indeed; Inigo Jones designed the scenery of those written by Jonson for representation before King James, and no less a person than Lord Bacon, who occasionally wrote such things himself, sat in committee with Selden and Whitelock to determine the nature of the masque to be acted upon some specially great occasion.

Ben Jonson's genius for this species of entertainment, as well as his thorough-going monarchism, gained him popularity with James I., who made him Poet Laureate in 1619. His position was altogether

one of great notoriety, for, while on the one hand he was well known at court, and a friend of all the most eminent men of the day, including Lord Burleigh, Lord Bacon, Sir Edward Coke, and Sir Walter Raleigh (to whose son he was at one time governor), on the other, he reigned supreme in the taverns which were the resort of the playwrights, the actors, and the wits of the town.

Herrick alludes in one of his lyrics to the merry meetings of which these taverns were the scene.

'Ah, Ben,' he sings—

'Say how or when
Shall we thy guests
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun,
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the frolic wine?'

Fuller has a yet more interesting passage with regard to what took place on these occasions. 'Many were the wit combats,' he says, 'between Shakspere and Ben Jonson. I beheld them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakspere like the latter, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention.' Jonson and Shakspere were apparently on the friendliest and most intimate terms, and, though attempts have sometimes been made to prove the contrary, it seems impossible that Jonson's beautiful lines, *To the memory of my beloved Master William Shakspere* (1623), could have been written by one who was not a sincere personal friend. They are too long to quote, but certain expressions in them, such as the description of Shakspere as being 'not for an age, but for all time,' are familiar to every one. Jonson's friends and admirers among literary men were so numerous and so enthusiastic, that they obtained the nickname of the 'Tribe of Ben'; even his enemies were not enemies for very long, since we find him working with Marston and Dekker at the comedy of *Eastward Ho*, and going voluntarily to prison with them on the score of certain insulting remarks about the Scotch which occurred in the play, but for which he was not responsible.

There is, of course, no doubt that he was somewhat of a literary dictator, and he expressed his opinions perhaps over freely, if we may judge from the rather unfriendly record of his conversations kept by Drummond of Hawthornden, to whom Jonson paid a visit in 1618, having walked all the way from London to Edinburgh. The general impression which he made upon Drummond is summed up as follows: 'He is a great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest.'

Allowance must be made for a certain amount of pique in this verdict, since Jonson had criticised Drummond's own compositions with exceeding candour; but, whether it was the result of a jest or not, in 1631 Jonson did lose an important friend in Inigo Jones, to whose disfavour he is said to have caused a temporary cessation of court patronage. Charles I., however, treated him with kindness, and continued the pension bestowed by his father. His last years were made burdensome by ill health; he died of dropsy in 1637, leaving an unfinished pastoral play called the *Sad Shepherd*. As to his works, one of the most noticeable features is the vast learning by which they are characterised. 'He was a learned plagiary of the classic writers,' says Dryden, 'you track him everywhere in their snow . . . . he invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him . . . . I admire him, but I love Shakspere.' Perhaps this last sentiment is shared by the majority of people nowadays; Jonson is to be admired to any extent; his knowledge of the manners and customs of his own day equals his knowledge of antiquity, and his strict adherence to classic models does not prevent him from giving a faithful representation of life in the Elizabethan and Jacobean age. When this has been said, however, the fact remains that his plots are for the most part intricate and involved, his humour often too loud and blustering to give real pleasure, and his characters types rather than individuals; a dramatist of this kind is not much read by the general public of any age but his own. Some of his shorter non-dramatic works must always be delightful, and notably the lines to Shakspere already mentioned, and the perfect little epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

One of the finest traits in Jonson's character was the lofty ideal which he had for the stage as the elevator and purifier of public morals; this, no doubt, occasionally betrayed him into arrogance and self-assertion; but, on the other hand, in a man of his position, it must have been powerful for good, and was probably the means of delaying for a time that degradation of the drama, the first notes of which are to be seen in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, the authors next in importance to himself. Of these two writers, Dryden (whose *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* contains many interesting remarks on the whole school) says that they 'represent all the passions very lively, but, above all, Love.' He goes on to add, that they understand how to reproduce the 'conversation of gentlemen' better than did Shakspere (!), and that in his own time their plays were 'the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakspere's or Jonson's.'

Of all the literary partnerships so frequent during that age, theirs is the most famous. Beaumont and Fletcher both were men of good family, and both received a University education; Fletcher, the elder of the two, at Cambridge; Beaumont, at Oxford. How and when they became acquainted is unknown; but in 1608, when Fletcher

was twenty-nine and Beaumont five years younger, they produced their first joint play, *Philaster*, and from that time forward they lived together in the greatest intimacy, sharing a house on the banks of the Thames (till Beaumont's marriage in 1613), and having everything in common, 'even the same clothes and cloak.' Beaumont died prematurely in 1616, Fletcher survived him nine years, dying of the plague in 1625. Of their joint compositions the most famous are, beside *Philaster*, *The Maid's Tragedy* (1610), and *Thierry and Theodoret*, (1616). Fletcher, however, produced a great number of independent plays, the best known of which is perhaps *The Faithful Shepherdess* (1610?), a pastoral comedy, which has of late years been revived with some success. There is also the dramatic version of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (1609?), in which Fletcher is said to have been assisted by Shakspere. It is difficult to decide the exact proportion of Beaumont's work to Fletcher's in their joint production. Dryden writes—

> 'In witty dialogues is Fletcher's praise;
> He moved the mind, but had not power to raise;'

and a contemporary speaks of—

> 'Fletcher's keen treble and deep Beaumont's bass.'

The common theory is that Beaumont had the more weighty and dignified style, and judgment so good that even Ben Jonson deferred to it, while Fletcher contributed the musical ear, and a sweetness and ease of diction amounting at times to irregularity, when, as in the following example, he ends his lines with one or even two unaccented syllables—

> 'How sweet these solitary places are! how wantonly
> The wind blows through the trees, and courts and plays with them!'

Their plays abound in tender, pathetic, and graceful passages, as well as in 'witty dialogue,' but almost throughout there is not only the coarseness of a plain-spoken age, but a much lower standard of morality than in the works of earlier writers, and a 'distinct approach,' as Mr. Saintsbury says, 'to the *fay ce que voudras* of the Restoration.' This characteristic becomes more and more plainly marked in the works of the later dramatists, who can barely be mentioned here.

Chapman indeed, the translator of Homer (1557–1634), is said to have been a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate,' and there are fine passages in his tragedies, *Bussy d'Ambois* and the *Conspiracie and Tragedie of Charles, Duke of Biron*.

Massinger (1583–1639) was also a man who gives the impression to a modern writer of having 'firmly believed in the eternal difference between right and wrong, and never swerved aside from the canon he acknowledged'; but, notwithstanding this, he wrote very little that can now be read with pleasure, and his best play, *The Virgin*

Martyr (1622) is an unsatisfactory piece of work, his treatment of the subject, both as regards characterisation and diction, failing to do justice to its intrinsic grandeur.

Passing by Ford (1586–1640), whose most noted plays are *Perkin Warbeck*, and *The Broken Heart*, we come to John Webster, a man of whose life little is known, but of whose two masterpieces, *Vittoria Corombona* (1612), and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1616), Hazlitt has said that 'upon the whole they perhaps come the nearest to Shakspere of anything we have on record.' They certainly contain splendid and powerful scenes, which are given for the most part in Lamb's *Specimens of Dramatic Poets*, and should be read by every one; but they show, at the same time, a morbid pleasure in horrible and unnatural subjects and situations which is far enough from being Shaksperian.

This selection of subject, and the neglect of historical themes for romantic plots from Spanish and Italian novels, is characteristic of too many of the later dramatists—Middleton, Tourneur, Randolph, Shirley, etc., among whom there is noticeable a growing tendency to disparage country in favour of city life, to despise University training and education, and to look upon 'the town' as the only school of manners. The stage had become only too faithful a reflection of the court, by which, since the accession of James I., it had been consistently patronised; and there were grounds enough for the ever-increasing disfavour with which it was regarded by the graver part of the nation. The Puritans were constantly satirised by the playwrights (vide Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*), and they retorted with bitter censure, which found its fullest expression in Prynne's *Histriomastix* (1633). This work, which was supposed to contain reflections on the Queen for acting in a pastoral at court, occasioned the imprisonment and mutilation of its author. He had not, however, long to wait for his revenge; evil days were coming for the stage as well as for the nation at large, and in 1642 the theatres were closed by an Ordinance of the Lords and Commons, directing that, 'while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage plays shall cease and be forborne.'

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—IV.

Questions.

24. What were some of the causes that gave birth to the Elizabethan Drama?

or

Draw a comparison between the Elizabethan Age and that of Pericles at Athens.

25. Distinguish between Mysteries, Miracle Plays, and Moralities, and discuss their respective influence upon the Drama.

or

Define the terms *drama*, *tragedy*, *comedy*; and point out as many differences as you can between the Romantic Drama and the Classical.

26. What innovations did Marlowe bring into the Drama? What, in your opinion, is the leading characteristic of Marlowe's heroes?

or

Illustrate the following critical remark:

'His (Marlowe's) "Faustus" perhaps best reflects his whole genius and experience.'

27. Comment on the statement, 'Shakspere does not paint individuals, but individualises classes.' Contrast Dickens, in this respect, with Shakspere.

26. Indicate Ben Jonson's characteristics as a dramatist, by considering those in which he was a contrast to Shakspere.

29. How would you account for the so-called Decline of the Drama?

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

The following books will be found useful.—Saintsbury: *Elizabethan Literature.* Hazlitt: *Lectures on Elizabethan Literature.* Dowden: *Shakspere Primer.* Marlowe's *Faustus*, Clarendon Press Edition. *Gosse:* Ben Jonson.

July Class List.

First Class.

E. M. Collum, A. C. Shipton	89	Bee	78
Lisle	88	A. I. P., Maia	76
Ieton	87	Mühle	75
Greta	86	A. M. G., F. K. Williams	73
Giraffena	80		

Second Class.

Cornflower, Lark	69	K. E. S.	61	Bunny, White Hawthorn	53
Alice M., E. P. M.	68	H. E. B.	69	Gretchen	52
Madge, A. M. Williams	65	Adoxa, E. B. Ashwin	58	May	48
Rachel Carlisle, Patty	64	Dick, M. E. Ackerley	57	Dewitte, Kleine Katze	47
Mu, Mu, Kappa	62	Cherry Ripe, Eugenie	56	L. S. Colt, Fides, Sienarf	46
		Eager	55		

Third Class.

Hilda Allen, Caro, F. D. Z.	44	Cantia	39	C. David	30
J. C. K.	43	A. C. C., Gorse, Sybil	37	A. M. Smith	28
Elyn, M. A. S.	42	Sunflower	36	Haro Haro!	27
Midget	40	I. E. C.	33	Mignonette	21
		Ellice	31	Duns Scotus	18
				Wolferstan, L. Noble	14

REMARKS.

The answers were, on the whole, well done; many were excellent; and in all cases it was evident that there had been some study of the subject. The most common fault was that of wandering from the point and giving information which did not bear upon the question; the spelling also, in several instances, left room for improvement. The 'Nun's Priest's' was the favourite Canterbury Tale, and was well told, though some versions showed more clearly than others that the original had been carefully read. This question was set for the purpose of ensuring some reading of Chaucer; and, in commencing the study of English literature, it is well to remember, that though much must necessarily be read *about* our English writers, still more should be read *of* them.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Do limited views produce the most effective work?

CHELSEA CHINA has received such excellent papers this month that she has had great difficulty in selecting *Blackbird's* as on the whole the most striking. She hopes to find space next month for parts of *Molly's*, *Dragon-fly's*, *Bog-Oak's*. *Amyas Leigh*, *Fleur de lys*, *Lambda*, *Elcaam*, and *Ira* are all thoughtful and interesting, and all more or less in favour of the 'wider mind.'

Chelsea China herself thinks that the actual piece of work in hand is done most surely, and often most effectively, by the person of limited views. As in *Molly's* illustration, by the mediæval baron the beggars were fed; the modern philanthropist may let them starve, while he considers whether feeding them will destroy their self-respect.

But the limited-minded worker will do harm as well as good. The mediæval baron has left a legacy of beggars to the present day.

The limited mind will do one piece of work best, but he will never count the cost of it in other ways.

People, however, must do what they see. Every mind on earth is limited more or less. We can but think and do what our own nature, the age in which we live, and the influences around us make us think right, and leave the consequences to Him who has so limited our powers of vision.

We need not, however, limit them for ourselves. If we see objections, we should not disregard them, in the attempt to be effective. Work that is not genuine never can be effective, and, if we see the other side of any particular kind of work so strongly as to destroy our interest in it, we are probably not called on to do it, and certainly not in that particular way.

Chelsea China inserts *Double Daisy's* paper on Imagination as she thinks it the best hitherto received on the subject, and there is surely no writer or reader of the 'Packet' who will not see with interest, the kind and wise advice on Reserve sent us by so old a friend. *Trasimene* also sends a paper on Imagination. An old subscriber, now a mother and grandmother, sends some excellent quotations on the Sunday question.

Chelsea China sets a sternly practical question for next month.

Narrowness.

All the higher sorts of work have, I think, what may be called a soul and a body too; and, as a general rule, the more limited a worker's views are, the more he will improve the body of his work at the expense of the soul. Talent and industry being equal, the artist, be he painter, sculptor, actor, or musician, who devotes his whole time and thought to his work, will usually be superior in technique to his fellow artist who leaves a place for other interests; but his mind will be so narrowed by want of sympathy with the world around, that the power of putting a soul into his work, and through it speaking to other souls, will grow less and less, while his productions give perfect satisfaction to those who look only at the outside of things. In other words, he will express himself beautifully, but will have very little to express. Again, in religious or philanthropic work, to which I suppose the question also applies, I think that of two workers who are equally earnest and unselfish, one having eyes for nothing but what immediately affects the matter in hand, the other with a wider outlook, the former will probably have more immediate and tangible success, while the latter, with less to show for his work, will produce deeper and more lasting results. There is a peculiar force about those who see only one point and make for it with all their energies, which often makes people do what they want at the time; but, as they get hold of others only by one side of their nature, the impression they have made is apt to pass away when they are not there and other influences come in, while those who are able to look at their fellow-creatures all round very often fail to produce an effect just for want of that peculiar force; but, when they do succeed in obtaining an influence, it is often one which penetrates and modifies a person's whole self, and so is not in any way dependent on their presence. To sum up this part of the question also in few words, I should say that the narrow mind gets many people to do what it wants them to do; the wider one gets a few people to become what it wants them to be. Blackbird.

Did we not say a good deal on this subject before? The narrow and exclusive person will do more, and perhaps more thorough, work in his or her own way, but not such intelligent or valuable work as one who can take in more views, and may besides harshly crush obstacles without understanding that they may be really objections, or knowing the suffering thus caused. Have we never read histories of a single event, most detailed as to the facts, but failing to understand the cause of their bearings for lack of acquaintance with previous or subsequent history, or that of the countries around?

Another illustration may be the railway train, rushing further and faster in its one straight line than the slower conveyance on the road,

but passing by all scenery and side interest, and ruthlessly crushing all in its way.

The intelligent, if guarded from mere discursiveness and weak hesitation, will certainly accomplish sounder and more considerate work than will those who can see nothing but their own aim.

SPERMOLOGOS.

IS DEFECT OF IMAGINATION MORE HARMFUL THAN EXCESS?

If we had to choose between these two extremes, it would indeed be a choice of evils; for, while the excess of imagination, if not balanced by other qualities, might unhinge our minds, the defect, if entire, would certainly reduce us to the level of the brute creation. For, while reason and memory are to some extent possessed by the latter, imagination, if by it we mean the power of forming mental conceptions apart from the range of personal experience, is one of the divine gifts that go to make up that mysterious total, the human soul.

May we not say without irreverence that creation is the work of the Divine Imagination? And that the feeble spark of the same quality planted in every human breast is not the least among the indications that man is made in the image of God.

Looked at in this light, one is almost tempted to ask if it is possible to have too much of so God-like a faculty, and if it is not the misuse rather than the excess which is to be dreaded.

At all events practically, we, in this century, and women especially, are in very little danger from excess of imagination, whereas its deficiency does constantly lead to serious evils, not the less serious because they are negative rather than positive. For instance, as was remarked not long ago in the *Nineteenth Century* the virtue of patriotism is impossible without imagination. This is an important consideration now that the fate of the empire is largely in the hands of those whose imagination has never been developed, and to many of whom the honour of country and nation is a meaningless idea. It might be interesting to consider how many forms of heroism would have been lost to the world without imagination.

And it is not less necessary for more homely virtues. What a narrow thing sympathy becomes without its aid! It is absolutely necessary if one class is to feel for another, or even each individual for others differently placed. Sympathy that cannot pass beyond the limit of personal experience must quickly fail amid the infinite variety of character and circumstance that constitutes human life. Perhaps it is owing to want of imagination that women are less able to sympathise with causes than with persons. Many a man has been dragged back by a woman who would cheerfully have given her life

for *him*, but never grasped the *idea* which was the key-note of his life.

The question of imagination in connection with the religious faculty is much too wide and deep for *Double Daisy* to enter upon, though indeed it would almost seem that decline of the one brings with it the decline of the other. But, setting this aside, she does think there is much more need to cherish and cultivate the imagination than to thwart or dread it, for with most of us there is little fear, or hope, that its flight will be very exalted.

DOUBLE DAISY.

RESERVE.

May an old friend intrude for a moment upon 'Debatable Ground,' and acknowledge that she does love a demonstrative manner; meaning by that word a simple, natural expression of feelings that really exist, not an exaggerated display of what is untrue; and that she dislikes intensely the slang word 'gushing,' which often throws contempt and ridicule on the, perhaps too prominent, expression of real kindness and good-will. It may be very well for the prosperous and popular, for the clever and the accomplished, for the young and lovely, to distrust or despise a demonstration of approval or of interest which they may regard as flattery; but very different is the feeling of the obscure, and dull, and unlearned, and old and ugly, who cannot be objects of flattery, and to whom a kind word or look is a reality, and who may acutely feel its absence. The power of kind words, and looks, and tones to reach the heart is quite beyond calculation, and its effect may rise up in blessing when the speaker has totally forgotten it; they are worthless unless they are a true expression of kind feeling, but the kind feeling would never have been recognised without them. A manner of cold indifference may be a very refined veil for a warm heart, but people do not always see through it, and may be pining in solitude, longing for the sympathy and love so carefully concealed.

'A well of love,—it may be deep;
I trust it is, and never dry:
What matter, if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity?
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, has made me poor.'

Think, dear young people, that such may be the feeling (the bad taste, if you will) of some to whom your love is precious, and for whom that love exists. If you really love any one, let them have the comfort of knowing it—of reading it in those little signs which are often more valuable than great acts.

OCTOGENARIAN.

Notes on the Opening of Museums on Sundays.

'Of all divine institutions, the most divine is that which secures a day of rest for man. I hold it to be the most valuable blessing ever conceded to man. It is the corner stone of all civilisation!'—*The Earl of Beaconsfield.*

'There can be no religion without public worship, and there can be no public worship without a sabbath.'—*Count Montalembert.*

'Looked at solely from a material point of view, England has been an immense gainer by the habit of resting thoroughly on the one day in seven; for this reason I should view with alarm any attempt to introduce the Continental system of making Sunday a day of amusement. What we want on Sunday is not so much amusement as rest.

'The decision of this question is in the hands of working men. My experience leads me to warn working men against the inevitable result of opening the door. The employment of government servants will end in increased work for all servants.'—*An Experienced Engineer* (quoted in the '*Artizan's Reporter*').

Subject for November.

Do the advantages of the present Sunday-school system, as usually carried out, outweigh its drawbacks?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before November 1st.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

IV. Early Writings.

The Apologists and Writers of Alexandrian and African Schools.

Questions for October.

37. Give, in approximately chronological order, the Apologies for Christianity of the second century, stating only their names, authors, and whether still extant in whole or in part, with an analysis of any one Apology, and the circumstances under which it was written.

38. Give a short account of the Catechetical School of Alexandria, and of the work and teaching of Clemens Alexandrinus.

39. Assign the following expressions to their authors: 'No faith without knowledge; no knowledge without faith;' 'Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus;' 'Fiunt non nascuntur Christiani.' 'What the soul is in the body, that Christians are in the world;' 'The difference of the Feast establishes the agreement of the Faith;' 'Him do I seek Who died for us; Him I desire Who rose again for our sake .... My heart's Love is crucified.'

40. Write a life of St. Justin Martyr.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by November 1st.

June Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda	40	Sycorax, Patience	35	Ierne	32
Papaver	39			Irene, Verena	31
Water Wagtail	37	Charissa, Speranza	34		
Erica	36			King Cole, Pet Lamb, De Maura	30
Edina, Thistle	35	Vorwärts	33		
		Bluebell	32		

Second Class.

Malacoda	29	Hoffnung, Hegesippus, Wylmcote	25	Mac, Violets	22
Holland	28			Cecilia, Snapdragon, Mu Sigma	21
Καθολικος, Portia, Fidelia	27	Red-deer			
Budgerigar, Veritas, Frideswide	26	Golden Saxifrage, Regina, Millstone	24	Countess, Evangeline, Hazelnut, Francesca	20
		Dog-violet	23		

Third Class.

Ima West Penwith	17	Dormouse Foolscap P. P. C.	16	Nero	13 9

REMARKS.

21. *Etheldreda*, *King Cole*, *Papaver*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, *Vorwärts*, excellent.

Pet Lamb: As persecution is usually a wicked act, and always a foolish one, we should not say of it 'sent by God,' though, like other evils, He permits it. *Mu Sigma:* The Edict of Toleration under Gallienus was published in 260. *Countess:* Maximian was co-Augustus with Diocletian; *Galerius* was Cæsar. *Budgerigar* and others: Care should be taken not to miscall names. In one answer we have Galerius, *Galerian*, and *Gallerius* for the same man. Bog-Oak thinks a variety of right and wrong spelling more hopeless than sticking to one wrong form. *Foolscap:* Very careless writing. 'Convicts' for 'converts'; 'to bare,' for 'to bear'; and 'the Cæsar's wife' so impartially attached to the four emperors, that one cannot assign her to any one in particular.

22. Best done by *Edina*, *Etheldreda*, *Fidelia*, *Vorwärts*, *Pet Lamb* (marred by spelling), and *Charissa*, who deserves credit for her map, except that she makes Palestine swallow up all Syria, including Antioch.

Thistle and others: Milan is sometimes said to have been St. Sebastian's birthplace, but legends agree that he suffered in Rome, under Maximian, not Diocletian. The east, with its groups of martyrs at Antioch and Tyre, should have been mentioned. *Budgerigar:* St. Alban was a Roman, but may be reckoned a *British*, though certainly not an *English* martyr.

Mu Sigma and *West Penwith:* Very little is known of our national Patron, St. George, but it is quite certain he was not martyred in Britain. *Nero:* Very meagre; St. Katharine suffered in Alexandria, not Pisidia. *De Maura:* St. Saturninus and fifty-three companions suffered at Abitina, in Africa. Their legend is more authentic than St. Margaret or St. Katharine. *Wylmcote:* St. Blaise was Bishop of Sebaste in Armenia, not Samaria. *Snapdragon*: Antioch is not in Palestine, nor, as *West Penwith* thinks, in Greece. There were, of course, a multitude of insignificant Antiochs, but Bog-Oak wishes all members of the C.H.S. would, once for all, look in the map at the great Syrian Antioch. St. Margaret's Antioch seems to have been the Pisidian town.

Several mention martyrs of *Egypt* as Africans. Egypt was not then reckoned part of Africa, being not merely a separate province, but in a different prefecture. Africa was in the prefecture of Italy,

Egypt in that of 'The East.' Bog-Oak has accepted without criticism all legends in this and the following answer.

23. Best answers: *Holland*, *Etheldreda*, Καθολικος, *Papaver*, *Erica*, *Charissa*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, *Sycorax*.

24. Excellent on all points: *Etheldreda*. Constantine became Augustus in 306. The steps which freed and settled the Church then were: 1. (A.D. 311) The tolerating Edicts of Galerius and Maximin. 2. Defeat of Maxentius, Vision of Constantine and adoption of the Labarum. 3. (312) First Edict of Constantine and Licinius. 4. (313) Defeat of Maximin and Edict of Milan for universal toleration. 5. Sundry minor edicts affecting the Church, e.g. (316) Emancipation of Christian slaves allowed: (319) Private sacrifices forbidden; clergy finally exempted from civil and military duty; (321) Edict against unmarried citizens repealed. 6. (321) Cessation from business ordered on Sunday. 7. (323) Defeat of Licinius at Adrianople, etc. 8. (323–4) Paganism suppressed, heathen symbols erased from coins, judicial power on appeal granted to bishops, Christianity made the religion of the State and half the world becomes Christian. The most dreadful omission is that of the Edict of Milan from two or three papers.

Bog-Oak is sorry to say she received no April answers from *Ierne*.
Subscriptions received from *Union Jack* and *Maid Marian*.

For the benefit of new members Bog-Oak rehearses the rule that Answers are to be written *from memory*, after careful study of the subject. Each answer may be studied separately.

Some one asked where to find the *Massa Candida* or Martyrs of Utica. See Alban Butler and Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints*, under August 24th. St. Augustin and Prudentius are the authorities.
Bog-Oak believes it is also given in Dr. Neale's *Church History for Children*.

Notices to Correspondents.

H. A. K. will be very much obliged if the Editor of 'Monthly Packet' will tell her who is intended by Browning's 'Lost Leader,' beginning—

'Just for a handful of silver.'

Is he supposed to be a renegade to his country, or to his God?

The Editor is happy to say, with many thanks to most kind contributors, that the sum required for the dumb boy's education is made up, and he is to begin it at once. She gratefully acknowledges: Constant Reader, 2*s.*; Mr. Arden, 2*s.*; Miss Rogers, 2*s.*; Admirer, 3*s.*; Miss Acland, etc., 15*s.*; Miss Ashmore, 1*s.*; Mrs. Hopkins, 1*s.*; G. N. A., 2*s.*; Mrs. Cheepe, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Mary Thelwall, 1*s.*; Mrs. Steward, 1*s.*; Grateful Reader, 2*s.*; Miss Abbott, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Theodore and May, 2*s.*; A. M. F., 2*s.*; Miss Law, 1*s.* 6*d.*; A. F. S., 1*s.*; Margaret Mitchell, 5*s.*; E. H. T., £5; Three Constant Readers, 3*s.*; E. T., 1*s.*; A. A., 1*s.*; E. D., 5*s.*; S. F. C., 1*s.*; E. M., 2*s.*; Clara, 2*s.*; V. E. J., 2*s.*; Mrs. Vaughan, 5*s.*; One brought up on the 'Monthly Packet,' 3*s.*; Nell, 6*d.*; Haya, 2*s.* 6*d.*; Elate, 1*s.*; Mrs. and Miss Birley, 7*s.* 6*d.*; Old Subscriber, 1*s.* 6*d.*; Susan Taverner, £1; Mrs. Young, 1*s.*

I should be much obliged if any of your readers could kindly tell me the words of a short poem by the late Sir Rance Doyle Hastings. It is an answer to the one by Lord Houghton called 'The Palm and the Pine,' beginning, I think—

'Beneath an Indian palm a maid
Of blood of other climes reposes;
Her cheek is pure and pale as pearl
Within that land of roses.'

AN INQUIRING MIND.

Quotation wanted—

'They were—
But what avails it now to tell of what has been?
Fond-hearted, dear, and passing fair
As ere on earth were seen!

'They are—
In safety with their God, secure from sin and care
And the bright day cannot be far
When we shall meet them there.'

Quotation found—

'I turn to the East when I say the Creed,
And this for reasons three:
First, Holy Church hath practised it,
And she's a guide for me.

'I turn to the East when I say the Creed,
For thence the rising sun
Through thousand circling months and years
His ceaseless course hath run.

'I turn to the East when I say the Creed
And my Redeemer bless,
Who rose on our benighted earth,
The Sun of Righteousness.

'I turn to the East when I say the Creed,
And look for my final doom,
For thence the Scriptures seem to speak
The Righteous Judge shall come.

'I turn to the East when I say the Creed,—
My reasons I have given;
But not my eye alone, my heart
Must turn itself t'wards heaven.

'So I turn to the East when I say the Creed;
And now tell me, I pray,
Why any humble Christian need
To turn the other way.'

F. M. K.

E. H. T.—In case the letter does not reach you—a thousand thanks for yours. Lemuel is 'To God,' no doubt meaning dedicated. Persis, a Persian. Doris was a sea-nymph. It means probably a Dorian, but may be, as you say, a gift name.

DEAR MADAM—

As *Faxi Faxi's* question respecting the monument at Christ Church Minster is unanswered, perhaps the explanation given to us by the woman who showed us round the Minster some years ago may be worth insertion. The owners of the vault or grave let their property near Christ Church for a term of years, and on resuming possession, discovered, to their great indignation, that their tenants had made use of the family burying-place. The owners disinterred the intruding corpses, which were reinterred close by, so that practically they were 'one' with the inmates of the neighbouring grave.

I am, yours faithfully,

THEODORA.

Princess Frederick's Convalescent Home, Hampton Court, receives poor mothers with babies at any time up to six months. Admission by letter or payment. All Saints' Home, Beckenham, also receives mothers and babies after the confinement. Admission by payment of 10*s.* a week. Mrs. Marshman's Home, Crescent Road, Brighton, receives mothers with young children during the six winter months. In the summer the accommodation is wanted for teachers, workwomen, etc. Payment, 8*s.* a week, if the infant does not require milk. Other children pay half-price. The C. O. S. Register may give others. These I can answer for personally.—E. C. E.

Miss Charles thanks the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' who have so kindly sent her the addresses of Homes for Women and Babies.

Ivy Leaf.—What led to the great celebrity which Walsingham obtained for centuries, was the widow lady of 'Ricoldie Faveraches' founding, about the year 1061, a small chapel in honour of the Virgin Mary, similar to the Sancta Casa at Nazareth.

Sir Geffrey de Faveraches, her son, confirmed the endowments, made an additional foundation of a Priory for Augustine canons, and erected a conventual church.

The numerous gifts and grants to this famous religious house form one of these extensive and dull mazes of ecclesiastical record, through which the historic topographer is constrained to wade. That its wealth should have been immensely great, is not surprising, when the fame of the image of the Lady of Walsingham is taken into account;

for it was as much frequented, if not more, than the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury. Foreigners of all nations came hither on pilgrimage; many kings* and queens of England also paid their devotions to it, so that the number and quality of her devotees appeared to equal those of the Lady of Loretto, in Italy.

Isabella.—The lines—

'If I should die to-night'

are to be found in the June number of *Woman's Work*, published by Partridge. If *Isabella* will like to write to Mrs. H. G. Baker, The Lawn, Budleigh Salterton, South Devon, Mrs. Baker will be happy to send them to her.

The name of the Author is not given in the periodical.

C. H. would be very glad to know the names of the translator and publisher of the *Letters of Eugénie de Guérin*, and also the price of the book.

A Solitary One.—A list will be found in the *Englishwoman's Year Book and Directory* (Hatchard).

White Rose will be much obliged if any one can recommend her a Mission Hymn Book with easy simple tunes.

MR. EDITOR,

May I ask you to insert a short notice in the 'Monthly Packet' of the Knitting Industry in connection with the Church of England Society for providing Homes for Waifs and Strays—a Society which is now recognised as the Church Society for aiding children of all ages who are destitute or in peril. This Industry is carried on at the Beckett Industrial Home, Meanwood, Leeds, in which there are now thirty girls, all rescued from immoral surroundings. It is under the superintendence of a Leeds manufacturer, and has prospered greatly of late. Seven machines are now at work, and the orders received average £8 a month. A girl can knit a pair of stockings in an hour. It is most important that when the year of apprenticeship expires, as it will do shortly, a good connection should have been formed, as it is hoped that the Home may look to this Industry for a great part of its maintenance. Besides contributing towards the support of the Home, it also provides the girls, some of whom are unfit for domestic service, with a trade by which they may afterwards earn a livelihood. The stockings and socks thus made are thoroughly good. They are all made seamless, double-toed, and heeled, and can always be refooted. Special terms are allowed to schools and homes. On visiting the Home, I was specially struck with the white spun-silk stockings for ball-room wear. Orders, however small, will be received most gratefully. Details as to description and prices, which vary according to size and quality, will be gladly supplied by the matron, to whom orders may be sent.

EDITH LITTLE.

* Spelman observes, that it was said King Henry the Eighth, in the second year of his reign, walked barefooted from the village Basham to this place, and then presented a valuable necklace to the image. Of this costly present, as well as other saleable appendages, Cromwell doubtless took good care, when, by his master's order, he seized the image, and burnt it at Chelsea.—Copied from the *Beauties of England and Wales*, vol. xi.

The Monthly Packet.

NOVEMBER, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

FANGS.

EVENTS came on rapidly that spring. Mr. White was anxious that his marriage should take place quickly—afraid, perhaps, that his prize would escape him, and be daunted by the passive disapproval of her family, though this was only manifested to him in a want of cordiality. This, being sincere people, they could not help; and that outbreak to Kalliope had made the sisters so uneasy, that they would have willingly endured the ridicule of a broken engagement to secure Adeline from the risks of a rough temper where gentlemanly instincts were not inbred.

Adeline, however, knew she had gone too far to recede, though she would willingly have delayed, in enjoyment of the present homage and shrinking from the future plunge away from all her protectors. Though the strong, manly will overpowered hers, and made her submit to the necessities of the case and fix a day early in July, she clung the more closely to her sisters, and insisted on being accompanied by Jane on going to London to purchase the outfit that she had often seen in visions before. So Miss Mohun's affairs were put in commission, Gillian taking care of most, and the two sisters were to go to Mrs. Craydon, who, when Marianne Weston, had been their first friend out of their own family. She was now a widow with a house in London, and was well pleased at any recall of old times, though inclined, like all the rest, to speak of 'poor Ada.'

Lord Rotherwood was, as his cousins had predicted, less disgusted than the rest, since in matters of business he had been able to test the true worth that lay beneath the blemishes of tone and of temper; and his wife thought the Italian residence and foreign tincture made the affair much more endurable than could have been expected. She chose an exquisite tea-service for their joint wedding-present; but she would not consent to let Lady Phyllis be a bridesmaid; though

the Marquis, discovering that her eldest brother hated the idea of giving her away to the stonemason, offered 'not to put too fine a point on it, but to act the part of Cousin Phœnix.'

Bridesmaids would have been rather a difficulty, but that the deep mourning of Kalliope and Maura made a decided reason for excluding them; and Miss Adeline, who knew that a quiet wedding would be in much the best taste, resolved to content herself with two tiny maidens, Primrose and the contemporary Hablot, her own goddaughter, who, being commonly known as Belle, made a reason for equipping each in the colour and with the flowers of her name, and the idea was carried out with great taste.

Valetta thought it hard that an outsider should be chosen. The young Merrifields had the failing of large families, in clannish exclusiveness up to the point of hating and despising more or less all who interfered with their enjoyment of one another, and of their own ways. The absence of society at Silverfold had intensified this *farouche* tone, and the dispersion, instead of curing it, had rendered them more bent on being alone together. Worst of all was Wilfred, who had been kept at home very inconveniently by some recurring delicacy of brain and eyes, and who, at twelve years old, was enough of an imp to be no small torment to his sisters. Valetta was unmercifully teased about her affection for Kitty Varley and Maura White, and, whenever he durst, there were attempts at stings about Alexis, until new game offered itself on whom no one had any mercy.

Captain Henderson was as much in the way as a man could be who knew but one family in the place, and had no resource but sketching. His yellow moustache was to be seen at all manner of unexpected and unwelcome times. If that great honour, a walk with papa, was granted, out he popped from the Marine Hotel, or a seat in the public gardens, evidently lying in ambush to spoil their pleasure. Or he was found *tête-à-tête* with mamma before the five-o'clock tea, talking, no doubt, 'Raphaels, Corregios, and stuff,' as in the Royal Wardour days. Even at Clipstone, or in the coves on the beach, he was only too apt to start up from some convenient post for sketching. He really did draw beautifully; and Mysie would have been thankful for his counsels if public opinion had not been so strong.

Moreover, Kitty Varley conveyed to Valetta the speculations of Rockstone, whether Gillian was the attraction.

'Now, Val,' said Mysie, 'how can you listen to such nonsense?'

'You said so before, and it wasn't nonsense.'

'It wasn't Aunt Jane.'

'No; but it was somebody.'

'Everybody does marry somebody; but it is no use for us to think about it, for it always turns out just the contrary to all the books one ever read; so there's no going by anything, and I don't believe it is right to talk about it.'

'Why not? Every one does.'

'All the good teachings say one should not talk of what one does not want one's grown-ups to hear.'

'Oh, but then one would never talk of anything!'

'Oh, Val! I won't be sure, but I don't believe I should mind mamma's hearing all I say.'

'Yes; but you've never been to school; and I heard Bee Varley say she never saw anybody so childishly simple for her age.'

This brought the colour into Mysie's face, but she said—

'I'd rather be simple than talk as mamma does not like; and, Val, *do*, on no account tell Gillian.'

'I haven't.'

'And don't; don't tell Wilfred, or you know how horrid he would be.'

There was a tell-tale colour in Valetta's cheeks, by which Mysie might have discerned that Valetta had not resisted the charm of declaring 'that she knew something,' even though this was sure to lead to tortures of various kinds from Wilfred until it was extracted. Still the youth as yet was afraid to do much worse than look preternaturally knowing at his sister and give hints about 'Fangs' holding fast and the like, but quite enough to startle her into something between being flattered and indignant. She was scarcely civil to the Captain, and felt bound to express her dislike on every possible occasion, though only to provoke a grin from Wilfred and a giggle from Valetta.

Lady Merrifield's basket-carriage and little rough pony had been brought from Silverfold; and she took Kalliope out for quiet drives whenever it was possible; but a day of showers having prevented this, she was concerned to find herself hindered on a second afternoon. Gillian offered to be her substitute.

'You know I always drive you, mamma.'

'These are worse hills than at Silverfold, and I don't want you to come home by the sea-wall.'

'I am sure I would not go there for something, among all the stupid people.'

'If you keep to the turnpike you can't come to much harm with Bruno.'

'That is awfully—I mean horribly, dusty! There's the cliff road towards Arnscombe.'

'That is safe enough. I don't think you could come to much real damage; but remember that for Kally a start or an alarm would be really as hurtful as an accident to a person in health.'

'Poor old Bruno could hardly frighten a mouse,' said Gillian.

'Only take care, and don't be enterprising.'

Gillian drove up to the door of Cliff House, and Kalliope took her seat. It was an enjoyable afternoon, with the fresh clearness of June sunshine after showers, great purple shadows of clouds flitting over

the sea, dimpled by white crests of wave that broke the golden path of sunshine into sparkling ripples, while on the other side of the cliff road lay the open moorland, full of furze, stunted in growth, but brilliant in colour, and relieved by the purple browns of blossoming grasses and the white stars of stitchwort.

'This is delicious!' murmured Kalliope, with a gesture of enjoyment.

'Much nicer than down below?'

'Oh, yes, it seems to stretch one's very soul!'

'And the place is so big and wide that no one can worry with sketching.'

'Yes, it defies that!' said Kalliope, laughing.

'So, Fa—Captain Henderson won't crop up as he does at every *sketchable* place. Didn't you know he was here?'

'Yes; Alexis told me he had seen him.'

'Everybody has seen him, I should think; he is always about with nothing to do but that everlasting sketching.'

'He must have been very sorry to be obliged to retire.'

'Horrid! It was weak; and he might have been in Egypt, well out of the way. No, I didn't mean that'—as Kalliope looked shocked —'but he might have been getting distinction and promotion.'

'He used to be very kind,' said Kalliope, in a tone of regretful remonstrance. 'It was he who taught me first to draw.'

'He! What, Fa—Captain Henderson?'

'Yes; when I was quite a little girl, and he had only just joined. He found me out before our quarters at Gibraltar trying to draw an old Spaniard selling oranges, and he helped me, and showed me how to hold my pencil. I have got it still—the sketch. Then he used to lend me things to copy, and give me hints, till—oh, till my father said I was too old for that sort of thing! Then, you know, my father got his commission, and I went to school at Belfast.'

'And you have never seen him since?'

'Scarcely. Sometimes he was on leave in my holidays, and you know we were at the depôt afterwards; but I shall always feel that all that I have been able to do since has been owing to him.'

'And how you will enjoy studying at Florence!'

'Oh, think what it would be if I could ever do a reredos for a church! I keep on dreaming and fancying them, and now there really seems a hope. Is that Arnscombe Church?'

'Yes; you know it has been nicely restored.'

'We had the columns to do. The reredos is alabaster, I believe, and we had nobody fit to undertake that. I so longed for the power! I almost saw what I would have made it.'

'Have you seen it in its place?'

'No; I never had time.'

'I suppose it would be too tiring for you now; but we could see the outside of the Church.'

Gillian forgot that Arnscombe, whose blunt gray spire protruded through the young green elms, lay in a little valley through which a stream rushed to the sea. The lane was not very steep, but there were loose stones. Bruno stumbled; he was down; the carriage stood still, and the two girls were out on opposite sides in a moment, Gillian crying out—

'Don't be frightened—no harm done!'—and running to the pony's head. He lay quite still with heaving sides, and she felt utterly alone and helpless in the solitary road with an invalid companion whom she did not like to leave.

'I am afraid I cannot run for help,' said Kalliope quietly, though breathlessly; 'but I could sit by the horse and hold his head while you go for help.'

'I don't like—Oh, here's some one coming!'

'Can I be of any use?'

Most welcome sound!—though it was actually Captain Henderson the ubiquitous, wheeling his bicycle up the hill, with his knapsack of sketching materials on his back.

'Miss Merrifield! Miss White! I trust no one is hurt!'

'Oh no, thank you, unless it is the poor pony! Kally, sit down on the bank, I insist! Oh, I am so glad you are come!'

'Can you sit on his head while I cut the traces?'

Gillian did that uncomfortable thing till released, when the pony scrambled up again, but with bleeding knees and side, though the Captain did not think any serious harm was done; but it was even more awkward at the moment that both the shafts were broken!

'What is to be done?' sighed Gillian. 'Miss White can't walk. Can I run down to the village to get something to take her home?'

'The place does not look likely to supply any conveyance better than a rough cart,' said their friend.

'It is quite impossible to put the poor pony in anyhow! I don't mind walking in the least; but you know how ill she has been.'

'I see only one thing to be done,' said the Captain, who had already turned the carriage round by the stumps of the shafts; 'you must accept me in lieu of your pony.'

'Oh, yes, thank you!' cried Gillian eagerly. 'I can lead poor Bruno, and take care of your bicycle. Jump in, Kally!'

Kalliope, who had wisely abstained from adding a useless voice to the discussion, here demurred. She could not think of such a thing; they could very well wait in the carriage while Captain Henderson went on to the town on his bicycle and sent out a midge.

But there were showers about, and a damp feeling in the lane. Both the others thought this perilous; besides that there might be rude passengers to laugh at their predicament; and Captain Henderson protested that the weight was nothing. He prevailed at last; and Kalliope allowed him to hand her into the basket, when she could hardly stand,

and wrap the dust-cloth about her. Thus the procession set forth, Gillian with poor drooping Bruno's rein in one hand and the other on the bicycle, and the Captain gallantly drawing the carriage with Kalliope seated in the midst. He tramped on so vigorously as quite to justify his declaration that it was no burthen to him. It was not a frequented road, and they met no one in the least available to do more than stare or ask a question or two, until, as they approached the town and Rockstone Church was full in view, who should appear before their eyes but Sir Jasper, Wilfred carrying on his back a huge kite that had been for many evenings in course of construction, and Fergus acting as trainbearer!

Thus came on the first moment of Gillian's explanation, as Sir Jasper took the poor pony from her, and held counsel over the damage, with many hearty thanks to Captain Henderson.

'I am sure, sir, no one could have shown greater presence of mind than the young ladies,' said that gentleman; and her father's 'I am glad to hear it!' would have gratified Gillian the more but for the impish grimace with which Wilfred favoured her behind Kalliope's impassive back.

The kite-fliers turned, not without an entreaty from the boys that they might go on alone and fly their kite.

'No, no, boys,' said their father—'not here; we shall have the kite pulling you into the sea over the cliffs. I must take the pony home; but I will come if possible to-morrow.'

Much disappointed, they went dolefully in the rear, grumbling *sotto voce* their conviction that there would be no wind to-morrow, and that it was all 'Fangs's' fault in some incomprehensible manner.

At Cliff House, Kalliope was carefully handed out by Sir Jasper, trying, but with failing voice, to thank Captain Henderson, and declaring herself not the worse, though her hand shook so much that the General was not content without giving her his arm up the stairs, and telling Maura that he should send Mrs. Halfpenny up to see after her. The maimed carriage was left in the yard, and Captain Henderson then took charge of his iron horse, and the whole male party proceeded to the livery stables; so that Gillian was able to be alone when she humbly repeated to her mother the tale parents have so often to hear of semi-disobedience leading to disaster, but with the self-reproach and sorrow that drew the sting of displeasure. Pity for Bruno, grief for her mother's deprivation, and anxiety for Kalliope might be penance and rebuke sufficient for a bit of thoughtlessness. Lady Merrifield made no remark; but there was an odd expression in her face when she heard who had come so opportunely to the rescue.

Sir Jasper brought a reassuring account of the poor little steed, which would be usable again after a short rest, and the blemish was the less important as there was no intention of selling him. Mrs. Halfpenny, too, reported that her patient was as quiet as a

lamb. 'She wasn't one to fash herself for nothing, and go into screaming exies, but kenned better what was fitting for one born under Her Majesty's colours.'

So there was nothing to hinder amusement when at dinner Sir Jasper comically described the procession as he met it. Kalliope White, looking only too like Minerva, or some of those Greek goddess statues they used to draw about, sitting straight and upright in her triumphal car, drawn by her votary; while poor Gillian came behind with the pony on one side and the bicycle on the other, very much as if she were conducting the wheel on which she was to be broken, as an offering to the idol.

'I think,' said Mysie, 'Captain Henderson was like the two happy sons in Solon's story, who dragged their mother to the temple.'

'Only they died of it,' said Gillian.

'And nobody asked how the poor mother felt afterwards,' added Lady Merrifield.

'I thought they all had an apotheosis together,' said Sir Jasper. Let us hope that devotion may have its reward.'

There was a little lawn outside the drawing-room windows at Il Lido. Lady Merrifield was sitting just within, and her husband had just brought her a letter to read, when they heard Wilfred's impish voice.

'Jack—no, not Jack—Fangs!'

'But Fangs's name is Jack, so it will do as well,' said Valetta's voice.

'Hurrah—so it is! Jack——'

'Hush, Wilfred—this is too foolish!' came Gillian's tones in remonstrance.

'Jack and Jill went up the hill
To draw——'

'To draw? Oh, that's lovely!' interrupted Valetta.

'He is always drawing,' said Gillian, with an odd laugh.

'He was brought up to it. First teeth, and then "picturs," and then—oh, my—ladies home from the wash!' went on Wilfred.

'But go on, Will!' entreated Valetta.

'Jack and Jill went up the hill
To draw a piece of water——'

'No, no,' put in Wilfred—'that's wrong!

'To draw the serjeant's daughter;
Fangs dragged down unto the town,
And Jill came moaning after!'

'I didn't moan——'

'Oh, you don't know how disconsolate you looked! Moaning, you know, because her Fangs had to draw the other young woman—eh, Gill? Fangs always leave an aching void, you know.'

'You ridiculous boy! I'm sure I wish Fangs would leave a void. It wouldn't ache!'

The two parents had been exchanging glances of something very like consternation, and of the mute inquiry on one side, 'Were you aware of this sort of thing?' and an emphatic shake of the head on the other. Then Sir Jasper's voice exclaimed aloud—

'Children, we hear every word you say, and are shocked at your impertinence and bad taste!'

There was a scatter. Wilfred and Valetta, who had been pinioning Gillian on either side by her dress, released her, and fled into the laurels that veiled the guinea-pigs; but their father's long strides pursued them, and he gravely said—

'I am very sorry to find this is your style of so-called wit!'

'It was only chaff,' said Valetta, the boldest in right of her girlhood.

'Very improper chaff! I am the last person to object to harmless merriment; but you are both old enough to know that on these subjects such merriment is not harmless.'

'Everybody does it,' whined Valetta, beginning one of her crying fits.

'I am sorry you have been among people who have led you to think so. No nicely-minded girl will do so, nor any brother who wishes to see his sisters refined, right-feeling women. Go in, Valetta—I can't suffer this howling! Go, I say! Your mother will talk to you. Now, Wilfred, do you wish to see your sisters like your mother?'

'They'll never be that, if they live to a hundred!'

'Do not you hinder it, then; and never let that insulting nickname pass your lips again.'

Wilfred's defence as to universal use in the family was inaudible, and he was allowed to slouch away.

Gillian had fled to her mother, entreating her to explain to her father that such jests were abhorrent to her.

'But you know, mamma, if I was cross and dignified, Wilfred would enjoy it all the more, and be ten times worse.'

'Quite true, my dear. Papa will understand; but we are sorry to hear that nickname.'

'It was an old Royal Wardour name, mamma. Harry and Claude both used it, and—oh, lots of the young officers!'

'That does not make it more becoming in you.'

'N—no. But oh, mamma, he was very kind to-day; but I do wish it had been anybody else!' And her colour rose so as to startle her mother.

'Why, my dear, I thought you would have been glad that a stranger did not find you in that plight!'

'But it makes it all worse. He does beset us, mamma; and it is hard on me, after all the other nonsense!'

Lady Merrifield burst out laughing.

'My dear child, he thinks as much of you as of old Halfpenny!'

'Oh, mamma, are you sure?' said Gillian, still hiding her face. 'It was not silliness of my own; but Kitty Varley told Val that everybody said it—her sister, and Miss Mellon, and all. Why can't he go away, and not be always bothering about this horrid place with nothing to do?'

'How thankful I shall be to have you all safe at Clipstone!'

'But, mamma, can't you keep him off us?'

Valetta's sobbing entrance here prevented more; but while explaining to her the causes of her father's displeasure, her mother extracted a good deal more of the gossip, to which she finally returned answer—

'There is no telling the harm that is done by chattering gossip in this way. You might have learnt by what happened before what mistakes are made. What am I to do, Valetta? I don't want to hinder you from having friends and companions; but if you bring home such mischievous stories, I shall have to keep you entirely among ourselves till you are older and wiser.'

'I never—never will believe—anybody who says anybody is going to marry anybody!' sobbed Valetta desperately and incoherently.

'Certainly no one who knows nothing about the matter. There is nothing papa and I dislike much more than such foolish talk; and to tease your sister about it is even worse; but I will say no more about that, as I believe it was chiefly Wilfred's doing.'

'I—told—Will,' murmured Valetta. 'Mysie begged me not; but I had done it.'

'How much you would have saved yourself and everybody else if you had let the foolish word die with you! Now, good-night, my dear. Bathe your eyes well, or they will be very uncomfortable to-morrow; and do try to cure yourself of roaring when you cry. It vexes papa so much more.'

Another small scene had to follow with the boy, who was quite willing to go off to bed, having no desire to face his father again, though his mother had her fears that he was not particularly penitent, for 'what fellows always did when people were spooning.' He could only be assured that he would experience unpleasant consequences if he recurred to the practice; but Wilfred had always been the problem in the family.

The summer twilight was just darkening completely, and Lady Merrifield had returned to the drawing-room, and was about to ring for lights, when Sir Jasper came by in the window, saying—

'No question now about renewal. Angelic features, more than angelic calmness and dignity! Ha! you there, young ladies!' he added in some dismay, as two white dresses struck his eye.

'There's no harm done,' said Lady Merrifield, laughing. 'I was

thinking whether to relieve Gillian's mind by telling her the state of the case, and Mysie is to be trusted.'

'Oh, mamma, then it is Kalliope!' exclaimed Gillian, already relieved, for even love could not have perceived calmness and dignity in her while sitting upon Bruno's head.

'Has she ever talked about him?' asked Lady Merrifield.

'No; except to-day, when I said I hoped she was safe from him on that road. She said he had always been very kind to her, and taught her to draw when she was quite a little girl.'

'Just so,' said Lady Merrifield. 'Well, when she was a little older, poor Mr. White, who was one of the most honourable and scrupulous of men, took alarm, and saw that it would never do to have the young officers running after her.'

'It was an uncommonly awkward position,' added Sir Jasper; 'with such a remarkable-looking girl, and a foolish unmanageable mother. It made poor White's retirement the more seasonable when the girl was growing too old to be kept at school any longer.'

'And has he been constant to her all these years? How nice!' cried Mysie.

'After a fashion,' said Lady Merrifield. 'He made me the receptacle of a good deal of youthful despair.'

'All the lads took you into confidence,' said her husband.

'But he got over it, and it seemed to have passed out of his life. However, he asked after the Whites as soon as we met him in London; and now he tells me that he never forgot Kalliope—her face always came between him and any one whom his mother threw in his way; and he came down here, knowing her history, and with the object of seeing her again.'

'And he has not, till now?'

'No. Besides the absolute need of keeping her quiet, it would not exactly do for him to visit her while she is alone with Maura at Cliff House, and I wished him first to see her casually amongst us, for I dreaded her not fulfilling his ideal.'

'Oh!'

'When I think of her at fourteen or fifteen, with that exquisite bloom and the floating wavy hair, I see a very different creature from what she is now.'

'Peach or ivory carving,' said Sir Jasper.

'Yes; she is nobler, finer altogether, and has greatly gained in countenance; but he may not think so, and I should like her to be looking a little less ill.'

'Well, I can't help hoping he will be disappointed, and be too stupid to care for her!' exclaimed Gillian.

'Indeed!' said her father, in a tone of displeased surprise.

'He is so insignificant; he does not seem to suit with her,' said Gillian, in a tone of defence; 'and there does not seem to be anything in him.'

'That only shows the effect of nursing prejudice by using foolish, opprobrious nicknames. Henderson was a good officer; he has shown himself an excellent son, always sacrificing his own predilections for the sake of duty. He is a right-minded, religious, sensible man, his own master, and with no connections to take umbrage at Miss White's position. It is no commonplace man who knows how to honour her for it. Nothing could be a happier fate for her; and you will be no friend to her if you use any foolish terms of disparagement of him because he does not happen to please your fancy.'

'I am sure Gillian will do no such thing now that she understands the case,' said her mother.

'Oh, no, indeed!' said Gillian. 'It was only a first feeling.'

'And you will allow for a little annoyance, papa,' added Lady Merrifield. 'We really have had a great deal of him, and he does spoil the children's walks with you.'

Sir Jasper laughed.

'I agree that the sooner this is over the better. You need have no doubts as to the first view, now that Gillian has effected the introduction. No words can do justice to her beauty, though, by the bye, he must have contemplated her through the back of his head!'

'Well, won't that do? Can't he be sent off for the present, for as to love-making now, with all the doubts and scruples in the way, it would be the way to kill her outright.'

'You must take that in hand, my lady—it is past me! Come, girls, give us some music!'

The two girls went up at bed-time to their room, Mysie capering and declaring that here was real, true nice love, like people in stories; and Gillian still bemoaning a little that, whatever papa might say, Fa—Captain Henderson would always be too poor a creature for Kalliope.

'If I was quite sure it was not only her beauty,' added Gillian philosophically.

Lady Merrifield went up to Cliff House as early as she could the next day. She found her patient there very white and shaken, but not so much by the adventure of yesterday as by a beautiful bouquet of the choicest roses which lay on the table before her sofa, left by Captain Henderson when he had called to inquire after her.

'What ought I to do, dear Lady Merrifield?' she asked. 'They came while I was dressing, and I did not know.'

'You mean about a message of thanks?'

'Yes; my dear father was so terribly displeased when I wore a rose that he gave me before the great review at Belfast that I feel as if I ought not to touch these; and yet it is so kind, and after all his wonderful kindness yesterday.'

The hand on the side and the trembling lip showed the painful fluttering of heart, and the voice died away.

'My dear, things are very different now. Take my word for it, your father could not be displeased for a moment at any kindness between you and Captain Henderson. Ten years ago he was a very young man, and his parents were living, and your father was bound in honour, and for your sake too, to prevent attentions from the young officers.'

'Oh, yes, I know it would have been shocking to have got into that sort of thing!'

'But now he is entirely at his own disposal, and a man of two or three and thirty, who has gone through a great deal; and I do not think that to send him a friendly message of thanks for a bunch of flowers to his old fellow-soldier's daughter would be anything but what Captain White would think his due.'

'Oh,'—a sigh of relief—'please tell him, dear Lady Merrifield!' And she stretched out her hand for the flowers, and lovingly cooled her cheek with their petals, and tenderly admired them singly, venturing now to enjoy them and even caress them.

Lady Merrifield ventured on no more; but she carried off ultimately hopeful auguries for the gentleman who had been watching for her, very anxious to hear her report. She was, however, determined on persuading him to patience, reinforcing her assurances with Dr. Dagger's opinion, that though Kalliope's constitution needed only quiet and rest entirely to shake off the effects of the overstrain of that terrible half-year, yet that renewed agitation would probably entail chronic heart-complaint, and she insisted that without making any sign the lover should go out of reach for several months, making, for instance, the expedition to Norway of which he had been talking. He could not understand at first that what he meant to propose would not be the best means of setting that anxious heart at rest; and Lady Merrifield had to dwell on the swarm of conscientious scruples and questions that would arise about saddling him with such a family, and could not be put to rest as easily as he imagined. At last, by the further representation that Kalliope would regard her mother's death as far too recent for such matters to occupy her, and by the assertion of the now fixed conviction that attentions from him at present could only agitate and distress her harmfully, and bring on her malicious remarks, the Captain was induced to believe that Rocca Marina or Florence would be a far better scene for his courtship, and to defer it till he could find her there in better health.

He was brought at last to promise to leave Rock Quay at once, and dispose of himself in Norway, if only Lady Merrifield would procure him one meeting with the maiden, in which he solemnly promised to do nothing that could startle her or betray his intentions.

Lady Merrifield managed it cunningly. It had been already fixed that Kalliope should come down to a brief twelve-o'clock service held at St. Kenelm's for invalids, there to return thanks for her recovery, in what she felt as her own church; and she was to come to

Il Lido and rest there afterwards. Resolving to have no spectators, Lady Merrifield sent off the entire family for a picnic at Clipstone, promising them with some confidence that they would not be haunted by Captain Henderson, and that she would come in the wagonette bringing Fergus as soon as he was out of school, drink tea, and fetch home the tired.

Sir Jasper went too, telling her, with a smile, that he was far too shy to assist her in acting chaperon.

'Dragon, you had better say—I mean to put on all my teeth and claws.'

These were not, however, very visible at the church door when she met Kalliope, who had come down in a bath-chair, but was able afterwards to walk slowly to Il Lido. Perhaps Captain Henderson was, however, aware of them; for Kalliope had no knowledge of his presence in the church or in the street, somewhat in the rear, nor did he venture to present himself till there had been time for luncheon and for rest, and till Kalliope had been settled in the cool eastern window under the verandah, with an Indian cushion behind her that threw out her profile like a cameo.

Then, as if to call on Lady Merrifield, Captain Henderson appeared, armed, according to a wise suggestion, with his portfolio; and there was a very quiet and natural overlooking of his drawings, which evidently gave Kalliope immense pleasure, quite unsuspiciously. Precautions had been taken against other visitors, and all went off so well and happily that Lady Merrifield felt quite triumphant when the wagonette came round, and, after picking up Fergus, she set Kalliope down at her own door, with something like a colour in her cheeks and lips, and thanks for a happy afternoon, and the great pleasure in seeing one of the dear old Royal Wardours again.

'But, oh, mamma,' said Gillian, feeling as if the thorn in her thoughts must be extracted, 'are you sure it is not all her beauty?'

'Her beauty, no doubt, began it, and gratifies the artist eye; but I am sure his perseverance is due to appreciation of her noble character,' said Lady Merrifield.

'Oh, mamma, would he care for her if she had been ever so good, and no prettier than other people?'

'Don't pick motives so, my child; her beauty helps to make up the sum and substance of his adoration, and she would not have the countenance she has without the goodness. Let that satisfy you.'

(To be continued.)

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DODD'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER V.

TWO PARTINGS.

EDWARD WINSTANLEY did not feel quite so sure that Agatha would recall him, when he came to think quietly over what had passed. He even had a dim idea that something in his own behaviour during the interview of the evening before had tended to make it easier for her to be obdurate than she could have been before that time. He was low and dispirited as he sat over a late breakfast: his affairs were in a state that did not please him, for one thing; but, what was far worse, he could not bear the notion of facing Market-Yoredale if his engagement to Agatha were really to end now. People had got over their first astonishment, but he knew that he was considered a very lucky man, and that he was thought more highly of because Agatha Seymour was his promised wife. It might even become known why she dismissed him, and he did not like that either. Yet there was enough British obstinacy about him to make him conclude his soliloquy, 'But I cannot bind myself hand and foot, for all that. It's unmanly—it really is!'

Now, had Edward confessed to himself that it was unmanly not to be able to abstain from what he knew to be wrong, I should quite agree with him: but as plain speaking is, after all, the best, I may say here once for all, that I am not advocating the idea that to drink a glass of beer or wine is a sin; but to take too much certainly is a sin, as the Bible clearly says—a great and dangerous sin. Now, Edward was one for whom a very little was too much, and with the facts before her, that his father and grandfather had both fallen before the same temptation, and that he was plainly in danger, I say that Agatha's strong common sense had led her to the right conclusion, that in total abstinence lay his only safety. There is in this no disparagement of the power of God to help us to overcome our sins; but where is the use of asking for that help, and then deliberately and wilfully running into temptation? To my mind—and I have thought a good deal about it—there is a great deal said by the advocates of total abstinence that were better left unsaid; that is neither quite true, nor quite reverent. But, that for such as Edward Winstanley, for all who feel that *true* temperance (which means

'enough, but not too much') is beyond their strength, total abstinence is the only safety. If you know that it is quite certain that, if you take a glass of wine, you will go on to take too much, then, in taking that one, in the hope that God will keep you from going any further, you are practically asking God to perform a miracle for you; to over-rule your free-will, which is exactly what He will not do. But He will help you to keep your promise if you manfully confess to Him that temperance is beyond your strength, and that by His help you will never again put yourself into temptation. And to talk of being ashamed, of being unable to bear the laugh raised by a few thoughtless people, that *is* unmanly, surely: and surely, too, the sober, healthy man who avoids temptation is a much less ridiculous sight than the poor wretch who has evidently taken too much, the laughers themselves being the judges! Yes, ridiculous, absurd in the extreme—whether wonderfully wise and solemn about nothing, or foolishly gay with as little reason. It is hard not to laugh—but, oh, that laughter should rather turn to weeping; the only being who has cause to laugh at such a sight is one, whose laughter we never hear. But I am forgetting my proper calling, which is to tell a story, not to preach. Yet who, with the sights I see daily in this great city before their eyes, could be quite silent?

Presently, having pushed away his plate with his almost untasted breakfast on it, Edward began to wonder if, after all, he had not better go to Agatha and make terms with her. While pondering over this, he saw a girl coming up his new approach, and a second glance told him that the girl was Nanny Earle, the new maid at Sunnybank, who was the daughter of one of his labourers. His face brightened, he smiled triumphantly, and muttered, 'I knew she would come round!' and, opening the window he sprang out, and went to meet the girl.

'Hullo, Nanny! what brings you here this morning? Your father's thatching the rick—do you want him?'

'No, sir, I'm in a hurry, I just brought you that note, sir; Miss Seymour sent me with it.'

'Wait a moment, there may be an answer.'

'No, sir; Miss Seymour said I was not to wait, and I can't neither, because she is in bed with a bad headache, and there's no one but me to mind Mrs. Browning.'

'Well—be off, then—here's something to buy you some tea, servants always drink loads of tea, don't they?' said Edward absently, as he began to open the letter. Nanny curtsied and went off at a good pace.

The letter was as follows—

'My Dear Edward,—

'Perhaps, after all, you will do as I ask you, when you have thought it over to-day. Hoping this, I have said nothing of what happened yesterday evening. If it is so, come to me, not to-day, for

I have a bad headache, but to-morrow. I do not insist for my own sake. If it were sure to do you good, I would put my own happiness out of the question. But it would do you no good: if you do not love me well enough to do this rather than part from me, I have not that hold over you which would give me hope. I have known for a long time that you do not love me as much as I once hoped. I am not complaining, for I do not think you knew it yourself. But this knowledge makes me quite sure that I am right in what I have said. If you find it hard to understand this, forgive me—I have a very bad headache.

'Ever faithfully yours,
'AGATHA SEYMOUR.'

'Your next letter, Miss Agatha Seymour, will be more to the purpose' said Edward, with a smile. And, going back into the house, he sat down to meditate, and presently thought out a plan which seemed to him a very deep one. Opening his desk, he wrote three letters. One was to a business man in London, desiring him to advertise Crossley, to be let by the year; he particularly wanted it advertised in a paper, which he named, and which he knew that Mrs. Browning always took. Another was to a young man named Forsyth, who had once been at Crossley to learn practical farming, and from whom Edward had heard the other day. This youth had not done well and was about to go out to California—'to the diggings.' Edward wrote—

'MY DEAR FORSYTH,—

'Like your noble self, I have got into rather a mess, and have some notion of letting Crossley for a few years;'—'That's true,' he muttered; 'for, if I don't make it up with Agatha, I am bound to do something of the kind'—'and I almost think that I could not do better than go with you for a while. Let me know all about it, and I will write again. Do not count on me, as I may see cause to change my mind.

'Yours truly,
'E. WINSTANLEY.'

Having despatched these letters to the post, he sat down and wrote to Agatha.

'MY DEAR AGATHA,—

'I suppose I may call you so once more, though you are so angry with me. I have thought about our quarrel, and about nothing else ever since. I cannot do as you wish. If you will trust me, I will do my very best to make you happy. I do not know what you mean by saying that I do not love you as I did. My feelings to you have never changed; but it seemed to me yesterday that yours have. If so, I would not hold you to your engagement; but, as I

could not bear to meet you in such altered circumstances, I shall leave home. Indeed, I have already written to advertise Crossley, and to offer to go to California with a friend.

'Yours very faithfully,

'EDWARD WINSTANLEY.

'P.S. I shall be here, at all events, for some days.'

Edward thought this letter a masterpiece; and so it would have been if his desire had been to break finally with Agatha. Such was far from being his wish, and he firmly believed that the result of his missive would be a hurried note, begging him to forget all that had passed and to come at once to Sunnybank. This belief betrayed that he had utterly failed to understand the character of the girl whose heart he had won. Perfectly truthful herself, she understood nothing from this letter but what was clearly expressed in it, and the cool, superior style, which was meant to impress her with a sense of his dignity, seemed to her to prove that he wished to end the engagement, because he did not love her enough to make any sacrifice for her sake. And, indeed, it is very doubtful that Edward would have given in; his vanity was in arms, and, though we are pleased to call vanity a weakness, it is very strong sometimes. At all events, Agatha gave up the struggle when she read that letter.

'It is all—all ended!' she said, and sat gazing at the letter, of which she did not see one line. It was a long time before she roused herself; but at last, with a shiver, she folded the letter, took off a little ring which she had worn for the last two years—the mute token of all that was so sadly ended now. She put it into its box, made up a little parcel, putting in a slip of paper, on which she wrote—

'Do not leave your home on my account. I leave my aunt so seldom that we need never meet. Farewell!

'AGATHA SEYMOUR.'

Her heart was full, but something made it impossible for her to say another word; but the shortness and decision made Edward extremely angry. Half to punish her, and half because it was the easiest way out of his many scrapes, he actually did let Crossley, and leave England with Forsyth.

Agatha, of course, told her aunt that her engagement was at an end, and Mrs. Browning took it greatly to heart. Having brought herself to consent to the engagement, it had come to be a comfort to her to feel that she would see her darling happily settled before she died; and she had so completely put away her own schemes and plans that her mind did not revert to them at once. It was Agatha who referred to them.

'Perhaps, after all, Aunt Mary, your plan may be carried out yet.

I should like to have something to—look forward to. We will talk it over.'

That it was a comfort to have something to talk about, they both found out during the somewhat dreary winter that followed upon Edward's disappearance. Agatha shrank from meeting people, knowing that they were talking of her, and finding, too, that they could not refrain from talking to her about it, and whether in praise or in blame it was equally painful. She went but little among her old friends, and still more seldom into town, except to go to church. She took long, solitary walks, coming home tired and down-hearted; but she did not allow her aunt to see this when she could possibly help it. With her she was cheerful generally, and always tender and sympathising; and, by degrees, she attained to a mastery over herself so complete, that Mrs. Browning began to hope that she was happier than during her engagement. One day Mrs. Browning was discussing her old plan with Mrs. Drayton, who had been taken into her confidence on that subject, and was keenly alive—as what clergyman's wife would not be?—to the honour and glory of having an institution of that kind in the parish!

'Of course,' Mrs. Browning said, 'it is possible that Agatha may form some other attachment; but I don't think it likely. And I am so glad that she should have such a noble, useful life before her.'

'It is indeed a noble life, and perhaps our dear Agatha may yet find her true vocation in carrying out your plan.'

'What is that about a vocation?' asked Agatha, who had come in from the garden unperceived. 'It's a very fine word. What are you talking of, Mrs. Drayton?'

'We were discussing your dear aunt's plans, and I said that you might chance to find your true vocation in carrying them out.'

'My vocation, if I have any, is to nurse this aunt of mine. She gives me quite enough to do.'

'For the present,' said Mrs. Browning; 'but the time will come when——'

'Don't let us talk of it,' Agatha said hastily. 'When you tell me things that you have been thinking over, auntie dear, I am always ready to listen; but don't say things like that. When that time comes, strength to bear it will come too; but I cannot bear it now.'

'Agatha, love, if it worries you to talk over these plans of mine—some of them not very practical, I fear—I will not speak of them any more. And I want you to remember that I have not the least wish to bind you. You are, and must be, free to do what seems best to you.'

'I know that. Now as you and Mrs. Drayton are both listening, I will try to make you understand what I feel about it. If it is to be my lot to be left alone in the world, as you seem to think it is, though remember, Aunt Mary, you are only fifty-five, and I hope it is not selfish to hope to keep you with me a long time yet; but, in that case, I should certainly like to take up some definite work.

And if I am left to choose, if nothing points out to me that something else is my duty, I think I should feel happiest in trying to realise your beloved visions, auntie dear. But, as to a vocation, I don't think I have one, if it means a very strong desire to do some particular work. It seems to me that work is always given—comes into your hands. I never yet saw any one idle for want of work, though sometimes for want of will.'

'Yes, my dear girl,' said Mrs. Drayton; 'and, in most cases, God puts our work into our hands, as it were, one piece after another; yet there are sometimes those who are so free from earthly ties that it seems as if they were intended to seek out some sphere of work, and give themselves to it.'

'And you must not think that I do not agree with you, Mrs. Drayton. When the time comes, the vocation will come too.'

'And you are not to feel bound by my plans, Agatha; you know what I have been this long time. I have pleased myself by arranging this and that, but I never was a clever woman, and for years I have known that my plans would never be more than plans to me. I suppose I was not worthy.'

'Nay, dear friend,' said Mrs. Drayton, 'but our Father leads us each and all by the path that is best for us. Suffering has been your vocation—sometimes, it seems to me, the highest there is.'

That suffering, so long and so severe, had doubtless done its work, for, very soon after this conversation, Mrs. Browning began to grow weaker so rapidly, that even Agatha could not blind herself to the fact that the end was near. It was indeed near, for, before the poor girl had time to do more than begin to fear, her kind and gentle aunt died quietly and peacefully, passing away in sleep, without a pang.

And surely few girls of one-and-twenty have ever been left so completely alone in the world as Agatha Seymour found herself now. For some time she seemed completely stunned—her mind refused to realise her calamity. Scarcely remembering her mother, and recalling her father vaguely and with no pleasant associations, Mrs. Browning had been everything to her, besides being for many years the object of her tender care. Long as the illness had lasted, Agatha had never wearied of her task, her friendships, even her love for Edward had never interfered with it, and latterly her aunt's increasing weakness had taken up all her time. Now she wandered about the house or the garden, unoccupied, and indeed almost unconscious of what was going on round her. Mrs. Browning had left directions about her funeral, and Mr. Drayton undertook to carry them out without troubling Agatha, so that she had nothing whatever to do; which perhaps was as well, as she was in no state to attend to anything. Mrs. Drayton, who was much with her, did not interfere in any way, until some time had passed; but, when there was no sign of an improvement in Agatha, she began to get anxious for her.

I must rouse that poor child, George,' she said to her husband. 'We shall have her ill if this continues.'

'Be gentle, Barbara, give her time; she bore up so wonderfully when young Winstanley left England, that I felt sure she was putting too great a restraint upon herself for her aunt's sake. Now she has to suffer for that, poor girl! I wish she would come to us for a time, it would be a change for her.'

'That would be a good plan,' Mrs. Drayton remarked. 'I shall mention it to her.'

Away went the worthy woman to Sunnybank, where she found Agatha sitting in the garden, gazing down into the hurrying waters of the Yore. Mrs. Drayton sat down beside her, after making various arrangements, which in happier times used to amuse Agatha greatly. She procured a large flower-pot, put a piece of board on the top of it, folded her shawl and laid it on the board; then, cautiously seating herself, she remained very erect and still, with as little appearance of enjoying herself as any one could well have.

'Well, my dear Agatha; here I am back again.'

'Back again?' Agatha said, looking at her for a moment.

'I do believe she thought I was here all the time,' thought Mrs. Drayton; 'something must be done!' Then, clearing her voice, she said aloud, 'Agatha, can you oblige me by attending to me for a few moments?'

'Certainly, I have nothing to do.'

'My dear girl, have you any idea how long you have been doing nothing?'

'No; is it late? I have not heard the clock.'

'I don't mean that; but I want you to rouse yourself, my love. It is two months now since your good aunt was released from her sufferings, and it is quite time, Agatha, that you should employ yourself in some way.'

'I cannot, not yet,' Agatha said absently.

'Agatha,' said Mrs. Drayton, somewhat sternly, 'you are doing wrong, you disappoint me greatly.'

Agatha started, and colour flushed up into her pale cheeks, as, unconsciously drawing herself up a little, she said—

'You are very kind, Mrs. Drayton, to care so much for me, but I do not feel able even to discuss matters yet.'

'Do not be angry, my child,' the elder lady said gently, 'but think a moment. Is not this something very like rebellion?'

'My whole life is shattered to pieces,' the girl said quickly, 'and I cannot begin to build it up again so soon; but I will do it, only have patience with me.'

After a few moments' silence she went on—

'Two months! Impossible, you *must* be mistaken.'

'Nay, my dear, I am quite correct. It was on the fourteenth of April, and this is the sixth of June.'

'So long as that? I think this is a cold evening. Mrs. Drayton, let us go in.'

She was very silent all the afternoon, but Mrs. Drayton saw that her face had lost the abstracted look it had worn, and that her eyes no longer rested idly on some far-away object. When Mrs. Drayton was going home, Agatha said—

'Do not be vexed with me; I fear I spoke angrily, but I know that you are right. When you come to-morrow, if you *will* come, I will try; you shall see that I——'

'Do not say another word about it, dear girl. Will you come to the Rectory for a time? We think it might do you good.'

'Let me think things over. I will tell you to-morrow; it is very kind of you to ask me.'

(To be continued.)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

SIX MONTHS.

'Then, in a moment, just a knock, a call, a cry,
Half a pang, and all a rapture, there again were we.
"What! and is it really you again?" quoth I.
"I again! What else did you expect?" said she.'—*Browning.*

THE next few days would have been dreary indeed to Maurice but for the Squire's company and support. But Mr. Tyndal stayed, of course, for the funeral, and undertook all the responsibility of setting poor Raymond's small affairs in order, though he required a good deal of advice and assistance from Maurice's inexperience. And though he was grave and sorrowful for the most part, as was but natural, there peeped every now and then a gleam of smothered exultation through his gravity, and he was wont to check himself now and then as if he had been on the point of betraying some secret, and to look at Maurice in a congratulatory manner, as at one who had met with some unexpected good fortune.

Maurice wondered not a little, but would not ask a single question, and could not form even a surmise, as to the cause of all this. But the subtle feeling of hope in the air crept into his heart in defiance of his reason, and he flung himself into his interrupted studies with redoubled vigour. Time was very valuable to him just now, as his chance of being permitted to pass his final examination in September depended upon his being distinguished by unusual brilliancy among the crowd of ordinary 'passes' in April, and the day of trial was drawing very near. But, for all that, he meant to make a flying visit to Winstead when the Squire went home, if he was permitted to do so; and to make it up, by hook or by crook, afterwards. He was hungry for the sight of his lady's face, and he knew it would go hard but that such a glimpse should help rather than hinder him.

Maurice had never given up his attic in Gower Street, and proposed to himself to go back there immediately. But the night before the funeral he had to go there for a book he required, and bethought himself that he might take the opportunity of conveying

some of his belongings back to their old quarters. So it happened that the Squire saw where he was going, and asked leave to accompany him.

Maurice would rather have declined, but did not quite like to do so, so they went together; and the young man was half amused and half sorry at the utter dismay which spread itself over the elder's face as he looked round the dingy, low-roofed room, sparsely furnished with everything but blacks.

'Well,' sighed the Squire at last, 'I knew you were roughing it, my poor boy, but I did not know it was so bad as this!'

'You need not mind it, for I assure you *I* don't,' answered Maurice, smiling. 'It is not nearly so bad as it looks; and I have spent a good many not-unsatisfactory hours here.'

Mr. Tyndal looked round the room again, and shook his head.

'Well,' he said again, 'thank goodness this kind of thing needn't go on any longer. Just pay the good woman off, and tell her that you are not coming back any more.'

'But I must come back,' said Maurice, with his gentle, imperturbable smile. 'I mean to stay here till I am through, and I assure you I have found it very endurable hitherto.'

The Squire shook his head again, and led the way downstairs, remarking—

'We'll talk it over this evening.'

And he seemed determined not to be led into talking it over *before*, for he hardly spoke a word the whole way home.

He waited until after dinner, and then, with some solemnity, produced a sealed packet from his portmanteau, and showed it to Maurice.

'There!' he said. 'Poor Raymond wrote that the day I came to see him—the very day before he died. I was present, and so was the lawyer, Escott; and he gave it into my hands then.'

Across the packet was written, in Raymond's handwriting, but somewhat shaky and faltering, '*My will*, given into the keeping of Arthur Tyndal, and not to be opened till six months after my death. —RAYMOND DAYRELL.'

Maurice looked at it, with the kindly, pitiful interest we take in the last characters formed by a hand that will write no more, and returned it to the Squire.

'He executed the will in my presence. I was one of the witnesses,' said Mr. Tyndal. 'He said that he did not *forbid* me to mention its contents, but he recommended me not to do so; and I hope I am not doing wrong in going against a dying man's wish before he is in his grave. But I am sure he never contemplated your being obliged to go back to that miserable place.'

Maurice began to wonder what was coming next; but he asked no questions, and the Squire went on.

'He left you all he had, under certain conditions. It is a nice

little income, about £500 a year, and, with what you have of your own, will put you in easy circumstances, though *he*, poor fellow, always considered himself poor.'

'And what are the conditions?' asked the young man, drawing a long breath.

'That the will does not take effect for six months; and that during that time you do not come to Winstead, and receive no promise of any kind from me. You must not be vexed with him, poor fellow! He said that for his own part he was perfectly satisfied that you were worthy of—of anything that we could do for you, and that in proof of that he had left you all he had, and only wished it had been ten times as much. But he said that he had no confidence in his own judgment, and never had had; and that he did not wish to lead me to do anything rash. Six months' delay, he said, could hurt no one; and you ought to have that time to show what you could do; but, meanwhile, if you came to Winstead, we should be certain to pledge ourselves in some way. He said I ought to remember that Day was an heiress, and—and—but there's no need to go into all that now.'

He stopped in some confusion; but Maurice did not press him for the end of the sentence. The young man was lost in a confusion of feelings, and by no means elated, as yet, by the prospect opening before him.

To quarrel with this sudden accession of fortune would be madness and folly, and yet so unreasonable was he, that he could not rejoice at it when he remembered that it would deprive him of the glimpse of heaven he was hungering for, shut him out from Winstead and from Dagmar for six whole months.

He felt the same mingling of tenderness and provocation that he had so often felt with poor Raymond himself, over this arrangement that was so like him. When he remembered what an effort Raymond must have made, how he must have deliberately put by the morbid and intense wish of a dying man, and the acquired habit of a lifetime, in order to serve his friend, he felt that he could never be sufficiently grateful or tender over his memory. But the interference with his liberty—the implied distrust—these things were hard to forgive, excellent as the motive might have been which dictated them. Maurice knew Mr. Tyndal's generous impulsiveness as well perhaps as Raymond had done, and would not, even to win what he wanted, have presumed upon it. And for that very reason he could have resented the safeguards which his dead friend's caution had imposed.

It was on account of this half-stifled resentment, perhaps, that when the Squire said presently, 'At least, you won't have to go back to those wretched lodgings now,' he answered rather coldly—

'This will make no difference to me for six months. I can make no change in my way of living, at least till then.'

Mr. Tyndal looked at him wistfully.

'It seems hard, I know. But you mustn't think he meant it so, poor fellow! No one could have spoken more affectionately than he did of you. But he knew how headlong I am—I always was—and he said he would not be responsible for urging me on to do things in a hurry. Six months is not such a tremendous long time.'

'I know,' said the young man, smiling rather ruefully. 'But I am so—foolish—if you like to call it so—that I could almost find it in my heart to throw the fortune overboard that I might start with you, if you would have me, the day after to-morrow, for one glimpse of—Winstead.'

'Indeed, you must not do anything of the sort!' cried the Squire, startled by a hint of earnestness that underlay the light tones. 'How crazy young men are! Why, man, what are six months compared with your whole prospects in life? It is but the summer, after all, and I can promise you that——'

'Hush! Remember, you are to promise me nothing,' said Maurice, smiling this time in more genuine fashion. 'Be easy! I shall not do anything so foolish. I have too good reasons for trying to be rational. Put up this fortunate—*un*-fortunate—packet, and let me think as little of it as I can. Thank Heaven, I have at least rather more work on my hands than I can manage!'

The next day and the next, there was little time for thinking of anything but the duties of the hour. Maurice stood with the Squire by poor Raymond's open grave, both of them feeling it far sadder so to stand, with no companions save each other, than if the graveyard had been thronged with weeping mourners. And then and there Maurice more than forgave the dead man the restriction that was galling him now so sharply, and only blessed him for that crowning act of love and self-denial.

After the funeral Maurice collected all his belongings, and went back to Gower Street, leaving Mr. Tyndal to wind up things at the chambers, and dispose of furniture, etc., just as he pleased.

It was only natural that he should realise very strongly, in thus taking up his old quarters again, how matters had really changed with him; how he was nearer now to independence and fortune and Dagmar than years of toil might have placed him. But, though the thought every now and then sent a comfortable thrill through his veins, yet he could not dwell upon it in uninterrupted enjoyment, because of certain words that had haunted him ever since they were spoken—'*He said I ought to remember that Day was an heiress.*'

Maurice Caryl was not one of those very heroic men who will break their own heart, and a woman's too, because that woman happens to possess a little more money than they themselves have got. But it did seem to him that *under the circumstances* he could not very well marry an heiress; that what he might once have done with

a clear conscience he could not do now that there was a stain to be wiped off his name. So far his feelings were quite *en règle*; but at this point he ought to have resolved to flee to the ends of the earth, and hide himself for ever from the girl who loved him, rather than allow her to step down, on his account, from her high estate.

But no such idea occurred to him. He actually paid a girl like Dagmar the compliment of supposing that she knew her own business best, and that—since he could give her all the necessaries and some few of the luxuries of life, and was willing besides, if she would let him, to kiss the dust off her feet—she might prefer trusting herself to him even to the proud position of her father's heiress. At any rate, he meant to give her the choice. As he had said before, he was hers altogether, to take or to leave.

This much he did, however; he rushed across London, late on the night before the Squire was to return home, and demanded rather than asked leave to write his daughter a letter.

'We were not to correspond, I know,' he said; 'but I was to have seen her—Mrs. Tyndal said so—and I have lost my chance. And I do not ask for an answer. I will tell you frankly that I do not wish you to see this letter; but I give you my word that I will ask her for no promise, and plead for nothing more than she has already given me.'

Mr. Tyndal verified what poor Raymond had said of him. He hesitated under the spell of those pleading eloquent eyes, doubted, and yielded.

And Maurice sat down forthwith, and wrote his first love-letter, being, perhaps, the only lover on record who did not waste quires of paper on that performance, but simply knew what he had to say, and said it.

It was a strange letter, perhaps; but he was far too much in earnest to think so.

'Heart's dearest,' he began, plunging at once into his subject, 'your father will tell you why I do not come to see you, as I might have done. It seems an unworthy thing to keep me from you; but common sense commands, and I obey, though unwillingly. So I write to you on a matter that I know you will understand, at half a word. My little heart, do you know that they call you an heiress? I am in a difficulty. I think I ought not even to remind you by saying "*you promised*," and yet I cannot bring myself to insult you by seeming to doubt you for one moment. I am as sure of your thoughts as of my own. Are you not thinking this moment, as I am, that *my wife*, when she comes to me, must bring me nothing but her own sweet self? I have every prospect of being able to give her all she wants, thanks to the goodness of some one whom I should never have known but for her. I ask for no promise, remember; I only suggest that there is one thing that can make perfect that

glimpse of Eden that you gave me, now more than a year ago. I leave it to you—who can make all the world do as you wish—to put away, if you think well, this barrier between us. I could go on writing all night; but I must not presume on your father's goodness and patience. I suppose six months *must* end some time? I kiss your little hands and feet, and so farewell, a thousand and a thousand times.'

This letter, dashed off in great haste, and reluctantly brought to a conclusion on the second page, was taken possession of by the Squire, who felt somewhat guilty, but could not now get out of it.

'It was my fault, my dear,' he confessed to his wife, when they talked matters over after his return. 'Poor Raymond never would have taken such an idea into his head if it had not been for me. I was so pleased to hear him speak well of the poor dear lad, and so glad of the improvement in his prospects, that I could not help expressing myself a little strongly. And then he took fright, and said he would not be responsible for inducing me to do what I might be sorry for afterwards; and nothing that I could say then would make him believe that I really meant to act with caution. So there we are; and Maurice was so disappointed, poor fellow! that I was obliged to promise to deliver that letter.'

Dagmar never showed that letter to any one; but she found out somehow when her father was writing to London, and appeared in his study with a very composed and business-like face.

'Father,' she said, 'will you tell Maurice that if it is possible what he wishes shall be done?'

The Squire shook his head, and looked doubtful and reproving; but he gave the message after all, and salved his conscience by telling himself that he should certainly have to yield in the end, and what was the use of making himself disagreeable over every step in the meantime?

* * * * * *

In spite of hard work, and hope, and unexpected good fortune, that summer was a long one to Maurice Caryl—the very longest he had ever spent.

He allowed himself to begin to count the days much too soon, and they were very long, and very hot, and rather weary—all the more so because he began them very early, while his room was still tolerably cool, and very often stole 'a few hours from the night' at the other end as well.

The result of the April examination had more than fulfilled his hopes. He had done better than any man of his year; and the examiners, having seen the certificates and papers he had brought from abroad, had agreed to take these into consideration, and by a special arrangement to allow him his licence in September, provided he then passed with equally flying colours.

Mrs. Tyndal was speaking of certain roses on the garden-front of the Hall, when Maurice asked, rather irrelevantly—

'Will they be out in October?'

'I should think they will be over by then,' she said, and hesitated, and smiled.

It is six months from the sixth of April till the sixth of October,' said Maurice, addressing neither of his visitors in particular. 'I shall come down to Winstead on the sixth of October, if I may.'

'We shall—all be very pleased to see you,' said Mrs. Tyndal, earnestly; but Maurice looked at Dagmar.

'We shall be very glad, if you can come,' she said demurely; and all the while her eyes were repeating, '*I love you, I love you,*' if ever mortal eyes spoke in their own language those three immortal words.

'I may have something to tell you by that time,' he said. 'Some good news. They tell me I have a good chance; but, beaten or victorious, I shall come all the same.'

'If you are beaten, it will not be your fault, *I know,*' she answered. 'And, if it should be so, you must not even think of it when you come to us. It will make no difference, I think.'

'No?' he said, drawing a long, deep breath. 'Well, I am dumb for the present. But there is only one month more to run—one month; and *then*——'

Mrs. Tyndal heard no more; but perhaps her daughter may have read the conclusion of the sentence in the eyes that were bent on hers. There was a momentary pause, and then Maurice spoke again, more lightly.

'I feel most inhospitable,' he said. 'I ought to be able to offer some refreshment, afternoon tea at least, to the only visitors I have ever had in these airy regions; but my resources are limited, and so are those of my landlady; and, to tell the truth, if I were to order tea, it might be a great deal of trouble to that poor little domestic, and after all prove utterly undrinkable when it appeared. So I can only offer—my humble apologies instead!'

Mrs. Tyndal smiled.

'I think we must be going back to our afternoon tea at Kensington. We promised not to be away long. Will you—will you come back with us and have it there? Mrs. Seymour will be very pleased to see you, I know.'

Maurice looked at Dagmar as if the temptation was great, but he shook his head, guessing perhaps that Mrs. Tyndal's suggestion was dictated chiefly by her anxious dread of seeming rude or unkind.

'Thank you, no,' he said. 'I suppose I ought to keep the spirit as well as the letter of the law. This month *must* come to an end some time; and, till then, I am best away.'

'Good-bye then,' said Mrs. Tyndal tenderly; 'and try not to work too hard. You are not looking at all as I could wish to see you. We shall expect you on the sixth of next month, then——'

She was on the point of saying more, but checked herself, in a way that was an odd, softened reproduction of her husband's manner, added no more than 'good-bye,' and led the way from the room.

Dagmar followed with Maurice, but on the top of the stairs she paused, looking up a little anxiously in his face.

'Tell me, are you *really* well?' she said, in soft, hurried tones, very unlike her usual way of speaking.

'Really well!' he answered, with a reassuring smile. 'I know now how to take care of myself, remember: and I do it, having something to live for. As for you,—why did you trouble yourself to grow more beautiful than you were when I saw you last? If it was on my account, I can assure you it was altogether unnecessary!'

'This is mere folly!' said Dagmar severely, 'and we are nearly at the foot of the stairs, and I have only one minute to tell you that what you wished may be managed, I think.'

'One moment!' he said, detaining her,—less by the light touch of her hand than by his pleading eyes,—as they reached the outer door. 'Tell me how you will achieve that, my Queen of the Fairies?'

His tone implied, '*Tell me that, or anything else, only stay one moment longer.*'

'If my father were to make an eldest son of Dick,' said Dagmar, significantly, 'he would only be able to give a very moderate portion to his daughter when she'—'I am coming, mother dear!'—'Good-bye till the sixth!'

With that she was gone; but Maurice stood spell-bound, gazing after her, or rather where she had been, till he became aware that he was the target for the glances of at least half-a-dozen pairs of curious and envious eyes.

(To be continued.)

A GOODLY CHILD.

IN TWO PARTS.

CHAPTER III.

'A gaysome elf, whose heart had ne'er
Been tamed by grief, nor scathed by fear.'—*Delta.*

'We never hear burglars in the house now,' said Miss Flora, pausing in her knitting to listen to the merry shouts which echoed from the nursery where Dorothy was being put to bed.

'It is impossible to hear anything with that child making such a noise,' replied Miss Stuart, grimly, and one might have supposed from her tone that she deeply regretted the low rumblings and mysterious movements which used to strike the whole family with terror in days gone by; but in her heart she rejoiced almost as much as the rest at the cessation of the burglar alarms, and secretly felt relieved every time she mounted the garret-stairs that the sound which most frequently greeted her ears in that once dismal quarter was nothing worse than the laughter of a child.

She laid aside her work and proceeded to the nursery now, with the intimation that she was going to 'make Dorothy say her prayers.' This was sometimes not such an easy matter, and Miss Stuart sighed as she climbed the creaking wooden steps, and heard the jovial little laugh which argued Dorothy in a very undevotional frame of mind. But the task of instructing the child in religious matters had been unanimously made over to Miss Stuart by her sisters, and she never neglected a duty.

It was a pretty picture which met her eye as she opened the nursery door, and while she looked the expression of anxious care faded from her features, and a softer, kindlier look took its place. The lamplight shone cheerily on the yellow-tinted walls, from which 'Cherry Ripe' and 'Little Mrs. Gamp,' and many other picture children, looked down with smiling faces; it shone upon the beautiful white Madonna on the mantelpiece, and the red blind in the window, and showed Lisbeth putting away clothes in a drawer, Dorothy jumping on her little white bed, and Miss Mary vainly persuading her that the inside of it was likely to be much more comfortable than the outside.

'Can't go to bed yet; haven't said my prayers,' said Dorothy,

shaking her curly head; and then, when she saw Miss Stuart, she sat down very suddenly on the pillow, and folded her hands with an air of piety which accorded very ill with the roguish twinkle in her eyes. Such blue, blue eyes they were; as blue as the blewart in the way-side grass, and shaded with thick, dark lashes which made them look black at night.

'Now, Dorothy dear, say your prayers at once, and get into bed,' began Miss Stuart, in an easy confident tone, as if this orderly method of procedure were of daily occurrence, for Dorothy was nearly four years old now, and knew by heart the little prayers which she repeated night and morning.

'Well, you see, it's no use blessing Auntie Peggy for one, because she's not here; she's not in the diney-yoom, and she's not in the kitchen, and she's not——'

'Well, well, she is only at Miss Sprott's at tea; and that need not hinder you from saying "Bless Aunty Peggy" as usual, need it?'

'What means "hinder"?' asked Dorothy, with great interest.

'It means "prevent"; now go on with your prayers.'

'What means "prevent"?'

'Now, Dorothy, don't be provoking. It simply means that although your Auntie Peggy is out at tea, you can pray for her all the same.'

'Oh no, not all the same, for she's not in the diney-yoom, and she's not in the nursery'—and here Dorothy started again with a list of all the places where Miss Peggy was *not*, which bid fair to be a long one, had not Miss Stuart cut it short.

'Dorothy, I am quite ashamed of you! To think of a great big girl of four behaving so foolishly!'

But the rebuke was lost on Dorothy, for having spied Poppet selecting a comfortable seat by the fire, she slipped off the bed with a shriek of joy, wriggled out of Miss Stuart's detaining grasp, and had seated herself on the rug with the cat clasped closely to her chest before any one could stop her. Then followed a struggle between Lisbeth, Poppet, and Dorothy, in which Miss Mary felt obliged to interfere on behalf of Poppet, who ran some chance of being choked, and Miss Stuart on behalf of Dorothy, who received several scratches in the engagement. The end of it was that Lisbeth carried off Poppet, and Dorothy was returned to bed with rumpled hair and rosy cheeks, and a mind less disposed to devotion than ever.

'I cannot love you, my dear, when you are so naughty,' said Miss Stuart.

'But I can love you,' answered Dorothy, with a doleful little quiver in her voice which went to Miss Stuart's heart; 'and I love my Mary, too, although she tore Poppet from me.'

It was noticeable that although Dorothy called Miss Stuart 'Auntie,' and always addressed Miss Peggy and Miss Flora in the same way, she never called Miss Mary anything but 'my Mary.'

When asked her reason for doing this, she sometimes looked rather puzzled, but always made the same reply, 'My Mary *is* so dear!'

'But I'm not pleased with you to-night, Dorothy,' said Miss Mary; 'and I cannot stay to hear you say your prayers, because you have wasted so much time;' and with that she left the room.

Then poor Dorothy's eyes filled with tears, and the corners of her mouth went down, and she broke into a dismal howl. But it did not bring Miss Mary back, so, suddenly stopping, she knelt on her bed, clasped her hands, and began to say her prayers very quickly in a most lamentable voice, and when she came to her usual petition, 'Make me a good girl,' added in a tone of the deepest conviction, 'for I'm *fearfully* a bad one.' Miss Stuart always said that it was a sign of peculiar grace in Dorothy that she was so fond of intercession; and indeed some nights it seemed as if she racked her brains to remember all the people she had ever heard of, that she might 'bless' them, as she called it. But to-night Dorothy was too sorry for herself to care much for other people, so after saying, 'Bless Auntie Stuart, and *not* Auntie Peggy—oh, yes, Auntie Peggy, although she's not in the diney-yoom—and my Mary, and Auntie Flora, and nasty, cruel Lisbeth that tooked away Poppet, and Jean, and John James,' she came to a sudden stop.

'Anybody else?' asked Miss Stuart solemnly.

'*No*,' shouted Dorothy snappishly, and with a hasty 'Amen; now cuddle me,' she threw herself on Miss Stuart's neck for her good-night caress.

'I'm very good now—better than ever,' she said in a meditative tone, 'so I suppose you love me very much?'

'Yes; very much.'

'And does God love me too?'

'Yes.'

'Does He love everybody?'

'Ye—es,' Miss Stuart answered again, rather doubtfully this time.

'But does He love even the horrid old man in the house on the hill?' pursued Dorothy, wonderingly.

This was coming a great deal too near home, and Miss Stuart, afraid of committing herself, tucked Dorothy hastily into bed, muttering, 'Yes, yes, child, I suppose so,' gave her a last kiss, and hurried from the room.

The old man in the house on the hill, to whom Dorothy alluded, was a very sore subject with the Miss Stuarts. He had only been settled in Gowanside for about a month, and yet already he had been pronounced both by the Miss Stuarts and their next-door neighbour, Miss Sprott, to be an 'extremely vulgar person.' And the ground of their judgment was this. He had not only had the impertinence to buy a piece of the rising ground at the back of Broomlaw Cottage which had lain waste for years, but had actually built a grand new villa upon it—a villa with staring bow-windows out of which

he was vulgar enough to look whenever he felt inclined. Now Broomlaw Cottage and its neighbours on either side had from time immemorial been the very last houses in Gowanside. Their occupants had been accustomed to frequent their back-greens without paying the strict attention to dress which a promenade on the road, or even in their front gardens, would have demanded; and their servants had 'done their hair' at the back windows, in scarlet flannel bodies and bare arms, quite undisturbed by observers. But now all this pleasant ease was at an end. Mary Villa, as the new house was called, commanded the backs of all the three cottages beneath it, and the master of the house sat constantly in the window.

'And him wi' a glass eye, tae, he ocht to think shame!' Lisbeth said indignantly, evidently under the impression that a glass eye acted as a sort of telescope.

Miss Sprott kept her blinds religiously drawn down till her Jenny fell on the stairs with the best tea-dishes, after which she drew them up, and wasted her time in casting venomous glances at the unconscious cause of the catastrophe. The back of Miss Blyth's house suddenly bloomed out into new blinds and curtains in every direction, affording fresh proof to her observant neighbours of her undoubted descent from an upholsterer; and the Miss Stuarts began to be very particular about their washings.

'I do wish Lisbeth would not persist in hanging up all the oldest of the kitchen-towels just in the most conspicuous place,' sighed Miss Flora, as she stood at the drawing-room window, which commanded a full view of the clothes-green. This green, modestly situated to the rear of the cottage, surrounded by a beech-hedge, and fitted up with four sturdy white-painted posts, was far from being unpleasant to look out upon, even when, as was the case on the day in question, it was festooned with a large washing. Garments, beautiful in their snowy whiteness, were flapping gaily in the breeze, before which the twinkling poplars bent with easy grace. Poppet was sharpening her claws on a clothes-pole, and keeping an eye on her tenth son, who was still young enough to be very much amused by the string of a scarlet petticoat which danced and fluttered in the air just beyond his reach. Lisbeth was standing on tip-toe hanging up the fragile remains of the once sturdy kitchen-towels, and displaying a goodly pair of ankles clad in scarlet stockings in the course of her proceedings. Dorothy, her golden hair tossing in the wind, was flitting hither and thither in an aimless sort of way, while faithful old Toosey did his best to keep up with her, in spite of the increasing stiffness of his legs.

'Toosey never cared to play in the garden before Dorothy came, but now he quite enjoys it; I am so pleased.'

This was Miss Flora's comment on the scene. Miss Flora was not a bit changed, her fair hair and placid, ruminating face looked just

the same as they had done four years ago. At first she had not shown any great fondness for Dorothy, only conceding that she was 'wonderful, for a child,' by which she meant that any sort of animal was pleasanter to deal with than a budding human creature, and that she much preferred beasts to babies. But by-and-by, when Dorothy's fondness for Toosey became apparent, and she proved useful in keeping him supplied with something to run after, Miss Flora began to look upon her with great favour. Dorothy, on her part, was devoted to Miss Flora, who could tell no end of stories about good little girls and bad little girls, and it was the hope of hearing one of these stories now which made her set off for the house the instant she caught sight of Miss Flora at the window.

Soon there was a patter of little feet in the passage, and then the wild struggle with the door-handle which always heralded Dorothy's entrance, and gave Miss Flora time to catch up her knitting, and begin counting the stitches in an absorbed, not-to-be-interrupted voice. For Dorothy's unreasonable appetite for stories had made a wily woman even of simple Miss Flora, and had often driven her to make use of this unworthy subterfuge.

'Did you think you would like to tell me a story?' asked Dorothy, benignly, when at last the door yielded and she shot into the room.

'Seven—eight—nine; shut the door, please.' Dorothy obeyed with vigour, and then returned undaunted to the charge.

'Were you thinking of telling me a story?' she asked again, coming close to Miss Flora, and looking up in her face with the most bewitching smile.

'Twenty-five—twenty-six: I'm counting.'

'You're always counting when I come,' said Dorothy, sadly; and she looked so disappointed, and there really was so much truth in what she said, that Miss Flora began to relent.

'Perhaps I shall tell you a story by-and-by. Take your picture-book and sit down with it quietly in the meanwhile.'

'What is "the meanwhile"?' asked Dorothy, looking round the room for what she evidently supposed to be some new article of furniture.

'The present.'

'What present? She never gived me a present,' said Dorothy thoughtfully, her blue eyes quite bewildered, and her mind apparently reverting to some grievance of the past.

'Oh, child! Don't ask so many questions: sit down, and be quiet!'

'She won't tell me what "the meanwhile" is, and I can't find my picksha-book,' complained Dorothy to herself; and then she began to wander round the room looking for her book in all the most impossible sort of places, and leaving behind her a trail of tidies, cushions, and other like articles, which she calmly dropped on the floor when she found that her book was not hidden beneath them.

'Ask Jean where your book is,' said Miss Flora.

Dorothy flew at the door-handle, hung on to it till it turned, and then disappeared, leaving the door wide open.

'Toots, Miss Dorothy, can ye no' use yer eyes? It's just on the table right afore ye.'

This was in Jean's voice, and presently Dorothy appeared again, gave one glance at the table, on which certainly there was no book; announced, 'She's told a lie,' with her usual vigour and directness of speech, and then ran off to inform Jean of her dereliction from the truth. Then Jean came, grumbling bitterly, and Dorothy after her, and Toosey after Dorothy; and they all ranged about the room until poor Miss Flora bitterly repented ever having suggested the picture-book, and fervently wished that she had told the story at once and been done with it. At last the book was found, and Dorothy settled down with it on a stool opposite Miss Flora, who, having dropped a stitch in the disturbance, really was counting now, and demanded perfect silence for her calculations.

'If you are not good I shall not tell you a single story to-day,' she said solemnly; and Dorothy, at this terrible threat, shut her mouth tightly, nodded her head, and opened her book at the very beginning. The pictures were pretty, and for a while she looked diligently at them, but by-and-by her eyes began to rove from the pages of her book to the mild, gentle face before her. She studied it with an earnest deliberation which might have been embarrassing to Miss Flora had she not been too much occupied with her work to notice it. At length, abandoning her book, Dorothy scrambled to her feet, climbed on Miss Flora's knee, and flinging her arms round her neck, exclaimed with ardent enthusiasm—

'I do love to look at you! You've just the face of a white cow!'

Miss Flora had not studied her own features sufficiently to recognise the striking aptness of the comparison; but she was not impervious to a compliment, and wisely took Dorothy's as it was meant. Moreover there was something very sweet in the clinging touch of the little arms about her neck, and the innocent admiration in the blue eyes raised to hers, which more than made up for the uncomfortable suspicion that her collar was being rumpled and her cap thrown off its balance; so she accepted Dorothy's caresses very willingly, said nothing about her knitting, which was now lying on the floor, and actually proposed herself to begin the promised story.

'Do you think you could know "Jack and the Beanstalk"?' asked Dorothy. But no, Miss Flora shook her head, she had forgotten all about that old tale; so Dorothy went on, condescendingly, 'Then it will just need to be a story about a good little girl or a bad little girl. I think I should like a bad little girl best.'

So Miss Flora obediently related a story of her youth, about a bad little girl who persisted in putting on red shoes when her mother had strongly recommended her to wear black, and whose obstinacy was visited by the utter destruction of the red shoes through an

incautious promenade on wet grass. To all this Dorothy listened with breathless interest, and when Miss Flora paused, she said anxiously: 'And did her mother buy her more red shoes?'

'Certainly not,' replied Miss Flora with righteous indignation: 'she was a very naughty little girl.'

'Oh, what a cruel parent!' sighed Dorothy; and then, as Miss Flora began to search for her knitting, she asked, 'Have you no more stories in your mouth?'

'No, not one.'

'Then I'm hungry,' said Dorothy; and she set off without loss of time in search of Jean and a piece of bread.

Dorothy's appetite was a great trial to Miss Stuart, who looked upon eating between meals as little less than a sin, and felt aggrieved that a member of her household should be guilty of it every day of her life. But although she had yielded to Dorothy's demands so far as to allow her to apply to Jean for a piece of bread when she was hungry, she had made a strict rule that the bread was to be administered dry and eaten in the kitchen, where crumbs could be easily swept up. One result of this was that the Gowanside village children now ate their numerous 'pieces' in comfort, Miss Stuart being cut off from the privilege of reproving in them what she permitted in her adopted child, and another was that a close friendship sprang up between Dorothy and Jean.

'If you please, dear Jean, will you give me a piece of bread?'

This was the form in which Dorothy preferred her request when, finding that Miss Flora was determined to tell her no more stories, she betook herself to Jean and the kitchen.

'Preserve us a', bairn, is that you again? It's no' muckle more than an 'oor since ye were here afore, starvin' o' hunger.'

'Well, I'm hungry again,' said Dorothy, resting her chin on the edge of the long table at which Jean was ironing, and watching her rapid movements with deep interest.

'Weel, I suppose ye'll hae to get a bit piece,' said Jean, and setting down her iron with a thump, she went to the kitchen press, took out a loaf, and cut off a crusty corner. Dorothy, who had followed close at her heels, received it as gratefully as if she had not seen food that day, climbed laboriously with it into the window-seat, and settling herself with a sigh of deep content, said—

'Now tell about John James.'

'Are ye no' weary o' aye hearin' aboot John James? I'm share ye ken a' aboot him jist as weel's I do mysel',' said Jean, with a gratified smile, and a glance towards the mantelpiece where was displayed a faded daguerreotype in a gilt frame.

This was John James Macdougald, Jean's nephew, and the pride of her fond old heart. Many a time had she told his story:—told how he had been born on the wild Aberdeenshire coast the very night his father, a brave young fisherman, was drowned; and how his girl-

mother ('a puir, pingin' thing') only lived long enough to commend him to her sister Jean's care. Told of his blameless conduct at the parish school and the wonderful abilities he displayed, and how at last he took to the sea like his father before him, and became a gallant sailor on board H.M.S. *Constance*.

'An' the very night afore he gaed awa', sailin' in a grand big ship frae the metropolis o' London, he sent me a bonny likeness o' hissel', wi' a low-bodied neck, and a grand hat, the very same as the minister's wee laddies wears on the Sawbath day.'

Many a time had Jean related the history of John James—it was the theme above all others that she loved to dwell upon; but in no one, not even in Lisbeth (who secretly took a great interest in the sailor lad), had she found such an appreciative listener as in Dorothy. Dorothy's interest never flagged; Dorothy never interrupted, except when she gently corrected any variation from the original edition of the story, whereat Jean and Lisbeth would exchange glances of wondering admiration. Dorothy, in short, was the one person who never could hear too much of John James, and so high did she rise in Jean's estimation that the valued portrait was oftener taken down from the mantelpiece for her to look at than for any one else. Indeed, since the day that Lisbeth, after a prolonged attempt to 'catch the light' on the daguerreotype, which seems always to be a matter of infinite difficulty, had declared that, as far as she could see, John James was 'an awfu' gruesome-lookin' felly, wi' a white jacket and a black face,' the portrait had been exhibited to Dorothy alone, who looked at it always with unfeigned respect.

CHAPTER IV.

'A child whom all that looked on, loved.'

DOROTHY had an inborn love of music. Long before she could speak she would laugh if Lisbeth sang a cheery tune, and cry if she sang a doleful one, and often, even in the midst of her play, she would pause to listen to the robin singing in the poplar.

The Miss Stuarts were not musical, with the exception of Miss Mary, who had the remains of a sweet true voice, knew three songs off by heart, and was considered quite a 'finished' singer by the Gowanside people. But although the musical mania had not reached Gowanside, and the robins and the blackbirds were still the principal performers there, it was different at Hopekirk. There the Earl had gathered together a choir of boys and men such as was unequalled in all the country-side, and people came even from Edinburgh to hear the anthem at his chapel, which was 'private' only in name.

To go to church and hear the singing was Dorothy's great ambition; but so little faith had Miss Stuart in the child's powers of sitting still and keeping silence, that Dorothy was nearly four years old when she was taken to church for the first time.

'She means to be good, but it is impossible to foresee what she may do,' said Miss Stuart with some apprehension as she and Miss Peggy took their way to church, with Dorothy in front of them, decked out in spotless white, and walking sedately between Miss Mary and Miss Flora.

It was a glorious Sunday in early summer; the hawthorn hedges were white with sweet blossoms; the laburnums dangled their golden tassels over the garden walls, and the great chestnuts in the park at Hopekirk Abbey were in full bloom. The young crows, whose voices were still in a very undecided state, were practising their low notes with a great deal of noise and but indifferent success; sweet-faced calves watched the people going to church with a Sunday, do-nothing air which they seemed to have learnt from their owners; long-legged lambs with briskly wagging tails amused themselves and worried their mothers to their hearts' content, and all the world seemed full of glad young things.

And not the least glad among them was Dorothy.

'I feel myself very happy!' she cried, running back to speak to Miss Peggy as they came within sight of the chapel; and it was with great difficulty that she restrained her dancing feet and walked soberly up the aisle with her hand in Miss Mary's. Many heads turned to look as the four old ladies entered their pew that day, for Dorothy was no sooner settled on the high-cushioned seat than she announced to the congregation generally with an exultant smile on her face, 'I've come!'

The stern pew-opener, who was showing a very grand young man into a very far forward seat, looked daggers; the grand young man dropped his eye-glass in order to see better, twirled his pale moustache, and fixed a stony gaze on Dorothy; and the Ladies Muriel, Maud, and Madeline turned their surprised grey eyes on the culprit, and then put their flaxen heads together and giggled, girl-fashion.

There was a good deal of 'hushing' and whispering in the Miss Stuarts' pew in the course of the service. Dorothy got left behind in the Lord's Prayer, and cried out 'Wait for me' two or three times, and she was much annoyed when Miss Stuart supplied her with a Bible at the singing of the hymn, under the impression that one book was as good as another to a person who could not read.

'*That's* not a sing-book!' she said in a disgusted whisper; and Miss Stuart had to give her what she wanted for the sake of peace.

'In quires and places where they sing, here followeth the anthem.' This rubric was strictly obeyed in the Earl of Hopekirk's chapel, and when, at the appointed time, a thrilling voice sounded out like a trumpet-call the first notes of 'The wi'l—derness and the so'—litary place shall be gla'd—for them,' and voice after voice joined in the glorious harmony, Dorothy stood transfixed. With parted lips and great uplifted eyes, with flushing cheeks and clasping hands she

listened motionless through all the varied parts of that most noble anthem, and when the clear treble voice of a child-chorister took up the prophecy, and told out how 'sorrow and sighing shall flee—shall flee away,' in flute-like notes which soared high above the other voices, she hid her face in Miss Mary's black silk skirt and wept silently. Miss Mary, although she deeply sympathised, took no notice, and when the music ceased, Dorothy dried her tears, but all through the sermon she remained in a subdued condition, and was quite unnaturally good. When the sermon was over and the alms-bags began to circulate, her spirits revived, and she mounted on a stool to see all that was going on. She was quite ready with her penny when her turn came, and followed the progress of the bag with much interest. In due course it was held before the grand young man, who did not seem to see it, so it was passed on to the next person. But this irregularity did not escape Dorothy, and leaning forward all in a hurry, she pointed out the delinquent, crying in her terribly distinct little voice, 'Oh, wait, wait! That one hasn't paid!'

The unfortunate young man turned crimson, and searched wildly in his pockets for something small enough to give. The ladies and gentlemen who had nobly given their sixpenny pieces indulged in little well-bred smiles, and Miss Mary laid her hand so suddenly on Dorothy's mouth that the child fell off the stool, and was heard exclaiming in a muffled voice from the bottom of the pew—

'My Mary! you shouldn't have did that!'

Poor Dorothy had to listen to a long lecture from Miss Stuart on the subject of her bad behaviour in church, but as the other sisters never liked to hear her scolded, and defended her strenuously, it did not make much impression. She soon forgot all about her misdemeanours, but she never forgot the beautiful anthem, and when she bumped her head or broke her toys, she would come running to Miss Mary and implore her to sing 'sorrow and sighing,' and even Miss Mary's feeble attempts (she was obliged to whistle the high notes!) never failed to soothe her griefs and restore her to cheerfulness.

'Mercy on us! The bairn's awa'—sto'n awa! I saw her wi' my ain eyes fleein' up the road in a tinkler's cart like the very mischief!' and Jean sank down on a chair and covered her face with her trembling hands.

'And why did you not run after her?' cried Miss Stuart, wrathfully, snatching off her spectacles, and she was out of the house and down the garden before Jean discovered that she had left the room.

When she did look up, her eyes encountered Lisbeth's, round with alarm.

'Rin after her, ye great tawpie!' she cried, her sorrow suddenly changing into anger; 'rin after her, an' dinna' stand glowrin' there.'

Off Lisbeth flew, over the lawn and up the road; but Miss Stuart had got the start of her and was far ahead, while further on still was Miss Peggy toiling gallantly up the steep hill and waving her handkerchief wildly as she ran.

Miss Mary and Miss Flora, who were putting on their bonnets to go out, were in blissful ignorance of the tragedy that was being enacted, until Jean, feeling that she must have some one to sympathise with her, burst without ceremony into their room and told her tale.

Dorothy, dressed to go out, had been left playing in the garden till Miss Mary and Miss Flora should be ready to go with her; Jean and Lisbeth were both in the kitchen, which looked out to the back of the house. Hearing the rumble of wheels, Jean went to the window, and saw, above the hedge which enclosed the sloping clothes-green, the top of a horse's head, the seat of a cart, a man whom she described as a 'tinkler,' and a child with a white bonnet and scarlet gown, whom, to her horror, she instantly recognised as Dorothy. The scream she gave brought Lisbeth to her side, who knocked violently on the window, shouting, 'Ye auld wretch! Bring back that bairn this very meenit or I'll hae pollis to ye!' while Jean rushed to the parlour. In the passage she cannonaded against Miss Peggy, who had seen the whole affair from a back-window and was hurrying to the rescue.

Broomlaw Cottage stood, like most of its neighbours, on the side of a steep slope, for, as Miss Flora said, you could not go out in Gowanside without going up a hill, and coming back it was just the same. The road, which passed in front of the house, went straight on beyond it for a considerable distance, then turned a corner sharply, and wound up the hill behind the cottage in the direction of Edinburgh. Dorothy's pursuers consequently were far behind the cart when they came in sight of it, and were horrified to see that it had almost passed beyond the wall which marked the boundary of Miss Blyth's orchard, and would soon reach the little fir-wood which crowned the highest point of the hill, and pass swiftly from their reach along the level road beyond. On they toiled with sobbing breath and failing limbs—Miss Peggy first, feebly calling 'Man, man!' at intervals; Lisbeth next, shouting, threatening, and imploring by turns, in language more forcible than elegant; and last of all Miss Stuart, with lips firmly closed and despairing eyes fixed on the little white bonnet and scarlet gown.

The three runners were just passing the back of Broomlaw Cottage, and were more provoked than encouraged by hearing shouts of 'Quick! quick!' from the three spectators at the back-window, when suddenly a door in the orchard-wall was burst open, and a little figure in a black silk gown and lace cap and mittens appeared. This was Miss Blyth, a feeble auxiliary enough as far as personal strength was concerned, but she was not unarmed. She carried

with some difficulty an immense blunderbuss, which she raised to her shoulder and boldly pointed at the receding cart. At this awful sight the three women behind her shrieked, held their ears, and shut their eyes tightly. When they ventured to open them again, after waiting in vain for the report, they found to their joy that the cart was standing still on the brow of the hill, and Dorothy and the tinker, having dismounted, were affectionately shaking hands before parting. After that the tinker mounted his cart and drove off, while Dorothy stood looking after him and kissing her hand, as if he had been her dearest friend.

'What a miraculous escape!' gasped Miss Stuart as she clasped Dorothy in her arms and kissed her fervently.

'And all owing to your wonderful courage and presence of mind,' cried Miss Peggy, flinging herself on Miss Blyth's neck, and totally forgetting, in her fatigue and gratitude, that she was supporting herself on the daughter of a late upholsterer.

'Eh, my! I never could have stooden up like you an' shot a man! But yon's a fine quiet gun o' yours; my faither has a gun, but he's one——'

Here Miss Stuart silenced her talkative handmaiden with a look, and addressing Miss Blyth, said with much dignity—

'My dear madam, it is without doubt owing to your intervention, under the guiding hand of Providence, that our darling child has been rescued from the clutches of a designing villain.'

'I don't like being cuddled to a jelly!' interrupted Dorothy, who was struggling in Lisbeth's embrace; 'and he was a very nice kind man, and he asked me if I should like a little ride, and I said "yes;" and he took me because I wanted to go; and I gave him a rose for his button-hole, and he is going to bring me a present from Edinburgh.'

'Poor innocent darling!' murmured Miss Blyth, looking significantly at the other three; and they all shook their heads and said, 'Yes, that is just how they lure them away.'

But Dorothy stuck to her story and to her faith in the tinker's promise.

'It was most providential your having a gun,' said Miss Peggy as Miss Blyth parted from them at the orchard-gate; 'but of course you never keep it loaded?' she added hastily, as Miss Blyth carelessly raised her weapon from the ground where it was lying and stuck it under her arm like an umbrella.

'Oh dear no,' was the reply, '*that* would be extremely dangerous, and quite unnecessary, as you saw.'

'Oh yes, quite,' agreed Miss Peggy; 'a gun is always an alarming thing whether it is loaded or not.'

Jean, who had recovered from her fright, now treated the whole affair with supreme contempt, and, with her usual contrariness, at once adopted Dorothy's view of the tinker's conduct and intentions.

'Deed an' the bairn has mair sense nor you,' she said, addressing Lisbeth with fine scorn; 'I mak' nae doot it was jist decent Tam Tamson, him that's guidson tae my mither's first cousin, gaun wi' his pigs an' stuff tae Edinburgh, an' he gied the bairn a bit ride oot o' respeck tae me; an' sic a wark as ye made aboot it! Skirling after him as if he had been a murderer; an' Miss Blyth chargin' at him wi' a great muckle gun! My certy, she might ha' been lodged in the jail for't if he had seen her, but I'll certifee he never looked the road she was on!'

I may as well mention here that the tinker confirmed Jean's charitable view of his behaviour by calling at Broomlaw Cottage within a week, bringing with him a present for Dorothy in the shape of a sixpenny hearth-brush, which she persisted in carrying out with her for several days in succession. She always did insist on carrying something out with her, and she never failed to hand it over to some one else before she had gone fifty yards from the house.

'I am always so pleased when Toosey chooses to go by the village; it is so nice and cheerful.'

Miss Flora was setting out on her daily walk with Toosey, accompanied by her sister Mary and Dorothy. When they left the garden-gate, Toosey pointed his long body down the hill, and the whole party obediently followed him; for it had become customary with Miss Flora to take the direction which Toosey preferred (chiefly on account of the extreme difficulty of getting him to go in any other), and, as I mentioned in a former chapter, Toosey had objections to the village which kept him from visiting it very often.

'I am so glad we are going to the village,' cried Dorothy, ''cause then perhaps we'll see the kind old gentleman.'

'What old gentleman?' asked Miss Mary.

'The nice old gentleman who speaks to me when I am out with Lisbeth: I must gather some booful flowers for him.'

'Can she mean the old admiral?' said Miss Mary, for the Miss Stuarts had found out by this time that the owner of Mary Villa was nothing less than an admiral; but Dorothy was already far ahead hunting for flowers, and Miss Flora was quite sure that the admiral would not condescend to take notice of any child—'Such a haughty-looking old man as he is! and such a fierce look as he has in his eyes, and the glass one is the worst of the two!'

Dorothy's manner of conducting herself when she went out for a walk was not at all unlike Toosey's. Sometimes she would scamper on far before the others, and at other times, especially when there was a hill to be climbed, she would lag behind, and, when sought for, would be found calmly sitting by the roadside waiting for a friendly hand to help her on her way. Then she had a bewildering way of disappearing. If a gate chanced to be open, Dorothy was inside the garden and out of sight in a moment, with Toosey after her. If a

shop-door stood ajar, Dorothy was seated at the counter before her companions had made up their minds whether she was behind them or before. Everybody in Gowanside knew Dorothy, and it was even said that she had effected an entrance into the admiral's house; and she herself was fond of telling a long story about some beautiful shells the old man had shown her, and which were the very same as those Miss Mary had on her mantelpiece in Broomlaw Cottage.

On this particular day, Dorothy burst into the baker's shop, which was just at the foot of the hill, and received a smiling welcome from the baker's wife.

'Well, missie,' she said, leaning over the counter to get a good view of her small visitant, 'an' are ye quite well the day?'

'Yes, thank you.'

'An' how old are ye now?'

'Ten,' said Dorothy, boldly, looking up from the humble height of four at the rosy face of the buxom bakeress, which beamed upon her over the counter like a rising sun.

'Hoot, toot, toot!' cried the bakeress, rather shocked at this flagrant departure from the truth, 'ye canna' be a' that!'

'Yes, I *am* ten,' said Dorothy, sturdily, 'I counted myself.' And then, as if suddenly struck by the superior size of the baker's wife, she asked anxiously 'who built *you*?' But before she got an answer, her retreat was discovered, and she was dragged out of the shop, amid apologies from Miss Mary, reproofs from Miss Flora, and Toosey's joyful barking.

'Now we'll go to see the old lady butcher,' said Dorothy, as soon as her hand was released, and she darted off in the direction of the butcher's shop. But the door was shut, and nothing would persuade Miss Mary to open it for her, so, with a deep sigh, she turned her attention to gathering flowers again. She got left far behind and grievously scratched her little brown hands, while she plucked the largest, pinkest wild roses she could see, and when urged on, and commanded to keep in front, she took the wrong turning whenever that was possible. At every corner she called out 'Now, perhaps we'll see the old gentleman!' and she was disappointed over and over again. At last, just when they reached the steep slope leading to Broomlaw Cottage, a tall spare man, whom the Miss Stuarts recognised as their neighbour, came in sight striding quickly down the hill, and, with a shriek of joy, Dorothy flew to meet him.

'We've been looking for you *d'eadfully!*' she cried, 'and all these booful flowers are for you; and you are to put them in a cup with water in it when you go home.'

The Admiral looked down at the lovely eager face, looking up so kindly into his, and then, as Dorothy put into his hand the prickly bunch of roses, he said—

'Thank you, dear child; and now, what can I give you, I wonder, in exchange for such a beautiful bouquet?'

'I don't know,' said Dorothy, with a thoughtful, puzzled look in her blue eyes; 'I don't know—becept you were to give me a kiss.'

The Admiral stooped stiffly down, and, courteously baring his head, touched Dorothy's rose-leaf cheeks with his lips, then, raising his still uncovered head, he suddenly encountered Miss Mary's startled gaze.

'Jacob Tweedie,' she exclaimed, in a faltering voice, stretching out her hands to her old lover, while time flew back over forty years, and once again, under the lilacs, on a fair June night, she bade farewell to a brown-faced sailor-lad—only for a moment, and then she found herself quietly walking up the hill, with her hand on the arm of an old, bent man, and the fear in her heart (oh, perverse woman!) that now he knew she loved him.

CHAPTER V.

'Farewell, sweet loan divine.'—*Delta.*

EVERYONE knows what a charming thing a doll that can open and shut its eyes is; a doll that squeaks is only one shade less delightful; a doll that can be washed is not to be despised, although there is something cold and unsympathetic about china dolls as compared with their more impressionable waxen sisters; but a doll that can stand! Ah, that is a triumph of art indeed, and Dorothy was the fortunate possessor of such a doll. It was a gift from Admiral Tweedie when she was five years old; for although the precise date of Dorothy's birth was unknown, it was supposed to have been some time in September, and so the Miss Stuarts had fixed on the 1st as being nice and easily remembered. Dorothy was delighted with her doll, and laughed with pleasure and excitement when she saw the rosy cherub standing on her own legs, although her feet were rather far apart for grace, and her carriage suggested general unsteadiness. But though warranted to stand alone, Rosy, as Dorothy named her, required a great deal of persuasion to stand at all, and it was only when her limbs were at a peculiar angle that she remained upright for more than a second at a time.

One day early in the October of 1884, Dorothy was playing with her doll in the sunny little parlour. Miss Mary, sitting at her work, was watching her, and marvelling inwardly at the patience with which she was trying to set Rosy on her feet. Again and again, with anxiously-knit brows and careful little fingers, Dorothy turned out the doll's toes, and placed her gently on the table in the position she thought most favourable to standing, and again and again the provoking creature fell flat on her face, which was fast assuming the indistinctness of feature which had characterised her predecessor.

'Oh, make that lassie stand!' cried Dorothy at last, despairingly, as, for the sixth time, the doll fell helplessly forward, and, with a sudden burst of tears she ran to Miss Mary, and hid her face in her lap.

'What is the matter, darling?' said Miss Mary, tenderly, as she took the sobbing child in her arms. 'My pet is not like herself to-day.'

For all that morning things seemed to have gone wrong with Dorothy. She had declined to eat her porridge at breakfast; had failed to take the slightest interest in 'Reading about tears' as she called her lesson-book, and had actually wept at the idea of parting with three imaginary apples, although Miss Stuart's arithmetical puzzle had generously endowed her with six. And now she was crying because her dollie would not stand! No wonder that Miss Mary said her darling was not like herself.

'Sing, please,' said Dorothy, finding it quite impossible to explain her own unusual conduct, and she pillowed her head on Miss Mary's shoulder with a long quivering sigh.

Miss Mary, as I have said before, did not know many songs, but lately she had been teaching Dorothy hymns, and consequently had learnt several herself. She began one which was usually a favourite.

'There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky.'

After one or two verses she began to feel a little hazy about the words, but as Dorothy seemed to be half asleep she did not like to stop singing, so she began the first verse over again.

'There's a home for little children
Above the bright blue sky—'

'You told me that before,' said Dorothy, fretfully, quite wide-awake all of a sudden.

Miss Mary felt very much inclined to laugh, but she bit her lip, and the two sat in solemn silence for some time. Miss Mary was pondering on the beauty of the little face pressed against her breast, and tracing in it the forlorn baby of five years ago, and Dorothy once more seemed to be half asleep.

Suddenly she sat upright, and pressing her hand to her forehead, said—

'I should like to pray for my head.'

'For your head, my darling! Why would you like to pray for your head?'

Miss Mary was filled with sudden alarm, and as she looked more closely at the child, and noticed for the first time her heavy eyes and flushed cheeks, she remembered the vague whisper she had heard of scarlet fever in the village, and the sudden death of the toll-keeper's little Nancy, and a fierce pang shot through her heart. Rising hastily, with Dorothy clasped closely in her arms, she hurried with her to the nursery, pressing eager kisses on her brow as she went, and murmuring over her in a fond broken voice, 'My lammie; my own bonny wee lammie!' Up the attic stairs she toiled—the

creaking, wooden stairs which had echoed so often to Dorothy's pattering feet, and which were to feel their light tread no more—and soon the weary little one was lying in her bed, with Miss Stuart bending anxiously over her, while Lisbeth, her ruddy face for once quite white, was speeding down the hill to fetch her mother.

Four days later—only four—and the doctor left Broomlaw Cottage with a sad shake of his head. Miss Stuart had followed him to the door, and to her eager questionings he had replied, 'There is not the slightest hope of her recovery. An hour or two at the most.' And then he had slipped quietly away, glad to leave that sorrow-stricken house behind him.

Miss Stuart did not go back at once to the nursery, for Miss Mary was keeping watch there, and would insist on knowing what the doctor had said. She went into the parlour and sat down at the open window, from which she could see Miss Peggy and Miss Flora, pacing slowly up and down the gravel walk, with Toosey behind them. Even he, poor follow, seemed to share in the general despondency, for he did not run hither and thither as he usually did, but crept sadly along close at his mistress's heels, and was not diverted even when Poppet meanly assaulted him by leaping upon him from behind a bush.

It was a lovely warm October afternoon—a real 'St. Luke's Little Summer.' The air was intensely still; the proud poplars stood erect and motionless, like sentinels on guard, and here and there a faded leaf floated silently to its grave in the soft green grass. Far away, where the misty blueness of the Pentlands rose into the pale calm sky, the sun was setting in a blaze of glory, before which the soft brown clouds brightened into gold, or melted quite away.

Miss Stuart's weary eyes roved listlessly over the peaceful scene. She noted every detail of it; she saw the yellow chrysanthemums under the hedge, and smelt the sweetness of the Autumn mignonette, ever after to be linked for her with Dorothy's dear memory; but all the while one thought kept running ceaselessly through her brain—'Dorothy is dying; Dorothy is dying—*dying!*' With a heavy sigh she turned her gaze from the quiet beauty without, to the little room in which she sat. How dark and desolate it looked; how still and empty! No prattling voice, no busy little feet, no coaxing lips, no toys—Ah, yes! there was Rosy lying unheeded where Dorothy had left her, and as her eyes fell on the cherished doll, Miss Stuart's dull composure gave way, and, leaning her head on the table, she yielded to the grief she had been crushing back these four long days and nights. Lisbeth crept into the room to learn the last tidings of the child she had tended so faithfully and loved so well, but there was no need for words—Miss Stuart's attitude was enough—and she stole back to the kitchen to share her grief with Jean. 'I kenned fine that she wad dee,' she sobbed, flinging her apron over her head, and rocking herself backwards and forwards; 'the best an' the bonniest are aye the first to be ta'en!'

'An' do ye think the Lord Almighty is no' at leeberty to tak' the best o' His ain?' asked Jean, solemnly.

Lisbeth's only answer was a fresh outburst of tears, and soon she went softly back to her post on the top step of the garret stairs, from which she had scarcely stirred all that day.

Within the sickroom all was silence.

Dorothy's wild delirium had, for many hours, given place to a deep unconsciousness, and all her restless tossings were over. She lay quite still, her golden curls, tangled now and dim, straying over the pillow, and one little hand lying on the coverlid. By the side of the bed sat Miss Mary, with wistful eyes fixed tenderly on the dying child.

The sun,

'Sinking down into the glow
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,'

darted a bright parting ray into the room, lit up the smiling faces of the picture-children on the yellow walls, wreathed, with light touch, a golden halo round Dorothy's head, and dazzled the tired eyes of the watcher. Still Dorothy never moved, and still Miss Mary sat on motionless, till the unheeded sunbeams crept sadly and regretfully away.

At length the stillness was broken. A robin, perched on the poplar close by the window, broke into sudden song, so loud and clear, so glad, and yet so sad, that Miss Mary turned to look out at the singer. When she looked back again, Dorothy's eyes met hers, and Dorothy's voice said, 'Robin is singing good-bye.'

It was a favourite fancy of Dorothy's, that if the robin sang in the morning he was singing for his breakfast; if he sang at noon, it was for his dinner; and now, she said, he was singing 'good-bye.'

Miss Mary's heart leaped up at the sound of the familiar little voice, and the glance of the dear eyes, and while she was struggling for composure, Dorothy spoke again. 'It is night,' she said, wonderingly, 'and I am in my wee bed; but I have not said my prayers: I think "bless ev'rybody" will just need to do to-night.'

'Bless everybody' was a shortened form of prayer, sanctioned by Miss Stuart for Dorothy's use when her sleepiness got the better of her devotion, and it was that form which she proposed to use now. She folded her hands on her breast, closed her eyes, and repeated her evening prayers, but when she came to 'bless everybody,' old habit prevailed, she discarded the shortened form, and as one household name after another passed her childish lips, Miss Mary bent her head upon her hands with a sinking heart.

'Now cuddle me,' said Dorothy, just as she always did when her prayers were ended, and she stretched out her arms, for she was too weak to raise herself from the pillow.

'Oh, my lammie! My own precious wee bairnie!

The tears fell down Miss Mary's cheeks. Dorothy gazed at her for a moment with the wondering distress of a child who, for the first time, sees a grown-up person weep, and then with a look of perfect comprehension and infinite compassion, she said—

'Don't wet your tears, my Mary.'

Miss Mary struggled hard for calm, and Dorothy spoke once more.

'Please sing "Sorrow and Sighing."'

Oh, hard task! To sing when the heart is breaking, and the bitter tears are waiting to flow; to sing when the light is fading out of life, and God is taking to Himself of our best and our dearest! But Miss Mary could not refuse her darling's last request, and her voice rose sweet and true—'And sorrow and sighing shall flee—shall flee away,' while Dorothy listened with a smile of sweet content.

At the unexpected sound Miss Stuart came, hurrying, and soon all the household stood round the little bed. Sadly they looked their last on the gift which God had given them, and took farewell of the child they had befriended, and when the blue eyes gently closed, and the fluttering breath was still, there arose a sound of weeping, and only Dorothy, safe folded in the Everlasting Arms, smiled calmly on.

'How pleasant are thy paths, O Death!
E'en children after play
Lie down, without the least alarm,
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,
Their little life away.'

CHAPTER VI.

'Then be to us, O dear, lost child!
With beam of love,
A star, death's uncongenial wild
Smiling above!
Soon, soon thy little feet have trode
The skyward path, the seraph's road,
That led thee back from man to God.'—*Delta.*

'Is that all the story? Why, she only lived, and died, and did nothing at all!'

'Yes; and the roses only live and die, and we don't make soup of them, or pickle them in vinegar; yet who will say their fragrant lives do not make ours more fair?'

* * * * * *

The tidings of Dorothy's death was received with universal sorrow by the Gowanside people. Many of them did, indeed, discover that they had known all along that she would die young, still her sudden death seemed to shock and sadden them none the less; and, as they had considerately refrained from expressing their fears while she lived, they enlarged all the more upon them now. Others seemed to think that there was a great deal of mismanagement somewhere—

that things might surely have been arranged differently; and the baker's wife, who had a special *penchant* for Dorothy, even went so far as to hint that one of Mrs. Falconar's bairns could better have been spared, an opinion which Mrs. Falconar would have been slow to endorse, as she caressed her red-haired baby with a deepened sense of its preciousness.

The Miss Stuarts themselves, after the first bitterness of their grief was past, showed that calm resignation to the will of God which is so strong in the Scottish character, and went quietly back to their former pursuits and way of living. They were much touched by the many expressions of sympathy which Dorothy's death called forth, but they did not speak much of her themselves; it was not their way. They laid the dainty little garments which she had worn in her chest-of-drawers, with sprigs of lavender between (it was like a second burial), and her doll and picture-books were placed beside them. The nursery remained untouched, and often during the winter which followed Dorothy's death, Miss Mary climbed the attic stairs, and, standing before the open drawers, turned over one by one the precious relics, till the fast-dropping tears blotted them from her sight, and Poppet, rubbing against her skirts, grew weary of neglect, and retired to the cosy kitchen.

'To think on that blessed bairn mindin' on John James!'

Jean often alluded thus to Dorothy's mention of the gallant sailor in her last prayer, and although Lisbeth sometimes perversely reminded her that the dying child had included Toosey, Poppet, and her doll in the same petition, Jean valued none the less Dorothy's care for her nephew, and trusted somewhat superstitiously to it to keep him safe amid the perils of the sea.

She placed the beautiful photograph of Dorothy, which the Miss Stuarts had given her, beside the daguerreotype of John James, and as she now mingled her stories of the latter with fond praises of the former, she found in Lisbeth a more willing listener than of old.

The Miss Stuarts still live in Gowanside—the four 'old' Miss Stuarts as they are called now, for there are many silver threads in Miss Stuart's hair, and even Miss Flora, as she cautiously admits herself, is not so young as she used to be.

Miss Mary is not married, in spite of the prophecies of the wise women of Gowanside, who confidently predicted that she would marry Admiral Tweedie. Lovers in the bright spring-time of their lives, and through long years of separation, these two are 'only' lovers still, too near to the land where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage to be aught else. Miss Mary has gone back to her invalid ways a good deal; she sits often in her low chair at the parlour window, gazing dreamily at the distant Pentlands; and when the setting sun glints golden on the grass, and the birds are singing their evening hymn, her mind is full of Dorothy, the precious link which binds her to the further shore. And if there is a strain of

sadness in the thought, she hears again the little voice which forbade her to weep, and looks on to the time when God shall wipe away all tears. She does not go out much now, and it is always Miss Peggy who accompanies Toosey and his mistress on their daily walk.

Toosey, poor fellow, is very frail indeed, and has had to be provided with a new coat of warmer material than his old one. It fits well, and is very becoming, but it has not cured his cough. Miss Flora often says that she is afraid he is 'not long for this world,' from which expression we may infer that she hopes to meet with him in a better land—a hope of which, I am sure, those who have had a faithful dog-friend would be very sorry to deprive her.

* * * * * *

'She's no' near sae contradictious as she used to be.'

Mrs. Falconar, who is enjoying a gossip with her next-door neighbour, indicates with a jerk of her head the subject of her remark—Miss Stuart, who is wending her way down the hill towards the village, for she is as active as ever, and there are still 'doingless' mothers, and uncared-for children in Gowanside.

Her business done, she leaves the clustered cottages, and follows the steep winding road which leads to the old churchyard on the hill. There, where the tall elms cast a pleasant shade, where all is peace and quiet, and the voices of the children, playing in the sunny village down below, sound faint and far away, she sits down to rest. A white cross heads a tiny daisy-covered mound.

DOROTHY,

Aged 5 years.

'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord.'

Miss Stuart's eyes rest mechanically on the familiar words, and then wander away to the other names—names of many whose faces were once well known in Gowanside. High and low, young and old, rich and poor, they are sleeping here together, in the bosom of their common mother, until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away. And the sun shines, and the birds sing, and the laughter of children bubbles forth, for flowers spring on graves, and life is born of death, and God is Love.

THE END.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLVIII.

MONMOUTH'S REBELLION.

1685–1686.

PERHAPS the reign of Charles II. may be thus summed up: He came with great abilities and fair intentions, but with habits corrupted by vicious surroundings and principles overthrown by professing to be of one communion, while his faith was with another.

His course under any circumstances would have been hard, but his brother's open Romanism maddened the nation, and made them believe in the Popish plot. He had not courage to withstand their fanatic violence lest his real proclivities should be suspected and cause his ruin, but he was resolved to support his brother's lawful claims to the throne. Therefore he avoided assembling Parliament, and kept himself afloat by French bribes, gradually advancing in power, and at last, when the Rye House plot gave him the opportunity, availing himself of it to destroy those leaders whom he thought most perilous to his throne and to his brother's succession. It was a miserable policy, a miserable time, and the stain long rested on English statesmen.

Charles, the object of so many hopes, all so grievously disappointed, endowed with so many gifts, all thrown away, had reached the term of his trial. He was only fifty-four years old, and full of energy, apparently in strong health, though he did not walk as much as usual, but worked in his laboratory. On the last Sunday of his life, the scene in the evening of February 1st, 1685, at Whitehall, is described by Evelyn—

A game at basset was going on with a bank of at least £2000 in the midst, while the King sat a little apart, with the duchesses of Cleveland, Portsmouth and Mazarin, listening to love-songs sung by a French boy. Already the King was unwell, and had hardly tasted food, and somewhat later, he went to the Duchess of Portsmouth's rooms and asked for some 'spoon meat,' but he could not eat it, and said it was too strong for him. He rose early, but seemed drowsy and confused, stumbling in his speech, and forgetting what he was going to say. At about eight o'clock, as he came out of his dressing-room, he fell into Lord Aylesbury's arms in an apoplectic fit.

Dr. King was in the next room, and having no lancet at hand, opened a vein in the arm with a penknife. The Queen came instantly, and was at once followed by the Duke of York and his wife. They

found the King, purple and distorted in the face, held up in a chair, a hot iron on his head, and his teeth held apart by force.

Presently the Queen made her way to Mary Beatrice and whispered to her, 'Sister, I beseech you to tell the Duke, who knowing the King's sentiments with regard to the Catholic religion as well as I do, to take advantage of some good moments.'

The effort of speaking brought on a hysterical convulsive attack, and poor Catharine had to be carried out of the room. The Duchess had long to wait to speak to her husband, and when she told him, he replied, 'I know it, and think of nothing else,'—all in the wonted spirit of their Church, striving for a death-bed reconciliation.

In a little more than two hours, Charles recovered consciousness and asked for the Queen. She was not yet in a state to come, but sent a message to beg his forgiveness if she had ever offended him. 'Ah! poor lady,' said Charles. 'She beg my pardon! I have much more cause to beg hers.'

She was able to come to him after he had been placed in bed, but she was too much overpowered to speak.

There was a rally during the next two days and the whole city rejoiced sincerely, the bells were rung and bonfires lighted, for there was so much that was lovable about Charles that he had the hearts of his people in spite of his grievous faults; but on the Thursday morning his case became manifestly hopeless. The Archbishop and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Bath and Wells were in attendance, and to the last of these, the saintly Ken, fell the office of warning him that his hours were numbered.

Charles listened calmly, and Ken read the office for the Visitation of the Sick, asking the King if he repented of his sins. He replied by a general expression of contrition and the Bishop gave him the Absolution, asking afterwards if he would receive the Holy Communion. He did not answer, and on the question being repeated more distinctly, he said, 'There was time enough for that.' Preparations were made, but when all was ready, he would only say 'he would think of it.'

The Duke of York meantime was in great perplexity. He was a sincere Roman Catholic himself, and knew his brother's real faith was the same. He believed that Charles's final salvation depended on being received into Communion with his Church, and absolved by her authority. He knew the Queen trusted to him, though she, poor woman, had fallen into another swoon, and was lying unconscious on her bed. The Duchess of Portsmouth, Louise de Querouaille, a true Bretonne in faith, was roaming about the palace in misery, not admitted to the death chamber, and bemoaning to the French Ambassador, Barillon, the difficulty of introducing a priest, among all the Protestant Bishops and courtiers.

One of Burnet's many falsehoods is that she was present, supporting the King, but Barillon's account shows that this was a calumny. There were crowds enough there already, five Bishops,

twenty-five peers and privy councillors, all the ambassadors, the Queen's ladies, the doctors and servants. The poor King, with his wonted courtesy, said once or twice—

'Gentlemen, I am sorry to incommode you by being so long a-dying.'

The oppression of their presence must have been terrible. The two brothers could not speak in confidence to one another, though James was kneeling close to the bed; Barillon requested him to come for a moment into the apartment of the poor Queen, who lay fainting on her bed, and according to the barbarous practice of the time, was just about to be bled. There the ambassador gave the Duchess's message.

'You are right,' said the Duke, 'there is no time to lose, and I will venture everything rather than not do my duty.'

On his return he found the bishops again entreating the King to communicate, and Charles faintly answering that he would consider about it. James then begged them to draw back, knelt down, and putting his lips to his brother's ear, said—

'Sir, you have refused the Sacrament of the Protestant Church; will you receive those of the Catholic?'

'Ah!' said Charles, 'I would give everything in the world to have a priest.'

'I will bring you one,' said the Duke.

'For God's sake, brother, do,' he exclaimed; 'but, ah! will you not be in danger?'

'Sir, though it cost me my life, I will bring you one,' said James, hurrying out in search of Barillon, who undertook to send a priest.

The Queen's chaplains were at hand, but none of them could speak English. However, Father Huddlestone appeared, an aged man, the very same in whose chamber at Moseley, Charles had been hidden thirty-five years before, and had read the book which shook his faith in the English Church. For the sake of his services, the old priest was allowed free entrance everywhere, and was a privileged man as well as a fearless one. Other priests of his communion had been sent for, but none had dared to obey the summons.

One of the Portuguese chaplains provided all that was needful, and James then said to the courtiers: 'Gentlemen, His Majesty requests you all to withdraw, except the Earls of Bath and Feversham.'

This being complied with, Father Huddlestone was brought in through a private door near the bed's head, the Duke saying: 'Sir, I bring you a man who once saved your life, and is now come to save your soul.'

'He is welcome,' faintly said Charles.

He made such confession as he was still capable of, and Huddlestone dictated a brief act of contrition, then absolved him, and gave him the Holy Communion and Extreme Unction. This was manifestly not merely one of those almost unconscious and involuntary recon-

ciliations *in articulo mortis*, so frequent in families of mixed faith, Charles had lived in continual dissembling of his real faith, and was glad to welcome these assurances of the Church that his sins could be pardoned. It is not for us to judge how real was his repentance, and whether his was a saving faith. Only half an hour could be given to these rites, and when the English bishops again urged him to communicate he said he hoped he had made his peace with God. They probably understood what this meant, but he joined fervently in Ken's prayers.

There was a rally, during which he again saw the Queen and asked her pardon; but she was too much agitated to remain with him during the night of suffering that ensued. To James he clung to the last, calling him the best of friends and brothers, while the Duke was in an agony of grief, and promised all he asked, of protection to his sons, and to the Duchess of Portsmouth, and 'not to let poor Nelly starve.'

At six in the morning, he asked to have the curtains drawn that he might see the sun for the last time, and he reminded the attendants that it was the day for winding up his eight-day clock. Soon after pain in the side and difficulty of breathing set in, and by twelve o'clock, the end had come, on the 6th of February, 1685. He was buried in Westminster Abbey on the 14th at midnight, Prince George of Denmark being chief mourner. Catharine of Braganza remained at Whitehall, most affectionately treated by the new King and Queen, and then took up her abode in Somerset House.

In spite of all that had passed, James II. succeeded to the crown without opposition. His first speech to the Privy Council declared his intention of maintaining the Government in Church and State, and said that 'he knew the Church of England was favourable to monarchy, and that he should therefore support it, and he trusted never to invade the rights of any man.' He returned their staves of office to all the ministry, and his declaration which was published gave general satisfaction.

It was only to be expected that he should go to Mass publicly. The Duke of Norfolk, carrying the Sword of State, stopped at the threshold of the Chapel.

'Your lordship's father would have gone farther,' said the King.

'Your Majesty's father would not have gone so far,' returned the Duke.

James was devoid of his brother's charm of manner, and was far more hard and stern in character, but more honest and sincere without the same shiftiness. He was by no means free from the immorality of the Court life, and submitted to the mischievous influence of Catherine Sedley, an ugly, coarse, but witty woman, to whom he resorted, more from habit by this time than from inclination.

The Coronation was a difficulty, as the King and Queen had scruples on being crowned by a Protestant Prelate. Archbishop

Sancroft was equally disturbed, lest the King should prove an enemy to the Church, and a minor trouble was that all the regalia appertaining to the Queen had been destroyed during the rebellion.

These were renewed, and on the King's renewed undertaking not to disturb the rights of the establishment, Sancroft was willing to crown the royal heir on St. George's day, with the wonted ceremonies, but omitting the holy Eucharist. The Crown then made, has ever since been used for Queens consort, and James endeavoured to compensate for its costliness by omitting the royal procession from the Tower to Westminster Abbey. His oath was to preserve the Church as in the time of Edward the Confessor, an oath which he and the Archbishop no doubt interpreted differently. The Crown was too large, and was only kept on his head by Algernon Sidney's brother Henry, who whispered: 'This is not the first time that my family have supported the crown,' a boast that was hardly befitting the last generation of Sidneys.

The ceremonies of the banquet and the champion were observed with full detail, and in honor of the day, eighty debtors and all the prisoners for nonconformity were released, whether Romanists or Dissenters, among them 1500 Quakers.

On the other hand, Titus Oates, who was already in prison, was tried again before Jeffreys, and sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail from Aldgate to Newgate one day, and two days later from Newgate to Tyburn, hands tied, bared to the waist, and flogged with thongs, and to stand in the pillory five days every year. It was a horrible sentence, wretched false witness though he was, and he continued to declare that he had spoken truth, very possibly having actually come to believe in his own inventions, as has often been the case with great liars and calumniators. He survived the whipping, but Dangerfield, who was sentenced to the same frightful progress, made up his mind to die of it, choosing the text of his funeral sermon, and actually expired, it was said, from a blow in the eye from the cane of a barrister, Mr. Robert Frances, who was tried for murder, and executed, public feeling being strong against him.

The new Parliament was chiefly Tory, and met on the 22nd of May. The first news it had to hear was that the banished Earl of Argyle, with a band of rebels, had landed in the Western Isles, and proclaimed him a usurper of the rights of the Duke of Monmouth.

That Duke was at the Hague when the news of his father's death arrived, living on the most friendly terms with the Prince and Princess of Orange. He was heard weeping, sobbing and even shrieking with grief in his bedroom the night after the news arrived. His difficulties were great. His father had always loved him and supplied him with money, but to his uncle he was merely a dangerous rival from whom he could hope for nothing. The Prince of Orange was sorry for him, and perhaps also considered him a rival, but gave him good advice, offering to fit him out with an equipage to

win name and fame in Hungary against the Turks, as Prince Eugene was doing. Monmouth, however, chose to retire to Brussels, accompanied by Henrietta, Baroness Wentworth of Nettlestede in her own right, whom, in the jargon of self-deceivers, he called his wife in the sight of Heaven. There he lived for a short time till English and Scottish exiles persuaded him to strike a stroke for the crown, and the unhappy lady fanned his ambition, and used her estates to provide the means.

These perils were announced by James to his Parliament. There was a shout of '*Vive le Roi*,' and James retired encouraged.

Argyle had met a large number of the exiles of England and Scotland who all took refuge in Holland, and who were agreed that something should be done to overthrow the new sovereign. Whether Argyle meant to act in concert with Monmouth is not clear. At any rate he believed that not only his own Campbells but all the Whigs of Scotland would be ready to rise against the tyranny they had suffered, though the prudent Sir Patrick Hume and Sir John Cochrane represented that most of the other Highlanders were the enemies of the Campbells, and that he would be at a distance from such of the Lowlanders as might be likely to co-operate.

However, Argyle obtained three ships in Holland and embarked with about 300 men, with whom he landed at Campbeltown on the peninsula of Kantyre, and sent the fiery cross through his clan. They rose as one man to the number of about 1000, and he had besides accompanying him two civilians, called commissioners, Rumbold and Ayliffe, Englishmen implicated in the Rye House Plot.

These men considered themselves to be bound to control the proceedings of the army, and this naturally led to dissension and delay. Argyle wished to attack the garrison in his own Castle of Inverary, but contrary to his own judgment was persuaded to march into the Lowlands. The Cameronians refused to march further south, and in the meantime his three ships were taken and burnt, nor would the Lowlanders rise.

He now decided on trying to attack Glasgow, but as he passed through the wild country between Loch Lomond and Loch Long, he was constantly harassed by the royal troops under the Marquis of Athol, and the Commissioners would not let him attack them lest there should be regular soldiers among them. It was decided to try to slip by them in the night, leaving innumerable fires in the camp to deceive them, and to make for Glasgow.

But by mischance or treachery, the guides led the unfortunate army wrong, and daybreak showed that it was near Kilpatrick, far away from Glasgow, and it had moreover melted away to barely 500. There was no alternative but to disperse—each man trying to reach home as best he might—Argyle, covered with a carter's frock, and with a single follower, sought shelter in the house of a former servant where he was ungratefully shut out. He then made for Inchinnan-

ford, across the Clyde, his friend, on seeing that they were pursued, waiting so as to occupy the attention of the enemy while he reached the river; but there let his horse go, and waded through on foot. Some militiamen on the other side concluded that he was no true carter, and attacked him as he landed. As he was struck down, he exclaimed 'Unfortunate Argyle!' and they learnt the value of their prisoner.

He was brought into Edinburgh as Montrose had been, bareheaded, with an unsaddled horse and the hangman preceding him. It was decided by the Council at Edinburgh to execute him on his former sentence as a leasing maker and depraver of the laws, instead of giving him a fresh trial for rebellion, and he was beheaded by the Maiden, a sort of guillotine. Twenty gentlemen of his clan likewise suffered; lands were laid waste, and hundreds of his people sent to work in the West Indies, the men, with one ear cut off, the women branded.

Rumbold was taken by a party of royalists and executed, and at the same time, a number of persons obnoxious on account of their religious peculiarities, were decided to be dangerous to the State, and shut up in the dismal Castle of Dunottar, where once the Regalia had been saved, on a rock almost surrounded by the sea. Here 160 persons, including women and children, were packed into a single dungeon vault, with one window towards the ocean, and no bedding and provisions save what they purchased. There were crevices in the wall into which the fingers of the refractory were wedged; and, if attempts to escape over the rocks were made, they were punished by lighted matches being tied between the fingers. Many died, and others suffered horribly from disease. After six weeks, the test was offered to them, and those who accepted were released, while the rest were transported to the West Indies.

In the meantime, the Duke of Monmouth had begun his invasion. He had hoped to start immediately after his father's death; but his preparations delayed him four months. He got together at the Texel about 80 officers and 150 Scotch and English, including Lord Grey and Sir Patrick Hume. The English Ambassador, learning what was going on, applied to the Prince of Orange, who sent orders to Amsterdam that the expedition should be detained; but the city authorities eluded the command by saying that the ships were chartered for the Canaries, and without proof positive that they were destined for England, they could not be prevented from sailing.

William was not likely to be in favour of Monmouth, since the claims of his own wife were put in jeopardy; and he sent his father-in-law three Scotch regiments in his service; but both he and the States refused to give up the numerous English refugees who were living in Holland.

It was six days before the capture of Argyle, that, on the 11th of June, Monmouth landed at Lyme Regis, in Dorsetshire, at about 9 on a beautiful evening. The Duke knelt down and returned thanks;

the militia in the town ran away; the townspeople shouted 'a Monmouth! a Monmouth!' and a proclamation was put forth by a Scotch minister, Fergusson, in which he declared that the Duke of York was endeavouring to overthrow the English Church and State, and to bring in Popery, also of having caused the Fire of London and the Popish Plot, of murdering Godfrey and Essex, and poisoned the King, all which accusations Monmouth knew to be utterly false, and only allowed to be inserted for the sake of inflaming the populace.

In this he succeeded. The previous summer had been hot and dry, the winter very severe, and the spring had been devoid of rain; there was much distress and discontent, and the people charged their sufferings upon the Popish King. To them Monmouth, handsome, graceful and winning, appeared the princely heir dispossessed by his cruel uncle, and come to deliver the country from tyranny and the Popery indelibly associated in their minds with the fires of Smithfield and the Gunpowder Plot, and which the Huguenot refugees from the oppressions of Louis XIV. showed to be still full of the spirit of persecution.

No less than 1500 men on foot and a few horsemen flocked round him the day after his landing, from Dorsetshire and the adjacent parts of Devonshire, and no troops were near but 300 militia stationed at Bridport. Monmouth sent out Lord Grey to attack them, and these behaved with spirit, while their leader, in a panic came galloping back to Lyme, declaring that they were defeated.

'What shall we do to Lord Grey?' asked Monmouth.

'You are the only general in Europe who would ask such a question," was the answer.

The Duke however durst not offend the man of highest rank who had joined him, nor alarm his followers by an example of severity, so he left Grey in command of his cavalry. In point of fact, the so-called cavalry were for the most part mounted on rough untrained colts from the marshes, which would neither obey the rein nor stand fire, so that Monmouth probably knew that the fault might not be that of the commander, and his ablest man, Fletcher of Saltoun, had (fortunately for himself), to be sent away from the army on board a ship on account of having shot a gentleman named Dare on a quarrel about a war horse.

The Duke of Albemarle was at Exeter training militia, and marched them out, but found them so untrustworthy, that he retreated; and Monmouth, instead of following him, proceeded to Taunton where his welcome was very warm, not only from the mayor and corporation, but from a number of the inhabitants. Sixty young ladies, earnest in the cause, and full of the romance of the oppressed nephew, and hatred of Popery, appeared in white dresses, strewing flowers, and on their knees presenting him with a Bible and with a standard embroidered by their own needles.

Here, Monmouth, inflated by his reception, took the fatal step of

proclaiming himself King, as the legitimate son of Charles II., by which means he deprived himself of all chance of aid from Holland, as this excluded his cousin Mary, the next heiress, and offended many Englishmen who looked to her and her prudent husband as their future hope.

He then applied himself to drilling his army of rough husbandmen, a work that could not be done in a short time, and prevented the chances of surprising the King's forces. The militia were mustering under their Lord Lieutenants to oppose him, Louis Ducas, the French but Protestant Lord Feversham, commanded 2500 men, and the Blues were under Colonel Churchill, who had been created a baron.

Meantime, King Monmouth, as he was called, advanced upon Bristol; but the Duke of Beaufort, with the militia, were so formidable, that he gave up this intention, and marched away to Keynsham, and thence from one place to another in Somersetshire, in incessant rain, which made him lose many stragglers in the bad roads and muddy fields, while the supporters of higher rank whom he expected failed to come in. His spirits began to sink, and when he heard the news of Argyle's failure, his courage became lower, and some of his party even proposed to escape and leave the unfortunate army to its fate. However, it was decided to endeavour to reach Cheshire and Shropshire, where he had made such a triumphal progress a few years previously.

The royal troops under Feversham were dogging him, and on the night of the 5th of July were encamped on Sedgemoor, a dreary open marshy moor, intersected by ditches, called rhines. Monmouth decided on attacking them at night, and mustered his forces at Bridgewater, at eleven o'clock at night, giving express orders that not a musket was to be fired till they had reached the enemies' lines. On the Sunday, the Nonconformist pastors preached to the insurgents. Fergusson's text was actually, 'If it be in rebellion or in transgression against the Lord, save us not this day!'

Rebellion indeed it was, most wrong-headed, deluded rebellion, though, alas! the poor fellows who joined in it, were most of them individually better men than the savage soldiery who defended the crown. Grey was still in command of the horse, and when reminded of his behaviour at Bridport, Monmouth said: 'I will not affront my Lord Grey, and what I have given him in charge is easy to be executed.' Monmouth would not have said so if he had been properly informed of the rhine in front of the camp. It brought Grey to a standstill, a pistol shot woke the royalists to resistance, and the untrained cavalry galloped away. Colonel Wade tried to cross; but his men fired wildly in the dark, the royal artillery opened on them, and the rebel cavalry could not be brought to charge them. The troops sallied out of the camp, and carried all before them, though the poor countrymen fought stoutly with scythes and axes.

Grey told Monmouth that all was lost, and they rode away together,

without a word to the unhappy throng they left behind them, closely pursued by the pitiless Colonel Kirke, who only overtook to slay; 1500 were killed, 500 made prisoners.

Kirke's regiment had served at Tangier against the Mahometans. They had a Paschal Lamb on their colours, and were therefore called Kirke's lambs; they were thought to have learnt cruelty among the Moors, and certainly the savagery with which they hunted down the fugitives, wherever any had taken shelter, was most frightful, and unprecedented on English soil.

Monmouth at first had ridden for Wales, but on the persuasion of his evil genius Grey, turned towards the New Forest. There, on the 7th of July, two days after the battle, Grey was taken in a peasant's disguise, and the next morning a Brandenburger officer, who confessed that he had only lately parted from the Duke.

After a close search, the miserable man was found, crouched under long fern and grass in a ditch, dressed as a peasant, and with a few peas in his pocket, besides a book in his own handwriting, of spells, charms, receipts and prayers, and another on fortification. Utterly exhausted in body and mind, he was taken to Ringwood, whence he wrote a piteous and abject letter to the King, imputing his rebellion to the ill-advice of 'horrid people,' and earnestly begging for an interview. He also wrote to Queen Catherine, who had always been kind to him, to entreat her to intercede for him, as she did with all her heart.

On their arrival in London, Monmouth and Grey were both taken to Whitehall, and separately brought with pinioned arms to Chiffinch's apartment, where James was attended by Sunderland and Middleton, the two Secretaries of State. Nothing is known of what passed between the uncle and nephew, except from James's own letter to the Prince of Orange, and a hearsay narrative of Bishop Kennet's. James says: 'The Duke of Monmouth seemed more concerned and desirous to live, and did not behave himself so well as I expected from one who had taken himself to be King.'

Kennet represents him as crawling to James's knees, and piteously entreating the King, and likewise declares that he was arrogantly insulted by the Queen; but it is quite certain that Mary Beatrice was not present at all.

A bill of attainder had been passed in Parliament on his first landing, and this was held to make any trial unnecessary. His execution was fixed on the second day after the interview, the 13th of July. He had made himself too dangerous to be spared, and was so popular that haste might be necessary to obviate some rising; but it was a harsh measure. That last day was even more melancholy than were most of such times. For years past, Monmouth had forsaken his wife, the heiress of Buccleuch, whose name of Scott he and his children bore, taking in her stead Lady Wentworth. He now refused to see her, declaring that she had

gone to plays and assemblies while he was in trouble; but in order to spare his children from any danger from his royal pretensions, he signed a declaration of his own illegitimacy.

The King appointed Tennison, Ken, and Turner, Bishops of London, Bath and Wells, and Ely, to prepare him for death; but they could not obtain from him any recognition of the sin, the example of which had been set by his father, though they strove hard to bring him to what they could not but think needful to saving repentance. He said he was sorry for the bloodshed he had caused, and in general for his sins. 'May God in His mercy forgive you,' they said; and they further begged him to say a few words to the people from the scaffold, owning the sin of rebellion; but he said, 'No speeches—no speeches; I come here to die.'

The executioner lost nerve, and made three ineffectual strokes, then cried: 'I cannot go on with this business;' but was goaded on by the sheriffs till the deed was done! The populace, who had always admired Monmouth, were horrified, and exalted him into a Protestant martyr; indeed, the Somerset peasantry erected 'King Monmouth' into one of the mythical heroes destined to reappear with good times. Lord Grey was allowed a respite for life, which he was believed to have purchased for £40,000.

Far less guilty victims were suffering. Feversham, a Frenchman, had hanged twenty persons after the battle, as he seized them; Kirke, nineteen; and violence and pillage prevailed wherever their troops were quartered, only heavy bribes obtaining any kind of security during the whole month that Kirke was in command, though Bishop Ken did his best for his people, sending relief to those in prison, and pleading for them with all his might.

James, however, was in a vindictive mood. He had made up his mind that his father's fate was owing to want of judicious severity, and that instead of trimming, as his brother had done, he had better begin by causing terror. Sir George Jeffreys was Chief Justice, and was sent on a special assize into the West, guarded by soldiers; and thus was a very tiger let loose.

The first city was Winchester. Here almost the only case, and by far the most noted, was that of Alice, the widow of Major John Lisle, the regicide, one of Cromwell's lord high commissioners, the same who had been assassinated in Switzerland; but she was loyal, and had remained at home. Living in the New Forest, she was much respected for her religious and charitable habits, and was by this time a very aged woman. She had, unfortunately, sheltered in her house a Nonconformist minister named Hickes, but as soon as she learnt that he had been with Monmouth's army, she had given him secret warning to escape, while she gave information to the nearest magistrate.

For this she was brought to trial at Winchester, and Jeffreys showed himself furiously malignant against her, in a way for which

it is not easy to account, unless it was for her name, and because she was the first victim in his way. Hickes had not been taken, and it was with great difficulty in finding evidence that he had been with the rebels. Lady Lisle—as the popular voice called her—was allowed no counsel; but she argued for herself that unless he had been tried and found guilty, she could not justly be tried for harbouring him, and indeed her only son had joined the royal standard against the invaders.

Nothing, however, availed her. Jeffreys summed up in his most savage and abusive manner, and stormed at the jury for retiring. The foreman when they came back said that the evidence was not clear that she knew that Hickes had been with the army. Jeffreys then grew more furious, declared it was certain, forbade further speech, and when the jury had thus been baited into finding a verdict of guilty, he pronounced sentence that she should be burnt alive, the legal penalty of treason in women not noble.

Strong interest was made for the good and pious lady, Lord Feversham himself interceding; but James said he had pledged himself to the Chief Justice not to pardon her, and he only commuted her sentence into beheading. She walked calmly to the place of execution, and with her last breath prayed for the King. Hickes was afterwards taken and executed.

At Salisbury there were only a few whippings for indiscreet words; but at Dorchester the gaol was overflowing with the deluded men who had risen on Monmouth's landing. There were hundreds to try, and Jeffreys was in haste, having heard of Lord Keeper Guildford's death, and the assurance of the Great Seal to himself. So to save time, he gave out that the persons who pleaded guilty should find him a merciful judge. Mistrusting his tender mercies, a smaller proportion than he expected did so, and of those who pleaded 'not guilty,' he hanged thirteen the next day, including the constable of Chardstock, for having been robbed of a sum of money for the payment of the militia by Monmouth's men. When this man attempted a defence, the judge exclaimed: 'Villain, I see thee with a halter round thy neck!'

Whether pleading guilty or not guilty, 292 were sentenced the next day, of whom seventy-four were executed, and in their own villages, where their ghastly remains were exposed.

At Exeter *only* thirty-three suffered; but Somersetshire was in terrible case, in spite of the exertions of Bishop Ken. There were 1100 citations for high treason altogether, between Wells and Taunton, and at the latter place the twenty-six poor girls who had embroidered the banner, were kept in a loathsome dungeon till their friends compounded for them by heavy fines, which were actually presented to the Queen's maids of honour, as the price of their intercession. 239 persons were executed, others sent in herds to the West Indies. Bristol was the last place in this 'Bloody Assize.'

There were only three cases of treason here; but Jeffreys had the satisfaction of bullying the mayor and aldermen, coarsely and passionately, but not undeservedly, for their custom of selling convicted felons to the planters in the West Indies.

Jeffreys was often half drunk, and was in bad health, so as sometimes hardly to know what he said; and his barbarities were the most frightful ever committed in the name of the law: 330 executions altogether, 800 transportations and heavy fines, or rather briberies, from those who escaped.

Brutal as was Jeffreys, it is impossible to acquit the King of permitting these atrocities knowingly. The one seems to have enjoyed them; the other to have been actuated by that cruelty which is born of terror, and to have imagined his best policy to be a severity, the actual effect of which he perhaps hardly realised. Jeffreys himself said that his instructions were more terrible than his sentences; and that in the main he was approved, was shown by his being promoted to be Lord Chancellor and Baron of Wem. His own father refused to see him, so shocked was his family at his cruelties, and the appointment was the more scandalous that he had a very slight knowledge of his profession. Old Serjeant Maynard, who was past eighty, the most experienced of lawyers, and called the father of the bar, was the only person who could ever put his bullying temper down for a moment. Once, when Jeffreys had rudely reproached him with being so old as to have forgotten the law, the serjeant answered: 'True, Sir George, I have forgotten more law than you ever learnt.'

The miserable rebellion entailed a few more prosecutions. Another poor lady was actually burnt in London—Mrs. Gaunt, of Wapping—for assisting a fugitive to escape. She died like a martyr, declaring she had obeyed the precepts of the Gospel, which bade her shelter the wanderer and outcast.

The rebellion had really strengthened James's hands considerably. The regiments he had brought over from Holland had been only volunteers raised on speculation in England for William's service on condition of their return if needed. These were now added to the few troops of guards, infantry, and dragoons, who had been maintained by Charles II. for special services, such as the guarding his person and palaces, garrisoning the fortresses in England and at Tangier, and reducing the Scottish Covenanters. It was James's desire to keep together this regular army and add to it; but almost the whole country was against his doing so. The recollection of the dominion of Cromwell's army was still fresh and galling, and these soldiers were far worse men, and worse tyrants than the stern but moral and orderly Ironsides. As there were no barracks, they were quartered for the most part in public-houses, and often made themselves very offensive to the neighbourhood. Besides, there was a strong suspicion that such a force in the King's hand might be used to

bring in Popery, and this sentiment was fanned by the report of a sermon by the French Bishop of Valence, in which Louis XIV. was praised as not only putting down heresy himself, but encouraging his brother monarch to do the same.

The gentlemen fancied the militia, raised from their tenants, and officered by themselves, was sufficient for defence against invasion, and when asked what it could do against regular troops, they brought in and passed a bill for its better training and greater efficiency, much to the King's displeasure. However, with the supply they granted him, together with the property of the Crown, and the money which Louis continued to send him, he kept his army on foot; and though the Test Act excluded Roman Catholics from command, he admitted them by his dispensing power. He was thus at this juncture nearer despotic power than any English Sovereign had been, when he dismissed his first and only Parliament.

ALL SAINTS.

'In Thee we commune with the spotless sheep,
Whom Thou hast folded in Thine arms to sleep,
Our loved ones whom Thou lovest, safe and blest
With Thy dear angels in unbroken rest.
They sleep, but the heart waketh: still in Thee,
They wait the fulness of Thy grace to see,
All danger past, all pain and conflict o'er,
But longing for the life that dies no more.'

—*E. W. Eddis.*

With one consent the Church has agreed in setting apart a day for the commemoration of her saints, though she does not everywhere keep the same day. The Greeks dedicate the octave of Pentecost to the memory of All Saints, and contend that this was the universal practice in ancient times. But though it is quite true that this day was not generally observed as the Feast of the Blessed Trinity until comparatively modern times—that is, about the beginning of the fifteenth century—there is no evidence that it was ever kept as All Saints' day in the West.

Who first appointed the 1st of November for the commemoration of All Saints, seems doubtful; some say Boniface IV., while others assert that he appointed it in memory of martyrs only, and that Gregory III. in 731 first included All Saints in the observance. By some the feast is said to have been instituted by Boniface III., and first enjoined upon all the churches by Boniface IV.; and another account says that it was instituted by Boniface IV. when he purified the Pantheon, and dedicated it to the Blessed Virgin Mary and the holy martyrs.

Whatever its origin, the festival seems to have been observed in England before the ninth century, as it is contained in a martyrology of Bede; and surely we all feel that it is according to the mind of Christ that we should remember His saints before Him. For, 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints,' 'the memory of the just is blessed,' and 'the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.'

It is good for us to think of them, not only that we may be stirred to greater zeal by their examples, and encouraged in our pilgrimage by the remembrance that they also were men of like passions with ourselves, having the same temptations to struggle with, the same sorrows to bear, and that the same grace by which they overcame is also freely given to us. But we remember them also that we may

praise and glorify God for the great grace and many gifts which He has bestowed upon them. Their light shines brightly, illumining many a dark page of this world's history, or, oftener still, seen only by the very few among whom they lived their quiet lives, unnoticed by the world; and, seeing their good works, we glorify our Father in heaven, who has wrought all their works in them. Looking at them, we learn also to know more of Him, for it is His image which they reflect, it is His life which they manifest. 'Every good gift and every perfect gift,' which we admire and reverence in them; 'Whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report [or gracious], if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise,' it is from Him and 'His alone.' 'Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy Name? For Thou only art holy.'

We thank God for them—for their good examples, for His manifestation of Himself through them, and we think of them with deep gratitude also, because, directly or indirectly, they have been the instruments by which spiritual blessings have been conveyed to us. We think of all the faithful witnesses through whom God's revelation has been handed down in ages past; especially of those by whom the Word of God has been given 'to whom it was revealed that not unto themselves, but unto us they did minister.' And among those to whom our grateful remembrance is especially due, surely she deserves a foremost place, to whom such faith was given, who was so replenished with grace that she should become the mother of the Lord; she who was found 'meet for the Master's use,' who, when He called, could answer, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me according to Thy word.'

And further, our gratitude is due to the saints, because they not only have handed down to us the record of the truth, but have been the channels through which the very truth itself and the power of it have been communicated to us in one continuous stream of life. Through them Christ has communicated Himself to each successive generation, and at last to us, grafting us all into Himself and making us to be one Body in Him. We have received our very life through them; and how much besides! Truly it may be said to us as to the Israelites of old, 'I have given you a land for which ye did not labour, and cities which ye built not, and ye dwell in them; of the vineyards and oliveyards which ye planted not, do ye eat.'

Good reason indeed have we to venerate the memories of the faithful departed, and to remember the patriarchs of old and all the prophets, not forgetting him who was 'more than a prophet,' the forerunner of the Lord, and all who served God before His coming. We remember her who was for ever called blessed because she

believed, and all through whom such benefits have come to us in the dispensation of the Gospel: the holy apostles and prophets, the evangelists and pastors; the holy bishops, priests and deacons; the blessed martyrs and confessors; all holy men and women, all who have served God in life and remained faithful unto death; all our fathers, our brethren and our children we remember, commending their spirits unto Him, and praying in the ancient words of the Church: 'May they rest in Thy peace, and awake to a joyful resurrection.'

For our commemoration of All Saints is very imperfect if it lead us to dwell only on the past. We 'believe in the communion of saints,' in our fellowship with all the saints, all who are called by the name of Christ, not only the living, but also the departed. For they are not cut off from the one Body; they are 'with Christ,' still one with Him and He with them, still in the communion of the saints, in the communion of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

We are told very little about their condition, save that they 'sleep in Jesus,' and that sleep we know must be sweet; but we cannot think that this rest is a state of unconsciousness, for all the glimpses which we have behind the veil are against the supposition. The parable of Dives and Lazarus, though no doubt figurative, still shows us the separated spirits as being in a condition of consciousness. Our Lord's promise to the penitent thief, 'To-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise,' would be meaningless if the spirit were to be utterly unconscious, wherever it was; and how could the apostle 'long to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better,' if the condition to which he looked forward was one of entire forgetfulness and death of the spirit, for the time being, as well as of the body? When he was caught away into Paradise, he heard unspeakable words, which it was not possible to utter, and whether he himself was in the body or out of the body, he could not tell. And again in the Apocalypse, S. John tells us that he saw 'the souls of them that were slain for the Word of God,' 'and they cried with a loud voice saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost Thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?' 'God is not a God of the dead, but of the living'; and our communion with our departed brethren in Christ is a communion with those who live in Christ unto God by the power of the Holy Ghost, 'for whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord: whether we live therefore, or die, we are the Lord's.'

We believe, therefore, that the departed saints rest in peace, and abide, as the Burial Service has it, in 'joy and felicity,' though the manner and extent of their consciousness we do not understand. But we know that they are still one with us, that for them as for us there is 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all.'

'One life-blood flows through all from Thee, our Head,
O Saviour of the living and the dead.
Thy living saints on earth, Thy saints who sleep,
Their holy day of love together keep;
Around the blessèd altar still they meet,
In fond remembrance and communion sweet.

One Church, before the throne of God they bend,
And all their fervent hopes and longings blend.
Those who have knelt together side by side,
Where one eternal fount their wants supplied,
Whose hearts are sealed with one eternal name,
In these blest bonds eternal union claim.'—*E. W. Eddis.*

But we do not stop here; if we have communion in the one Body and the one Spirit, we also share in the 'one hope of our calling'—the same hope which was given to comfort Eve, the hope which cheered Enoch when he said, 'Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His saints,' the hope which sustained Abraham and the patriarchs, the prophets and kings who desired to see the things which we see and have not seen them, who died in faith, not having received the promises, but having saluted them afar off, 'God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.' 'David is not ascended into the heavens,' though we cannot doubt that he rests 'in hope'; Job could say, 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come,' 'For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth and . . . . in my flesh shall I see God, Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another;' and Job is waiting still. Abraham, who 'rejoiced to see His day,' and was glad when he saw it afar off; the prophets who spoke and wrote of that day, and all the saints and martyrs of every age, with those whom we have ourselves personally known and loved, are all waiting, waiting in hope, but with earnest longing, beside which our own seems but cold and faint. For have we not, though anxious for our own personal salvation, lost sight of the Body of Christ and forgotten that it is only as one Body, and not as individuals, that we can be received into glory?

Blessed, indeed, are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours; but that rest is not the fulfilment of their hope, for they are still waiting to be perfected—waiting to receive again their bodies fashioned like unto His glorious Body, from Him Who alone is the 'Saviour of the body' as well as of the soul; waiting to see all things put under His feet, and the last enemy destroyed; waiting for the bruising of the serpent's head, and the removal of the curse from the earth; waiting for the deliverance of the whole creation; waiting for the 'times of refreshing,' and the restitution of all things. Whatever else is hidden from us concerning their state, this one thing we know—that they are longing for the time, and that their longings, however expressed, are heard by Him 'for

Whom every wish has a voice.' We sometimes grieve that there is nothing left that we can do for our dear dead when we have laid them to rest, and to wait for the morning of the resurrection. But is it so indeed? Can we not share their hope and their longings? And cannot we too give them utterance, and so join with them in hastening the time when God shall send forth Him Whom He will send, when the saints departed shall be raised, and we which are alive shall be caught up to meet Him, and so shall ever be with Him? Can we not—especially on this day, when we commemorate All Saints—use again the words of the Burial Service, thanking God that He has taken them to His rest, and beseeching Him 'that it may please Him of His gracious goodness, shortly to accomplish the number of His elect, and to hasten His kingdom; that we, with all those who are departed in the true faith of His holy Name, may have our perfect consummation and bliss, both in body and soul, in His eternal and everlasting glory.'

In speaking of the saints, we have confined ourselves to the departed, which is what we are, perhaps, most of us, too much inclined to do. We have, commonly, few harsh thoughts for the dead; we forget their failings, and we see their good qualities so much more plainly now than we did while they were with us, that the name of saints seems more appropriate to them now than it did then. But this is the commemoration of *All* Saints; of those who are with us, as well as of those who are with God. 'Called to be saints' is said of us *all*, and the Gospel shows us who are saints indeed, who are the truly blessed now, and who shall be comforted, and shall obtain mercy, and shall see God, when oppression, and wrong, and robbery shall have ceased; when they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; when the 'Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;' when 'the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever.'

For all saints, living or departed, there is but the one hope still, and whether we think of these or of those, surely we have ample reason to unite in longing for its accomplishment.

Meanwhile, in this time of waiting, we have much to cheer and encourage us; and

> 'We grow together in Thy grace divine,
> One Body, with one hope, for all are Thine;
> And by Thy life within them they shall hear
> Thy wakening voice, and in Thy light appear:
>
> When all Thy saints shall see Thee as Thou art,
> And meet in Thee with joy, no more to part;
> And in the morning of Thy Sabbath day,
> Our God Himself shall wipe our tears away.'—*E. W. Eddis.*

S. G.

ST. MARGARET'S MISSION, VENTNOR, I. W.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—

Will you kindly allow me to plead the cause of a struggling but very deserving Mission? Much has been written and said about the beauties of Ventnor, in fact, it has been brought before the public in every aspect, save one, that is as regards its churches. Here, whatever other advantages it may boast, it must sink into the background beside such places as Bournemouth, Torquay, and others. Ventnor has two churches: the parish Church, St. Catherine (a modern structure some fifty years old, and presenting no feature of interest whatever), is mostly pew-rented, and the district parish Church of Holy Trinity, built twenty-five years ago by the munificence of three ladies, is a neat stone structure, calling forth no enthusiasm from the lover of church architecture, and also is to a great extent pew-rented. St. Margaret's Mission Church, of which I wish to speak more fully, is an iron building, situated in St. Catherine's parish, in what is locally known as Upper Ventnor. The Mission was begun some six years ago to meet a crying need, existing in this part of the parish, which was a sort of no-man's-land. It was too far from Ventnor for the inhabitants, nearly all of whom are quite poor people, to attend the services at St. Catherine's, where, moreover, they could not have afforded themselves the luxury of a pew, and it was likewise too far for the parochial clergy to do their duty in visiting their distant parishioners.

So the Vicar of the parish founded this much-needed mission district, and placed it in the hands of the present curate in charge, the Rev. R. Ussher, who has worked untiringly (and this from the pure love of God, *there being no stipend whatever attached to the Mission*), and has won the confidence and affection from people of all shades of conviction.

The services were at first held in a small stone building (now the National School of the district), and being frequent, bright, and thoroughly congregational, soon overcame the prejudices of the people. This meant of course that the congregation soon outgrew the stone building. By subscription, sufficient funds were collected to build the present iron church, consisting of nave and chancel. The fact of every seat being entirely free, has gone far to engender the feeling from the outset of the Mission, that there is one common religion for rich and poor, where all meet on equal ground. The church seats 250 people.

The church is bright and well-appointed with every necessary for Divine Service, and considering that it is at the farthest point of the parish, its services are thoroughly well attended. The church has wound itself so entirely into the affections of the people, that all are ready—specially a branch of the C. E. W. M. S.—to do their very utmost in furthering the good cause. There is a flourishing Sunday-school, several guilds in connection with the Church, the annual confirmation classes are well attended, and, in fact, all the machinery of a well-organised town parish is at work here. Those who can remember the past history of this district look on in wonder at the change which has been effected in the past six years.

It has long been the earnest work of the Vicar, the curate in charge, and the laity to make this district into a separate ecclesiastical district, and the Bishop of the diocese in a letter says, 'it is a very desirable object;' indeed, were his Lordship the only one to be consulted it would already be 'un fait accompli,' but, unfortunately for us, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for England have to be taken into account, which means, in plain English, that some one must place in their hands a sufficient sum to provide a permanent stipend for the clergyman.

This sum we are trying *our very hardest* to raise, but without some help from outside, we feel we cannot succeed, for all our people are really poor, and, moreover, we feel that were our Vicar removed by death or any other cause, a new Vicar might not take the same interest in this good work.

The welfare of this interesting Mission appeals most strongly to all those who have directly, or in the persons of their relatives, received the blessing of health from a residence in this part of the Isle of Wight, but from each and all alike, *we earnestly beg for some help, however small, to cheer us on.* Surely some kind friends on the mainland will take pity on our hard-working, struggling Mission in this corner of our little island.

Contributions to our fund will be most thankfully received and acknowledged by the writer of this letter.

Address, H. BRIGHAM, Esq., Dynevor, Upper Ventor, I. W.

PAPERS ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

V.

1625–1700.

THE period now before us is one of violent contrasts and important changes; it witnessed new departures in the drama, in poetry, and in prose, no less than in political institutions, and its literature faithfully reflects the varied passions, the fierce political animosity, the hatred of tyranny and of anarchy, the loyalty to old ideas, and the enthusiasm for new ones, by which the nation was for many years divided into factions. The sour gloom of the Puritans, and their deep stern sense of religion; the noble constancy of the Cavaliers in times of trouble, and their wild licence on the return of prosperity; these exercised in turn their influence upon literature; add to such factors the emulation of French writers (which began about the time of the exile of the English Court), together with the powerful stimulus of scientific research and discovery, and it is manifest that the epoch could not fail to be one of exceptional interest and importance.

At the accession of Charles I., in 1625, Ben Jonson was still king of the literary world, though his best plays had been written, and the stage was chiefly supplied by Webster, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley. The greatest living prose writer was Lord Bacon, now within a year of his death; while in poetry the field was held by a class of writers known indiscriminately as the 'metaphysical poets,' the 'fantastics,' and the 'later Euphuists.' These last, whose peculiar characteristics were shared by, and, perhaps, partly derived from, the Spaniards, Gongóra and Marino, were writers who aimed, above all things, at the production of strange and unlooked-for effects, to be obtained by far-fetched similes, startling metaphor, and continual play upon words. Dr. Donne (1573–1631) was, perhaps, the first of the school in England, and his writings, published two years after his death, abound in laboured quaintnesses or conceits, as the term then was. In one of his poems good men are compared to telescopes—

> 'For by their living here
> Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near.'

In another a lady's tear equals a whole world; and in a third, her soul being typified by gold—

> 'Her body was th' electrum and did hold
> Many degrees of that.'

This last specimen, however, is followed by one of the really beautiful and striking similes for which Donne is famous—

'Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought.'

Among Donne's many followers may be mentioned Thomas Carew, who alludes to him as—

'A king who ruled as he thought fit
The Universal monarchy of wit.'

Carew himself was cupbearer to King Charles, and doubtless owed to official attendance at court banquets some of his similes; for example, the following, on the close of winter—

'At morn the frost
Candies the grass or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake or crystal stream.'

He was, however, an excellent lyric poet, as was his contemporary Robert Herrick, and both of them were in early life members of the Tribe of Ben, and attended those famous meetings at the 'Dog' and the 'Triple Tun.' Herrick received his education at Cambridge; he took orders, and was appointed to a Devonshire living, of which he was deprived when the political troubles began. His two collections of poems, the *Noble Numbers*, consisting chiefly of religious poetry, and the *Hesperides*, lyrics, idylls, and epigrams, were published in 1648, and he has ever since held a high place in our literature for lyric sweetness, for classic flavour, and a certain spirituality, which makes him akin to George Herbert and Vaughan. His poems are redolent of old English country life, with its wassailings, and wakes, its may-poles and morris dances; while, at the same time, they are full of the spirit of Theocritus and Virgil. As a specimen of his shorter lyrics, may be given the little *Prayer to Ben Jonson*—

'When I a verse shall make,
Know I have prayed thee
For old religion's sake,
Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me
When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee on my knee
Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee
And a new altar,
And thou Saint Ben shalt be
Writ in my Psalter.'

Sir John Suckling (1608–1642), and Richard Lovelace (1618–1658), are typical Cavalier poets of the same school. Both were

Poetical Blossoms, published in 1633, *Love's Riddle*, a comedy (1638), the *Mistress* (1647), and the *Pindarique Odes* (1656). As to style, he was, in his love poetry, a fantastic of the fantastics, as may be seen from the specimens at the end of Dr. Johnson's biography of him, among which is the celebrated comparison of his heart to an explosive, which, he threatens, if it come into the same room as his lady-love—

> 'Will tear and blow up all within,
> Like a grenado shot into a magazine.'

He was, however, also the inventor of the English Pindaric ode—a form of composition which, with its long, irregular stanza and lines of varied lengths, produced at times an effect of great power and solemnity, as in the ode *To Mr. Hobbes*, and that on Brutus, but too often deserved the praise bestowed on it by Dr. Sprat, who said that it was chiefly to be preferred for 'its affinity with prose.' In his *Davideis*, Cowley employed the heroic couplet, a metre which was to become the favourite of the new post-restoration school. Before dealing with this school, however, I must speak of that poet who has been called 'the third among the sons of light,' and who, incomparably the greatest of his age, is not to be classified with one school or the other, but stands alone.

John Milton was born at the Spread Eagle, in Bread Street, Cheapside, 'within sound of Bow Bells,' on December 9th, 1608. His father was a well-to-do scrivener, who gave him an excellent education, sending the boy first to St. Paul's School, and then to Christ Church College, Cambridge. He was a born student, and, even as a child, used to sit up working until twelve o'clock; it is possible that this precociousness did not promote a good understanding with the college authorities, for he is soon found criticising their methods, and complaining that 'he was dragged from his studies and compelled to employ himself in composing some frivolous declamation.' His years at college were altogether far from unchequered, and, if we may trust the common report and the recollections of them which he retained, do not seem to have been pleasant ones. The truth, probably, is that even in his youthful days he developed that irreclaimable independence which was to characterise him through life, and which made it difficult for him to recognise any authority except that of principle. Principle indeed led him at times into strange places, but his unswerving loyalty to what he considered its demands must be recognised if his life is to be really understood. His father did not try to force his bent, and made no objection to his abandoning the idea of taking orders and retiring, after seven years at Cambridge, to Horton, a quiet Buckinghamshire village, for a course of solitary study.

He had already written poetry, including the ode *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, and the note thus struck fully warranted the 'inward

prompting which,' he writes to a friend, 'grows daily upon me, that by labour and intent study, which I take to be my portion in this life, joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after time, as they should not willingly let it die.' This belief in a lofty mission became the ruling motive of his life, though his willingness to lay it aside for a time, when, as he conceived, his county demanded the sacrifice, is a proof that his devotion to it was equalled by the regard for principle already pointed out. He was, it is evident, far enough from holding an opinion attributed to Suckling, to the effect that 'a gentleman should not take too much trouble about his verses,' being convinced on the contrary, that even severe study was an insufficient preparation for the work he had to do, and believing that he who would not be frustrated of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, or put himself to be a true poem. . . not presuming to sing high praises of heroic men or famous cities, unless he have in himself the experience and practice of all that which is praiseworthy. The five years spent at Horton were the happiest, most peaceful time of Milton's life; and the influence of the country scenes, of the quiet studious routine, varied by occasional glimpses of fashionable festivities at Ludlow Castle, is to be seen in the pastoral poetry which he produced at this time, namely, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso* (1633), the *Arcades* and *Comus* (1634), and *Lycidas* (1637). These poems, even had he written nothing else, would have established his right to be called a great poet, and in Lycidas, indeed, as says Mr. Pattison, 'we have reached the high-water mark of English poesy and of Milton's own production.'

The splendid versification, the lofty beauty, and the delicate grace of *Comus* were unlike anything out of Shakspere that had appeared before, and, among pastorals, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are unrivalled. Milton, indeed, was not a close observer of Nature in detail, and hence mistakes which have offended critics, such as the description of the elm as 'star-proof,' and the mention of primroses, woodbine, and jasmine as all growing at the same time; he was, however, keenly sensible to impressions from external objects, and these he reproduces in a marvellous way, yet without analysing them, or seeking analogies between the moods of Nature and his own moods.

Each line of these poems brings a complete picture before the eye, and they differ from others, to use Macaulay's simile, 'as attar of roses differs from ordinary rose-water, the close-packed essence from the thin diluted mixture.' In 1638 Milton completed, so to speak, his literary education by a journey to Italy, whence he was recalled in about a year's time by the threatening aspect of politics in England. He considered it, he said, dishonourable to be enjoying himself at his ease in foreign parts while his countrymen 'were striking a blow for freedom.'

Neither his training nor his constitution fitted him for a soldier's

life; and, to make up for this, he supported the Parliamentary cause by a series of pamphlets directed against Episcopacy and Monarchy. He lived in London at this time, and took pupils, whom he educated on the lines laid down in his *Letter to Master Samuel Hartlib*, published in 1642. The ideal place of education, according to his theory, would be one which should combine the functions of school and college, and supply technical, no less than intellectual, and military as well as civil instruction. Agriculture, medicine, ethics, and politics were to be studied in succession, and through the medium of the classic authors as well as (in the case of the two first-named branches) by practical methods.

In 1643 took place Milton's unhappy marriage with Mary Powell, the daughter of a Royalist family in the neighbourhood of Oxford. She left him after a few weeks, and did not return for two years, during which time he wrote some bitter pamphlets in favour of divorce. The sentiments therein expressed were certainly not in accordance with those of the Presbyterian party, which was then in the ascendant; but Milton cared to please no government, and his finest pamphlet, the *Areopagitica*, or *Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing*, was directed against an ordinance of the Parliament for the regulation and censorship of the press. This was in 1644; five years later Milton was appointed Latin Secretary to the Committee of Foreign Affairs, under the Republican Council of State, which now ruled England in the room of the Monarchy.

Milton thus entered upon the least satisfactory stage of his career, during which he was engaged in discreditable controversies with Salmasius and Morus, the foreign defenders of the King; and in his *Eikonoclastes* (intended as an antidote to the *Eikon Basilike*) and his *Pro Populo Anglicano Defensio*, he stooped to taunts and incriminations, for which no defence can be made. The work, too, was harder than his health could endure, and in 1652 he completely lost his sight. At the restoration he was imprisoned for a short time, and some of his books were publicly burnt, but he suffered no real injury, and it is impossible not to rejoice that the change of government set him free once more to resume his real vocation. The last fourteen years of his life show him at his grandest; his spirit was 'unchanged'

> 'To hoarse or mute, though fallen on evil days,
> On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.

Hopeless as the world may well have seemed, with his cause ruined, and evil, as he considered, triumphant, he did not give way to the indolence of despair, but began his mighty work, and set himself to 'assert eternal providence, and justify the ways of God to man.' *Paradise Lost*, the plan of which had been in his mind since 1641, was finished by the end of 1665, and *Paradise Regained* by 1667. The two poems should perhaps hardly be mentioned in the same page, so

great, in the opinion of good judges, is the inferiority of the latter, but both alike display that grandeur of diction and sentiment which are Milton's peculiar distinction, and which remove him far indeed from the 'metaphysical' writers.

The young quaker Ellwood, who at times acted as secretary to Milton, has left a pleasant picture of his studious old age; he was, however, not on good terms with his three daughters, the children of his first wife, who had died in 1652, and after whose death he had twice married again.

Milton's last poem was *Samson Agonistes*, which was published in 1671, and in which he carried out the idea he had long cherished of a sacred drama modelled on the work of the Greek tragedians. There is pathos in the identity between his own fate and the fate of his hero, each having the sense of a lofty mission, each having an uncongenial wife, and each being finally visited by the great calamity of blindness. Milton died in 1674, having founded no school, as he belonged to no school, and left no imitators, as he had imitated no previous poets. Not indeed that, possessed as he was of vast stores of accumulated knowledge, his poems do not contain passages which may be paralleled in other writers; but, as has well been remarked, 'he has teachers, but no models; masters, but only in the way of learning how to do, not what to do.' As regards his prose writings, they contain splendid passages, which mark a distinct advance on the prose of the previous century; but, written as they were for the most part to serve the purpose of the moment, their style is often obscure and confused, while they show a complete lack of humour, and are often disfigured by abuse and scurrility.

The reigning prose style of the day was still that stately, balanced style which, with its somewhat Latinised structure, its lengthy periods and its sounding rhythm, had been first brought to perfection by Hooker. The tendency was indeed gradually to abandon it for a lighter, clearer, terser, more workable style; but, though this is noticeable in Cowley's essays, in the philosophical works of Locke, and finally in the prose writings of Dryden, yet, for the most part, the seventeenth century writers made use of the stately model bequeathed to them by their predecessors. This is especially true of the great Anglican divines, who formed an important literary class, including such men as Hales, Chillingworth, Barrow, Tillotson, and Leighton.

Greatest of them all, no doubt, was Jeremy Taylor, who, born in 1613, and dying in 1667, was in the course of his life a member of both Universities, the incumbent of a Rutlandshire living, the master of a Welsh school, chaplain to Lord Carbery, and finally Bishop of Down and Connor. Taylor deserves the title, often bestowed upon him, of a prose poet; the harmonious beauty of his style, and the wealth of imagery which comes naturally to him, without any of the Euphuistic straining after effect, giving just the same kind of pleasure as that

which we derive from a stately poem. His great learning supplied him with ever ready illustration and example, for the divines of those days held no learning to be profane, and did not scruple to apply their stores of classical knowledge to enforce and embellish their presentment of divine truths. Taylor's best known work is, of course, the treatise on *Holy Living and Dying;* but he was a voluminous writer, and that which he himself considered his most important work was the *Ductor Dubitantium, a Rule of Conscience in all the General Measures.* As a specimen of his manner (the fault of which is that it at times becomes too florid and ornate) may be given his beautiful description of prayer.

'Prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest. Prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness, and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier garrison to be wise in.'

Milton always excepted, the learning and culture of the day were for the most part upon the Royalist side. The Puritans, however, had their men of genius, and it is sufficient to mention the names of Richard Baxter, author of the *Saint's Everlasting Rest* (1653), and of John Bunyan, the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress.* Bunyan was born at Elstow, near Bedford in 1628, and in the same country neighbourhood he spent the better part of his life. The son of a tinker, he was sent to the Bedford Grammar-school, and in due time apprenticed to his father's trade. He married young, served in the army for a time, became a Baptist minister, was imprisoned at the Restoration for refusing to obey the law against Nonconformist meetings, was finally set at liberty in 1672 on the repeal of the Conventicle Act, and spent the remaining sixteen years of his life in performing his ministerial duties. So much for the outward events of his life, which, however, thus barely stated, disclose but little of the bitter struggles, the strange temptations, the fierce wrestlings, the spiritual experiences which he underwent. From early childhood, he writes in his *Grace Abounding,* 'I was greatly afflicted while asleep with apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits who still, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. I was afflicted with thoughts of the Day of Judgment night and day, trembling at the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell fire. . . . . I was so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing that they were only tormentors, and that, if it must needs be that I went thither, I might rather be a tormentor than tormented myself.' At this time he went regularly to church, but also regularly to the village sports, which were an essential feature of an old English

Sunday. Abstention from these suddenly presented itself to his mind as a test of repentance and godliness. He could not make up his mind to abstain, but it was for the most part because he fancied he had gone too far to turn back, and must inevitably be lost. Fearful conflicts followed, but light dawned at last; he escaped from Giant Despair, and the assurance of mercy equalled the conviction of sin. It remained to convey to others the truth which he had learnt.

'I preached,' he said, 'what I felt, I had been sent to my hearers as from the dead. I went myself in chains to preach to them in chains, and carried that fire in my own conscience that I persuaded them to beware of.' It was during his imprisonment in Bedford gaol that Bunyan wrote the greater part of his works: *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, the *Divine Emblems*, a book of verse for children, and, above all, the first part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Of this classic work of the English language, it is the less needful to say much, in that the term 'classic,' as applied to it, signifies a book that everybody reads, instead of, as in many cases, a book that nobody reads, or at least nobody who cannot claim to be numbered among the cultured few. Its terse, vigorous, homely English makes it intelligible to all, and its humour commends it to young and old; while the everlasting reality of the truths which it conveys must prevent it from losing its vivid human interest. Bunyan's power of telling description both of persons and locality is astounding, and, as has often been remarked, his characters, in spite of their allegorical names, are real men and women, as different as possible from the shadowy personalities presented to us by other allegorical writers, as for instance, Spenser. The second part of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, published in 1684, is inferior to the first part, as is also the *Holy War*, which appeared two years previously, and which is the history of the siege, fall, and recovery of the city of *Mansoul* in the country of *Universe*.

Bunyan's genius included, as has been said, a sense of humour; but, this sense excepted, he was the very type of the stern, unbending Puritans, the results of whose *régime*, as manifested at, and after the Restoration, went so far to prove that there are more ways of spoiling the child than by sparing the rod, more ways of corrupting a nation's morals than by abstention from vexatious regulations, and petty inquisitorial supervision of details.

These were the men who enacted in Parliament that 'no person shall be employed but such as the House shall be satisfied of his real godliness'; who were indignant that 'some had arrived at that height of impiety, as not to be ashamed of washing in waters and swimming in rivers upon the holy Sabbath'; the men who passed a law in one of our colonies that 'no husband shall kiss his wife, and no mother shall kiss her child on the Sabbath day.' Intent upon 'godliness,' as they conceived it, nothing else was of importance, and there was no room in their system for art, for culture, or for beauty. It is strange to turn from their works to those of the contem-

porary learned, leisurely, urbane cultured school, represented by such writers as Sir Thomas Browne (1605–1682), Izaak Walton (1593–1683), Thomas Fuller (1608–1661), Samuel Pepys, and John Evelyn, and many others who took a genial interest in life, and wrote down what they had observed and read in all good faith that others would enjoy it too. Here is an extract from Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* (1642), showing his easy-going, self-satisfied, kindly nature, and quaint style of writing:—

'I am of a constitution so general,' he says, 'that it consorts and sympathiseth with all things; I have no antipathy, or rather idiosyncrasy in diet, humour, air, anything; I wonder not at the French for their dishes of frogs, snails, and toadstools, nor at the Jews for locust and grasshopper; but being amongst them make them my common viands. . . . . In brief I am averse from nothing, my conscience would give me the lie if I should say I absolutely detest or hate anything but the devil, or so at least hate anything but that we might come to composition.'

Browne's other best known work is the *Pseudodoxia, or Enquiry into Vulgar Errors* (1646). Walton is, of course, remembered for his *Compleat Angler* (1653), and his delightful lives of Hooker, Sanderson, Wotton, Donne, and Herbert, while in Pepys and Evelyn we have the first of the Memoirs which have since become a regular branch of our literature. Fuller, a Dorsetshire clergyman, is said to have been 'an eminent proof of his own axiom that an ounce of mirth, with the same degree of grace, will serve God farther than a pound of sadness.' His works abound in wit and learning, the most characteristic of them being *The Holy and Profane State*, a collection of essays on different subjects published in 1642. He also wrote *The Church History of Britain* (1643), and *The History of the Worthies of England* (1662), the mention of which brings us to the great historian of the age, Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon, who was born in 1608, in the same year as Thomas Fuller, and John Milton, and died in the same year as the latter. The details of his life belong to history, and with regard to his great works, the Histories of the Rebellion and of his own life, it must be sufficient to say that their chief merit lies in the portrait painting and forcible, picturesque description in which they abound, great charm being added by the personal interest of the writer in the events he described, though this does not always conduce to the accuracy of his narration.

Turning to the philosophical writers of the period, among the foremost of them we find the Royalist, Thomas Hobbes, who began his literary career in 1623, by publishing a translation of Thucydides, 'that the follies of the Athenian democrats might be made known to his fellow-citizens.' His support of monarchy was, however, based on the notion of a primary contract between king and people, which the latter were bound in honour not to break. This doctrine he set forth in his great work, the *Leviathan* (1651), in which he also taught

that the natural state of man is a state of war, and that every man has a right to get what he can for himself, though, for mutual convenience, he may come to terms with his neighbours. The body politic is analogous to the human body, and the king corresponds to the soul.

Sir Robert Filmer opposed Hobbes' doctrine, in his *Patriarcha* (1630), maintaining that the king derived his authority straight from God; he was himself opposed by Locke, who, in his *Treatises on Government* (1689–90), grafted on to Hobbes' system (which in the main he supported) the principles that the people have a right to take away the power given by contract to the king, that rulers are responsible to the people, and that the final authority in the state is the voice of its legislative assemblies. Locke, who is one of the greatest of English philosophers, was born in 1632. After leaving Oxford, he became a doctor, but being delicate went abroad as secretary to Sir William Swan. On his return he was attached to the Shaftesbury family, in which connection he remained for the better part of his life. When Shaftesbury became Lord Chancellor, in 1672, Locke held the office of Secretary of Presentations, and he subsequently accompanied his patron into exile. At the Revolution, he was made commissioner of appeals. He died in 1704. Locke was a strong Whig, and held broad theological views, as may be seen in his *Letters on Toleration* (1689). His most important work, however, was the *Essay concerning Human Understanding*, published in 1690. Its production was, he says in his preface, the result of a discussion with four or five friends, during which they became involved in contradictions and difficulties which he attributed to the existing uncertainty as to what were, and what were not, subjects suitable to the comprehension of the human intellect. The essay was written with a view to making this point clear. It consists of four parts, in the first of which Locke disputes the existence of innate ideas in the human mind, maintaining that all knowledge comes to us through the senses; the second deals with the nature of ideas, which he divides into simple and complex; the third treats of language, and the fourth of the proposition 'that we are capable of knowing certainly that there is a God.' Locke also wrote a treatise on education, embodying theories akin to those of Milton on the same subject, and another entitled *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695).

Meanwhile advances were being made in physical no less than in mental and moral science; in 1615 William Harvey had delivered lectures at the College of Physicians, expounding his newly-made discovery of the circulation of the blood; in 1662 was founded the Royal Society for the advance of scientific inquiry; in 1671 Isaac Newton laid before it his *Theory of Light*, and in 1687 he published his *Principia* containing the proof of the theory of gravitation.

The spirit of thought, of investigation, of criticism, was abroad; and, moreover, the prevailing tendency of the age was, 'on the

whole, a downward one, from faith to scepticism, from enthusiasm to cynicism, from the imagination to the understanding.'

Hence the growth of a taste for satire, and of that new school of poetry, which is called sometimes the 'good sense' school. Andrew Marvell (1621–78) wrote satire on the Puritan, Samuel Butler (1612–80) on the Royalist side. Butler's *Hudibras* (1663–4) attained greater celebrity than anything Marvell wrote. Taking its cue from Don Quixote, it relates the adventures of a Puritan knight called Hudibras, and his squire Ralpho, an Independent, and satirises with much wit but much unfairness the peculiar idiosyncrasies of the sects in question. As short examples of Butler's style may be given the well-known description of the Presbyterians as—

'A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd, perverse antipathies,'

who

'Compound for sins they are inclined to
By damning those they have no mind to;'

and the definition of loyalty as—

'Still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game.
True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shined upon.'

To Edmund Waller (1605–87), Sir John Denham (1615–68), and Sir William Davenant (1605–68), belongs the credit, if credit it be, of ushering in the reign of the 'good sense' school, that is of the school which represented reaction from the conceits of the metaphysical poets, which avoided, above all things, excess of imagination, which considered no subject too prosaic to be treated of in verse, and which found no metre so well suited to its requirements as the rhymed heroic couplet. It was the metre in which Corneille (1606–34) and Racine (1639–99) were writing their tragedies, and Boileau (1636–1711) his satires; the metre upheld by the French Academy (a great authority since 1636), and Corneille in his essays on dramatic poetry published in 1659. Waller, an unstable politician, first a Parliamentarian, then caught intriguing with the King's party, first exiled, then pardoned by Cromwell, and finally patronised by the Restoration Court, wrote little but alternate panegyrics on Cromwell and Charles II., and love poetry addressed to Lady Dorothy Sidney, better known as Sacharissa. Sir John Denham is remembered for his *Cooper's Hill* (1641), and Davenant for his *Gondibert*, a poem in which he employed the quatrain, or four-lined verse with alternate rhymes.

Davenant is likewise remembered by the services which he rendered

to the drama in its darkest days. After the prohibitive ordinance of 1642, dramatic representations had been carried on clandestinely in inns and private houses until 1656, when Davenant obtained a licence for the performance, at Rutland House, of his *Siege of Rhodes*, an arrangement of dialogue and music, imitated from Italian compositions of the same class. The origin of the opera in England is to be referred to this play, the second part of which, produced in 1661, when Davenant had become poet laureate, and two patented companies of actors were in full work, is the first instance of an English drama written in the heroic couplet.

Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, was now furnishing the stage with so-called heroic plays, *Mustapha*, *The Black Prince*, *Typhon*, etc., melodramas full of bombast and bathos, imitated from Spanish poetry, of songs and lyrics imitated from Italian poetry, and of rhymed dialogue imitated from French poetry.

Dryden, who had begun to write comedy in 1663, and made a notable failure in the *Wild Gallant*, adopted the heroic style in 1664, and produced the *Indian Queen*, shortly followed by the *Indian Emperor*. Soon to become the greatest literary authority of his day, he took up the defence of rhyme, and in his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* (1665) argued that blank verse was incompatible with the dignity of tragedy, and that Shakspere had employed it to avoid the trouble of rhyming. Dryden's literary career had begun very early; born in 1631, and belonging to a good Northampshire family, he had, whilst still a Westminster boy, composed verses on the death from small-pox, of Lord Hastings, a young schoolfellow. These were written in the then fashionable fantastic style, which, however, he abandoned in favour of Davenant's quatrain in his stanzas to the memory of Oliver Cromwell, published in 1658, the year after he left Trinity College, Cambridge.

Dryden's family had taken the popular side throughout the Civil Wars, and he himself was secretary to his relative, Sir Gilbert Pickering, a member of Cromwell's Upper House. His politics, however, seem to have been inherited rather than adopted from any strong conviction, and he celebrated the Restoration in the *Astræa Redux*, a poem which shows his mastery of the heroic couplet and the art of loyal flattery. The *Annus Mirabilis* (1666), a poem written in commemoration of the Dutch war and the great fire, closes the list of his most important early writings, the next phase upon which he entered being, as already stated, that of the dramatist.

Of the twenty-seven plays which he wrote between the years 1662 and 1694, twelve are tragedies, four tragicomedies, eight comedies, and three operas.

There is the genuine Restoration low tone of morality in his heroic dramas, of which the most noted are, perhaps, the *Conquest of Granada* (1670), and *Aurung Zebe* (1675). He attained, in spite of many fine passages, to such a pitch of extravagance as to justify the

burlesquing of the whole style, in the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal*, which was acted at the King's theatre in 1671, and ended with the lines—

> 'May this prodigious way of writing cease,
> Let's have at least once in our lives a time
> When we may hear some reason, not all rhyme.
> We have these ten years felt its influence,
> Pray let this prove a year of Prose and sense.'

In *All for Love*, 1668, Dryden adopted blank verse, and in his choice of the subject of *Antony and Cleopatra*, showed that curious preference for other people's plots, which led him to borrow from *Paradise Lost* for his opera the *State of Innocence*, and provoked the grim answer from Milton, whose permission he first asked, 'Ay, tag my verses if you like, young man.'

Married in 1663 to Lady Elizabeth Howard, after 1674, when he succeeded Davenant as poet laureate, Dryden reigned supreme among literary men; his prologues and epilogues were in great request, and in the prefaces to his own plays he showed his power as a critic, most notably perhaps in his appreciation of Shakspere, and did good service to English prose, setting it free, says Mr. Lowell 'from the cloister of pedantry.' In 1681 he abandoned the drama for satirical and didactic poetry, and a great opportunity offering itself for the former in the Popish plot, and excitement about the Exclusion Bill, availed himself of it, and produced *Absalom and Achitophel*. This is an excellent piece of satire, full of terse power, each couplet containing its sting; Shaftesbury of course is Achitophel, Monmouth, Absalom, and the Duke of Buckingham, Zimri. The poem failed of its object, which was to excite popular feeling against Shaftesbury, against whom the jury refused to find a true bill.

A medal struck to commemorate the event, furnished Dryden with another subject, and gave him the opportunity of replying to Elkanah Settle and Samuel Pordage, who had attempted to answer *Achitophel*, in poems entitled *Absalom Senior* and *Azaria and Hushai*.

The Whig cudgels were now taken up by the comic dramatist, Shadwell, who in the *Medal of John Bayes*, resorted to disgraceful abuse of Dryden. Him Dryden squashed for ever in *Mac Flecknoe*, a mock heroic poem, in which an inferior Irish poet called Flecknoe (a real character, recently dead) makes choice of Shadwell as his successor and the wealthy inheritor of his dulness. The second part of *Absalom and Achitophel* appeared in 1682.

We are first brought into contact with Dryden's religious opinions in the *Religio Laici*, published in the same year. It is a didactive treatise in rhyme, far enough from poetry, and giving the impression of a man who is not quite clear about his own position, and writes with the object of justifying it to himself. His whole bias was towards authority, both in Church and State, and it is hardly a surprise to find him joining the Church of Rome on James II.'s

accession, and defending her against the Anglican Church in the *Hind and Panther* (1687). In consequence of this step, he lost his offices and emoluments at the Revolution, and, being forced to write for his living, again turned to the drama, and wrote *Don Sebastian*, *Love Triumphant*, and other plays. The latest stage, however, of his career was mainly occupied with translations and adaptations; he translated Juvenal and Virgil (refusing to dedicate his version of the latter to King William), and did some of his most successful work in the *Fables*, or modernised versions of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Ovid. His *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* should also be mentioned. During the last years of his life, he held undisputed sway in Will's Coffee-house, where he laid down the law, as Ben Jonson had done before him in similar places, and was looked up to with respectful awe by the rising generation of authors. He died in 1700. His claim to be considered a great poet will probably always be disputed, but a great influence, a great authority, a great literary power he undoubtedly was. In his character, too, there was a certain magnanimity which commands respect, and this is specially indicated in his refusal to change his politics or his religion at the Revolution, and in the spirit in which he received Jeremy Collier's censure of the faults which deface his comedies. 'In many things,' he says, 'he—Mr. Collier—has taxed me justly. . . . I have pleaded guilty. . . . If he be my enemy, let him triumph. . . . If he be my friend, as I have given no personal occasion to be otherwise, he will be glad of my repentance.'

The comic drama was indeed in a disgraceful state, and among a host of dramatists including Etheredge, Sedley, Mrs. Aphra Behn, Lacy, and Shadwell, there are four who are always named together, and to whom belongs the unenviable distinction of representing that school of comedy which not only depicted, but made light of, and encouraged vice and immorality. These four, Wycherley (1640–1785), Congreve (1672–1723), Vanbrugh (1666–1726), and Farquhar (1673–1707), excelled in what is called the comedy of manners; but, vivacious and witty as their dialogue is, these merits are outbalanced by their faults, which were boldly attacked by Collier, a non-juring divine, in his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, published in 1698. Congreve made a feeble retort, but the victory was with Collier; public opinion, slowly veering round from the reactionary excesses of the Restoration, was upon his side; a further reaction took place—in the right direction this time—and the movement begun by Collier was carried on by Addison and Steele, under whose purifying influence the drama gradually attained to better things.

EVA KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.—V.

Questions.

30. Trace the influence of the Restoration on (*a*) Religion—(*b*) the Drama, as shown in the literature of this period.

31. What are the characteristics of the so-called Metaphysical poets?

32. Mention some of the ways in which *Paradise Lost* reflects the opposing Classical and Puritan spirits.

or (alternative question).

Indicate some points of parallelism between Milton and Samson Agonistes. What is the ethical purpose of the poem?

33. Compare the *Pilgrim's Progress* and the *Faerie Queene* as allegories.

34. Comment on the statement that 'our prose in the seventeenth century was poetry.'

35. Criticise Samuel Butler and Dryden as satirists.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Bunyan—Milton—Dryden (*English Men of Letters* series).

Macaulay's Essays on Bunyan, Milton, and the Comic Dramatists of the Restoration.

Lowell's Essay on Dryden (*Among my Books*).

Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* (for Cowley and Waller).

Minto's *Manual of English Prose Literature.*

August Class List.

First Class.

Lisle 100	E. P. M. 78	K. E. S. }
Bee 89	Adoxa }	Wolferstan } . . . 73
E. M. Collum . . . 87	Irene } 77	Sienarf
A. C. Shipton . . . 86	Maia }	Hilda Allen }
Greta 85	White Hawthorn . . 76	Cornflower }
Giraffena 84	A. I. P. 75	Patty } . . 71
Mühle 82	Gretchen }	Dewitte }
Alice M. }	Madge }	Elyn }
Mu, Mu, Kappa } . 81	Snapdragon } . . 74	Joiner } . . . 70
Jeton 78	A. M. G. }	

Second Class.

Fides }	M. E. Ackerley }	Cantia 54
Senga } 69	Sunflower } . . 59	Haro Haro! . . . 51
Sybil }	Caro 58	Ellice 50
Bunny 67	L. S. Colt }	Eugenie 46
May 65	Lark } . . . 57	Snail }
Kleine Katze . . . 64	M. A. S. }	Dick } 45
H. E. B. 62	Rêve d'Or 56	

Third Class.

Mignonette 42	F. D. L. 37
Gorse 38	Lily Noble 34

DEBATABLE GROUND.

Is self-sacrifice always right?

Chelsea China feels much inclined to set as a question, 'Is casuistry the most useful exercise for the human understanding?' for the more casuistical the subjects are, the more papers are written on them. The papers on self-sacrifice are so good, so sensible, so high-minded, and convey such true and useful warnings against spurious forms of self-sacrifice, that Chelsea China feels as if it was most ungracious to say that in her opinion they do not fully face the real difficulty, though *Lamda* and *Dragon-fly* touch on it.

Is *self*-sacrifice always right? When John Inglesant turned his back on the Benedictine's call, although he recognised in it a sure way of salvation, because he did not feel certain that his wide nature, his many faculties, his fine tastes did not call him to a more complicated and uncertain, but for him perhaps higher path, was he right or wrong? Who gave him his 'self'?

The book fully states the problem; perhaps it can hardly be said to give any solution of it. Certainly Chelsea China cannot, but she invites further remarks on this view of the question.

Passing this over, the best paper is certainly *Lamda's;* but it is so long that only extracts can be given from it. Indeed, Chelsea China is afraid that unless the authors of '*Dagmar*' and '*Beechcroft*' are willing to become examples of self-sacrifice, and efface themselves, much wisdom must this month be lost to the public. But then, as several writers say, they would also sacrifice others, which is not right but wrong. Besides the extracts, excellent papers also received from *Veritas*, *Molly*, *Silentium et Spes* (very pretty and very true), *A Bournemouth Beetle*, *Amyas Leigh*, *Yorkshire Maiden*, *Karis*, *Flittermouse.*

It has been said that no sacrifice is commendable unless made for a worthy object. So far as that I cannot go. Take an extreme case, that, viz. of the men and women in India who used to prostrate themselves before their idol car that it might crush them in its progress. I cannot but believe, that for as much as the deed was prompted by simple faith and wonderful devotion, it will receive its

reward. But there can be no two opinions among us about the inhuman and horrible character of the practice, or that the English Government was only doing its duty when it made such things impossible.

And think of all the sacrifices made in England to-day; all the health, time, home joys, offered willingly and ungrudgingly on the altars of worldliness or mammon.

Can these be right? They are very real self-sacrifices, 'though borne with smiles;' even where use has made second nature of such ways of life, they cost the offerer far more than many people who pass for religious will give for the sake of *their* aim and object. But the reality of the acts of self-denial can in itself give them no value.

But I suppose the self-sacrifice in Chelsea China's mind is that which springs from at least a partially good motive, and which, if it goes wrong at all, does so from some mistaken idea that a thing is sure to be right if we do not like it. Now, although the old rule, 'When in doubt take the hardest course,' commends itself to my mind as being generally a safe and wise one, I do think it is possible to break our own will and to break God's at the same time.

Surely it was not so much the greatness of the sacrifice, as the perfection of the obedience of the Saviour, which made that life and that death so well pleasing in the sight of the Father. ''Twas God the Father willed it so, the Son's obedience knew no "no,"' as the old carol puts it.

When we are sure—for God makes His will very clearly known to us, both by circumstances and the inward voice of His Holy Spirit, if only we really want to know it—that it is our duty to serve Him in quiet simple ways, I think we ought to be careful not to deceive ourselves about the intrinsic value of the little sacrifices we shall have to make wherever we may be. It *is* true that the 'trivial round, the common task, will furnish all we need to ask,' it is true that the little crosses of every-day life will work our sanctification in a way much greater ones, chosen in a spirit of self-will, could never do. But there is a tendency, and I think a dangerous one, to persuade ourselves that our quiet commonplace lives may not only be as acceptable in the sight of God, but that they actually are as hard and difficult as those of our brethren who are leading what, for want of a better name, I can only call the higher life. But surely if we are living at home with many friends, fairly congenial surroundings, and nothing extraordinary in the way of suffering or anxiety, it would be better and more truthful humbly and thankfully to acknowledge that the lot has fallen unto us in a fair ground.

The serious cultivation of a talent is never easy, it certainly is not more so when our object is not our own gratification, but the glory of Him who gave it. Still the special form of self-sacrifice which

we suffer when we lay aside some favourite study or occupation, is, in the absence of any strong reason for doing so, not far removed from the action of the slothful servant.

LAMDA.

Our self-sacrifice *must* be in our *own* path of duty given us as a parent, as a child, as a friend, as a Christian. God has given each man and woman his or her *own* especial *actions* to perform, not a work to be accomplished anyhow, by any methods, but in the way and by the means which He Himself chooses, and we are not at liberty to execute actions for one another under the supposition that God's work is *done* just the same in the end. I am not saying that we should not 'bear one another's burdens,' but simply that by our self-sacrifice we should not *do one another's duties*—that is, that we should not do for any one what we believe God intended him to do for himself.

'That we may cheerfully accomplish those things that thou *wouldest have done*,' should be in substance the prayer of all those who would beautify their service by 'self-sacrifice.'

ELCAAN.

Dragon-fly.—We must not be always sacrificing our young shoots of growth, or we shall never have the firm serviceable branch to use to His honour and glory.

'It is not *everything* for which it is worth while to be burnt,' Latimer said in middle life, but he did not *change* his opinion when he died a martyr's death, he merely recognised the supreme point, of which he had all along believed in the existence, and which over leaped all ordinary rules.

Unlimited sacrifices may only be offered to God, and He will take or refuse them as right; our neighbours never *can*. Our lives are better offerings to man as well as to God, if we make the most of them; but no human being can judge for us *when* and *what* we have a right for sacrifice.

Only God's whisper can tell us that, and sacrifices *to our neighbour* are only safe if they are first of all sacrifices to Him.

Philometor.—If no one but ourselves is sacrificed, and if the object is a good one, such as the promotion of a noble cause, or the real good or wholesome pleasure of others, I believe self-sacrifice is always right, and the distinct duty of a Christian. If, on the contrary, the cause in which we spend ourselves is an unworthy one, or the person for whom we give up our own will or pleasure is not really benefited, but only encouraged in selfishness, laziness, arrogance, or wrong-doing of any kind, then I believe the sacrifice to be wrong, or at best a generous mistake. But in all cases and under all circumstances the *spirit* of generous, loving self-sacrifice must be right and good in a follower of Him who 'pleased not Himself.'

Chelsea China apologises to *Pellegrina* for having overlooked her interesting paper last month on 'Imagination.' She now gives her definition and her criticisms, which she heartily welcomes, as being so much to the point.

Is Defect of Imagination more harmful than Excess.

A Definition.—Imagination is a faculty which can in a measure take the place of the senses at will, it exercises the functions of sight and hearing, and by it the immaterial self can transport and fix its faculties of sight and hearing, untrammeled by the necessities of time and space, on abstract images to which it can give a fictitious being. Nothing limits, nothing restrains this vehement faculty. It flies before realisation, bearing a flaming torch to light the way, and incite the will to follow. It inspires hope, but never satiates it. It arouses inquiry, it quickens speculations; it never drops in their wake. It is probably an instinct leading man to a distant perfection.

Pellegrina.

Pellegrina, on reading again the definitions of 'Imagination' in current 'Monthly Packet,' and being interested in the subject, feels impelled to write a few words about them. Some are curious, as *Amyas Leigh*, 'Imagination and power of sympathy are clearly *identical*.' A misuse of words, this—clearly the words convey *two* ideas to the mind, not *one*. Read what probably is meant. Imagination is *necessary*, for etc. etc. Is it so? Granting it to be a help to the moral quality, we yet fortunately find persons who are unimaginative, not devoid of sympathy. A kind heart *is* necessary perhaps, but experience is a great teacher of sympathy, also keen sense-perception. There is such a thing also as a warm imagination and a cold heart, and there is even also a cruel imagination. *Bat* calls it an *Art*—surely that word must be kept for other things. *Yorkshire Maiden* is very inadequate, it is a poor imagination that *consists* of wearing neighbour's old shoes!

Dear Chelsea China, allow a criticism of your own clear definition. Good as far as it goes—but is it adequate? I know it *has* been given in old books as a definition of imagination, used in the old-fashioned sense of *merely* picturing an image to the mind. You look at the room, then shut your eyes and still see the room in your mind's eye as an *image*. This image is usually, I think, in mental philosophy called a *concept*, in distinction to an immediate sense-perception, such are some of the raw materials of the faculty of imagination which clearly is the subject of the debate. Observe that your definition would also define *memory*. Try this definition—

Imagination is the faculty by which the mind reproducing, and working on its own experiences, creates new formations or arrangements in the conscious world of ideas.

Chelsea China has received two more such excellent papers on London Sundays, that, as the self-sacrifice subject also does not seem worked out, she will defer the publication of the 'Sunday School' papers till January, and put no fresh question in this month, so that there may be space in December to finish the old subjects. *Will* her correspondents cease to write on both sides of the paper?

Answers to be sent to Chelsea China, care of the Publishers, before December 1st.

We use our blank to call attention to two charming terra cotta pannels in bas relief—one with the two faithful dogs who kept watch beside the Rev. A. H. Mackonockie, the other of the same dogs with their master, the Bishop of Argyle and the Isles. They are to be procured from Mr. George Channon, Constitution Hill, Newtown Parkstone. R. S. O.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

PRIMITIVE LITURGIES AND CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH.

Questions for November.

41. Give the general structure of a Primitive Liturgy, explaining the words Liturgy, Antidoron, Diptychs, '*Sancta Sanctis.*'

42. Mention the different parts of a Church or Basilica, and show how they were used for various orders of Christians and for different acts of worship.

43. Name the fourteen Ecclesiastical Provinces, with the spiritual Head of each.

44. A life of St. Anthony.

Extra work recommended: '*The Translations of the Primitive Liturgies.*' By Dr. Neale. 4*s.* Hayes, Publisher.

N.B.—Questions 41 and 42 are anticipatory as well as retrospective —the early forms of this period were expanded and crystallised later.

43. The fourteen were not all organised at any one time, the candlestick of some being removed ere that of others was well lighted.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by December 1st.

July Class List.

First Class.

Etheldreda, Speranza, Vorwärts	37	Sycorax, Countess	35	Erica, Malacoda	32
King Cole, Patience	36	Thistle, Ierne	34	Wylmcote, Papaver	
Charissa, Water Wagtail	35	Fidelia, Pet Lamb, De Maura	33	Verena	31
				Hegesippus, Millstone	30

Second Class.

Holland, Budgerigar, Dog-violet, Frideswide, Red-deer	29	Rudge, Veritas, Maid Marian	27	Cecilia, P. P. C.	24
Bluebell, Francesca	28	Evangeline, Violets, Irene, Union Jack	24	Mu Sigma	22
				Καθολικος, Golden Saxifrage	21
				Edina (2 *Answers only*)	20

Third Class.

Snapdragon, Portia, Hoffnung	19	Regina	18	Ima	16
		Dormouse	16	Dorothy	15

REMARKS.

25. Excellent answers from *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Etheldreda*, *King Cole*, *Pet Lamb*, *Charissa*, *Malacoda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Sycorax*, *Patience*.

Answers too lengthy and confused on the root-principle of Gnosticism, which was the utter antagonism of Spirit and Matter, with the essential goodness of the former, and the essential and hopeless sinfulness of the latter. All others are corollaries from this proposition. The system of Æons should have been mentioned by all. Καθολικος: The word γνωσις is used for true as well as false knowledge. See St. Luke i. 77; 2 Cor. xi. 6, etc. *Regina:* Only a teacher of heresy is a Heresiarch; the rank and file are Heretics.

26. *Edina*, *Etheldreda*, *Speranza*, *Vorwärts*, *Sycorax*, and *Countess*, very good indeed.

Why do *Thistle* and *Papaver* call the dynamical Monarchians Ebionites? The Alogians were not much better than Ebionites; but the rest neither were, nor were called so.

27. The passages Bog-Oak specially meant were: *Athanasian Creed*, from 'And the Catholic Faith is this' to 'Another of the Holy Ghost.' And from 'Like as we are compelled' to 'God and Lord.' *Article I.*, last clause, with the expressions 'very and eternal God,' as applied in *Articles II.* and *V.;* but no expressions on the one-ness of the Godhead, which the Sabellians over did.

No wonder *Violets* is puzzled as to which class Paul of Samosata should belong. He held much in common with Sabellius, e.g., that the Logos was but a temporary character of the Person otherwise called the Father. But he also held with Theodotus that Christ was a mere man, indwelt by the Logos after the Incarnation in no higher way than as He dwells in Jerusalem, 'the City of the Great King.'

28. *Bluebell* is very short this time, especially in this answer. Excellent answers by *De Maura* and *Patience*.

August Class List.

First Class.

Thistle, Etheldreda, Erica, Water Wagtail, Countess	38	Vorwärts	35	Budgerigar, Charissa, Malacoda, Wylmcote	31
		Verena	34		
		Hegesippus, Dorothy	33		
Edina	37	Veritas, Violets, Frideswide, De Maura	32	Papaver, Hoffnung, Sycorax, Mu Sigma	30
Bluebell, Ierne	35				

Second Class.

Pet Lamb Marjoram Millstone Red-deer Patience	29	Καθολικος Fidelia	28	Union Jack	25
		Speranza	27	Maid Marian	24
		Dog-violet	26	Mouse	23
		P. P. C.	25	Hazelnut Irene	22

Third Class.

Golden Saxifrage Ima	19	Cecilia Snapdragon	18	Dormouse	17
				Francesca	15

REMARKS.

29. *Budgerigar* confounds Novatus, a Carthaginian priest, with Novatian, the first antipope. Both (through different roads) arrived at Novatianism. *Etheldreda:* It was at Laodicea, not Nicæa, that Montanist Baptism was decreed irregular.

30. Manichæans denied the Atonement, not only as the Docetæ, saying Christ's Body was a phantom, but because the body—the creation of the Source of Evil—could not be saved, nor the soul finally lost. Denied almost all the Sacraments, etc., 'forbidding to marry, commanding to abstain from meats.' The great danger was dwelling on the fascinating problem, 'Whence is Evil?' a subject too deep for the human mind; perhaps the most helpful thought is, 'I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil.' —Isa. xlv. 7.

31. Members are right that hardly any early Councils condemned Manichæism. Text-books give none. Alexandria, 362; Hippo, 393; Charroux, 1028; Lateran, 1215, anathematised it. Montanism condemned at Hierapolis, 197; Iconium, 231. Novatians, Carthage and Rome, 251; Antioch, 252. Donatists, Rome, 313; Arles, 314.

32. *Charissa* and *Pet Lamb:* St. Cyrian did not call Tertullian '*Da Magistrum*'; but he used to say these words, which mean, 'Give me the master.' *Da* is the imperative of *Do.*

Notices to Correspondents.

Acknowledged, with many thanks, for the Dumb Boy, L. and F. Waroper, 1*s.*; Whitingham Rectory, 2*s.*; In Memoriam Felix Underwood, 1*s.*

Would any one kindly tell me if there are any nice books written in the French language suitable for girls of 16, of the style of Miss Yonge's, Mrs. Ewing's, and Miss Peard's writing? Also can copies of 'The Life of Madame Louise de France,' 'A Dominican Artist,' and 'Life and Letters of S. Francis de Sales,' be procured in the original, and where?—Mrs. Francis Bacon, Earlstone, Newbury.

Ans.—Madame de Witt's numerous historical tales, Mrs. Augustus Craven's 'Mot de l'Egnime,' and many others; also *Sibylle* and *Sans Famille.*—Ed.

London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework.—The next examination for Certificates and Diploma will be held, by kind permission of the Rev. Canon Fleming, on Saturday, 27th October, at 11 o'clock, in St. Michael's Schools, Ebury Square, near Victoria Station. All particulars can be obtained by application (enclosing a stamped envelope) to the Secretary, 36, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, N.W.

In connection with the above Examination a class began on 15th September at the City of London College, for the special purpose of preparing candidates, under the care of Miss A. K. E. Smith, Diplomée.

Will *E. T. Shand*, or the Editor, kindly tell *C. S. A. C.* who wrote the noble words, quoted at the end of 'A few Suggestions to Girls on Self-culture,' in the July number of the 'Monthly Packet'?

The following are, I believe, the whole of the lines asked for by *Miss Blanch* in the September number of the 'Monthly Packet.' I do not know by whom they are written. I. E. H.

'A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.

Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,
Even in its very motion there was rest,
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow,
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.

Emblem, methought, of the departing soul,
To whose bright robe a gleam of bliss is given,
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eyes of faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.'

Quotation wanted—

'They were
But what avails it now to tell,' etc.

See 'Parish Musings,' by Dr. Monsell, formerly Vicar of Egham. —C. W. HOLDICH.

Miss Devas.—The Prophet Daniel Explained, translated from the French of Professor Gaussen, was published separately by Warren, High Street, Winchester.

Character has been republished by Hatchard, the Editor thinks, but is not sure.

Hawthorn wishes to know whether the Editor, or any readers, of the 'Monthly Packet' would kindly tell her the names of the best Parisian newspapers in which to advertise for a situation as governess in a French family or school.

Lost Leader.—This question was discussed at length in 'Notes and Queries,' vol. i., 5th series, 1874, and was finally set at rest by Mr. Browning himself, who told Mr. Thornbury that Wordsworth was the Lost Leader; but he added to another gentleman that the portrait was purposely disguised a little, used, in short, as an artist uses a model, retaining certain characteristic traits and discarding the rest. 'The handful of silver' refers to the Government pension which he accepted late in life. 'The ribbon to stick in his coat' presumably alludes to his becoming poet laureate on the death of Southey in 1843. E. D'ARLEY.

E. L. asks the origin of the old saying, 'Doe ye nexte thynge.' I have a copy of a poem beginning—

'From an old English Parsonage
Down by the sea,
There came in the twilight
A message to me.
Its quaint Saxon legend,
Deeply engraven,
Hath, as it seems to me,
Teaching for Heaven,'

and should much like to know the author and the 'old English Parsonage' referred to. I believe it originally came out in the 'Leisure Hour.'

WARNING.—In the 'Monthly Packet' last August an advertisement appeared, signed 'E. C., 2, All Saints' Villas, Cheltenham.' A number of parcels, thus addressed, have been returned to the Postal Authorities, E. C. being unknown. Any one therefore who sent to that address a parcel, which has not been returned, is requested to communicate with the *Publishers* of the 'Monthly Packet,' who are in communication with the Postal Authorities on the subject.

The Monthly Packet.

DECEMBER, 1888.

BEECHCROFT AT ROCKSTONE.

BY THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONCLUSION.

THE wedding was imminent by this time. The sisters returned from London, the younger looking brilliant and in unusual health, and the elder fagged and weary. Shopping, or rather looking on at shopping, had been a far more wearying occupation than all the schools and districts in Rockquay afforded.

And besides the being left alone, there was the need of considering her future. The family had certainly expected that a rich and open-handed man like Mr. White would bethink him that half what was sufficient for two was not enough for one to live in the same style, and would have resigned his bride's fortune to her sister; but, as a rule, he never did what was expected of him, and he had, perhaps, been somewhat annoyed by Mr. Mohun's pertinacity about settlements, showing a certain distrust of commercial wealth. At any rate, all he did was to insist on paying handsomely for Maura's board; but still Miss Mohun believed she should have to give up the pretty house built by themselves, and go into smaller quarters, more especially as it was universally agreed that Adeline must have Mrs. Mount with her, and Mrs. Mount would certainly be miserable in 'foreign parts' unless her daughter went with her. It was demonstrated that the remaining means would just suffice to keep up Beechcroft; but Jane knew that it could be only done at the cost of her subscriptions and charities, and she only undertook to take no measures till winter—the Rockquay season.

Sir Jasper, who thought she behaved exceedingly well about it, authorised an earnest invitation to make her home at Clipston; but though she was much gratified, she knew she should be in his way, and, perhaps, in that of the boys, and it was too far from the work to

which she meant to devote herself even more completely, when it would be no longer needful to be companionable to a semi-invalid fond of society.

However, just then her brother, the Colonel, came at last for his long leave. He knew that his retirement was only a matter of months, and declared his intention of joining forces with her, if she would have him, and, in the meantime, he was desirous of contributing his full share in keeping up the home. Nor did Jane feel it selfish to accept his offer, for she knew that Clipston would give him congenial society and shooting, and that there was plenty of useful layman-work for him in the town; and that 'old Reggie' should wish to set up his staff with her, raised her spirits, so that cheerfulness was no longer an effort.

The wedding was to be very quiet. Only just after the day was finally fixed, Mrs. Merrifield's long decay ended unexpectedly, and Sir Jasper had to hasten to London, and thence to the funeral at Stokesley. She was a second wife, and he her only son, so that he inherited from her means that set him much more at his ease with regard to his large family than he had ever been before. The intention that Lady Merrifield should act mistress of the house at the wedding breakfast had, of course, to be given up, and only Primrose's extreme youth made it possible to let her still be a bridesmaid.

So the whole party, together with the Whites, were only spectators in the background, and the procession into church consisted of only the absolutely needful persons; the bride in a delicate nondescript coloured dress, such as none but a French dressmaker could describe, and covered with transparent lace, like, as Mysie averred, a hedgeback full of pig-nut flowers, the justice of the comparison being lost in the ugliness of the name; and as all Rockquay tried to squeeze into the church to see and admire, the beauty was not thrown away.

No tears were shed there, but afterwards, in her own familiar room, between her two sisters, Adeline White shed floods of tears, and, clinging to Jane's neck, asked how she could ever have consented to leave her, extracting a promise of coming to her in case of illness. Nothing but a knock at the door by Valetta, with a peremptory message that Mr. White said they should be late for the train, induced her to dry her tears and tear herself away.

Kalliope and Maura remained with Miss Mohun during the bridal journey to Scotland, and by the time it was ended, she had shaken off the invalid habits, and could hardly accept the doctor's assurance that she ought not to resume her work, though she was grateful for the delights before her, and the opportunities of improvement that she was promised at Florence. Her health had certainly been improved by Frank Stebbing's departure for America. Something oozed out that made Miss Mohun suspect that he had been tampering with the

accounts, and then it proved that there had been a crisis and discovery, which Mr. White had consented to hush up for his partner's sake. Alexis had necessarily known of the investigation and disclosure, but had kept absolute silence until it had been brought to light in other ways, and the culprit was beyond seas. Mr. Stebbing was about to retire from the business, but for many reasons, the dissolution of the partnership was deferred.

Alexis was now in a post of trust, with a larger salary. He lodged at Mrs. Lee's, and was, in a manner, free of Miss Mohun's hours; but he spent much of his leisure time in study, being now able to pay regularly for instruction from the tutor who taught at Mrs. Edgar's school.

Maura asked him rather pertly what was the use of troubling himself about Latin and Greek, if he held himself bound to the marble works.

'It is not trouble, it is rest,' he said; and at her gasp, 'Besides, marble works or no, one ought to make the best of oneself.'

By the time Mr. and Mrs. White came back from Scotland, the repairs at Clipston had been accomplished, and the Merrifields had taken possession. It all was most pleasant in that summer weather going backwards and forwards between the houses; the Sunday coming into church, and lunching at Aunt Jane's, where Valetta and Primrose stayed for Mrs. Hablot's class, and were escorted home by Macrae in time for evening service at Clipston, where their mother, Gillian, and Mysie reigned over their little school. There was a kind of homely ease and family life, such that Adeline once betrayed that she sometimes felt as if she was going into banishment. However, there was no doubt that she enjoyed her husband's pride in, and devotion to, her, as well as all the command of money, and choice of pretty things that she had obtained, and she looked well, handsome and dignified.

Still it was evident that she was very glad of Kalliope's companionship, and that the pair were not on those exclusively intimate terms that would make a third person *de trop*.

By Sir Jasper's advice, Lady Merrifield did not mention the possibility of a visit from Captain Henderson, who would come upon Mr. White far better than on his own merits, and had better not be expected either by Adeline or Kalliope.

Enthusiastic letters from both ladies described the delights of the journey which was taken in a leisurely sight-seeing manner, and as to Rocca Marina, it seemed to be an absolute paradise. Mr. White had taken care to send out an English upholsterer, so that insular ideas of comfort might be fulfilled within. Without, the combination of mountain and sea, the vine-clad terraces, the chestnut slopes, the magical colours of the barer rocks, the coast-line trending far away, the azure Mediterranean, with the white-sailed feluccas skimming across it, filled Kalliope with the more transport because it satisfied

the eyes that had unconsciously missed such colouring scenes ever since her early childhood.

The English workmen and their families hailed with delight an English lady. The chaplain and his wife were already at work among them, and their little church only waiting for the bride to lay the first stone.

The accounts of Kalliope's walks as Mrs. White's deputy among these people, of her climbing and her sketching made her recovery evident. Adeline had just been writing that the girl was too aluable to both herself and Mrs. White ever to be parted with, when Captain Henderson came back from Norway, and had free permission from Lady Merrifield to put his fate to the touch.

English tourists who know how to behave themselves were always welcome to enliven the seclusion of Rocca Marina, and admire all of which Adeline was as proud as Mr. White himself. Recommendations to its hospitality did not fail, and the first of Adeline's long letters showed warm appreciation of this pleasant guest, who seemed enchanted with the spot.

Next Mrs. White's sagacity began to suspect his object, and there ensued Kalliope's letter, full of doubts and scruples, unable to help being happy, but deferring her reply till she should hear from Lady Merrifield, whether it could be right to burthen any man with such a family as hers.

The old allegiance to her father's commanding officer, as well as the kindness she had received, seemed to make her turn to ask their approval as if they were her parents; and of course it was heartily given, Sir Jasper himself writing to set before her that John Henderson was no suddenly captivated youth unable to calculate consequences, but a man of long tried affection and constancy, free from personal ties, and knowing all her concerns. The younger ones all gave promise of making their own way, and a wise elder brother was the best thing she could give them. Even Richard might be the better for the connection, and Sir Jasper had taken care that there should be some knowledge of what he was.

There was reason to think that all hesitation had been overcome even before the letters arrived. For it appeared that Captain Henderson had fraternised greatly with Mr. White, and that having much wished for an occupation, he had decided to become a partner in the marble works, bringing the art-knowledge and taste that had been desirable, and Kalliope hoped still to superintend the mosaic workers. It was agreed that the marriage had far better take place away from Rockquay, and it was resolved that it should be at Florence, and that the couple should remain there for the winter, studying art, and especially Florentine mosaic, and return in the spring when the Stebbings would have concluded their arrangements and vacated their house.

Mr. White, in great delight, franked out Alexis and Maura to be

present at the wedding; and a longing wish of Kalliope's that Mr. Flight would officiate was so far expressed that Lady Merrifield mentioned it to him. He was very much moved, for he had been feeling that his relations with the Whites had been chiefly harmful, though, as Alexis now assured him, his notice had been their first ray of comfort in their changed life at Rockquay. The experience had certainly made him older and wiser. Mrs. White—or as her nieces could not help calling her among themselves, the Contessa di Rocca Marina—urged that her sister Jane should join the company, and bring Gillian to act as the other bridesmaid. This, after a little deliberation, was accepted, and the journey was the greatest treat to all concerned. Mr. Flight, the only one of the party who had travelled before in the sense of being a tourist, was amused by the keen and intense delight of Miss Mohun as well as the younger ones in all they beheld, and he steered them with full experience of hotels and of what ought to be visited, so as to be an excellent courier.

As to Rocca Marina, where they spent a few days, no words would describe their admiration, though they brought home a whole book of sketches to back their descriptions. They did not, however, bring back Maura. Mrs. White had declared that she must remain to supply the place of her sister. She was nearly fifteen years old, and already pretty well advanced in her studies; she would pick up foreign languages, the chaplain would teach her when at Rocca Marina, and music and drawing would be attainable in the spring at Florence, moreover, Mr. White promised to regard her as a daughter.

Another point was settled. Alexis had worked in earnest for eight months, and had convinced himself that the marble works were not his vocation, though he had acquitted himself well enough to induce Mr. White to offer him a share in the business, and he would have accepted it if needful. He had, however, made up his mind to endeavour to obtain a scholarship at Oxford, and Captain Henderson promised that whether successful in this or not, he should be enabled to keep his terms there. Mr. White could not understand how a man could prefer being a poor curate to being a rich quarrymaster, but his wife and the two sisters had influence enough to prevent him from being offended; and this was the easier, because Theodore had tastes and abilities that made it likely that he would be thoroughly available at the works.

What shall be said of the return to Rockstone? Mr. Flight came home first, then, after many happy days of appreciative sightseeing, Aunt Jane and Gillian. They had not been ashamed of being British spinsters with guide-books in their hands; nor, on the other hand, had they been obliged to see what they did not care about, and Mr. White had put them in the way of the best mode of seeing what they wished; and above all the vicissitudes of travel, even in easy going modern fashion, had made them one with each other according to Jane's best hopes. It was declared that the aunt looked five years

younger for such recreation as she had never known before, and she set to work with double energy.

When, in May, Captain and Mrs. Henderson took possession of the pretty house that had been fitted up for them, though Miss Mellon might whisper to a few that *she* had only been one of the mosaic hands, there was not much inclination to attend to the story among the society to which Lady Merrifield introduced her. These acquaintance would gladly have seen more of her than she had time to give them, between family claims and home cares, her attention to the artistic side of the business for which she had not studied in vain, and her personal and individual care for the young women concerned therein. For years to come even, it was likely that visitors to Rockstone would ask one another if they had seen that remarkably beautiful Mrs. Henderson.

Mrs. White, reigning there in the summer, in her fine house and gardens, though handsome as ever, had the good sense to resign the palm of beauty, and be gratified with the admiration for one whom she accepted as a protégée and appendage, whose praise reflected upon herself. And Cliff house under the new régime was a power in Rockstone, with its garden-parties, drawing-room meetings on behalf of everything good and desirable, its general superintendence, and promotion of all that could aid in the welfare of the place. There was general rejoicing when it was occupied.

Adeline, in better health than she had enjoyed since her early girlhood, and feeling her consequence both in Italy and at Rockstone, was often radiant, always kind and friendly and ready with patronage and assistance. Her sisters wondered at times how absolute her happiness was; they sometimes thought she said too much about it, and about her dear husband's indulgence in her letters, to be quite satisfactory, and when she came to Rockstone, there was an effusiveness of affection towards her family, an unwillingness to spare her sisters or nieces from her side, an earnest desire to take one back to Italy with her such as betrayed something lacking in companionship. Jane detected likewise that the idolising husband felt this attachment a little over much.

It was not quite possible to feel him one with her family, or make him feel himself one. He would always be 'company' with them. He had indeed been invited to Beechcroft Court, but it was plain that the visit had been stiff and wearisome to both parties, even more so than that to Rotherwood, where there was no reason to look for much familiarity.

In the same way, to Reginald Mohun, who had been obliged to retire as full Colonel, Mr. White was so absolutely distasteful that it was his sisters' continual fear that he would encourage the young people's surreptitious jokes about their marble uncle. Sir Jasper, always feeling accountable for having given the first sanction, did his best for the brother-in-law, but in spite of regard, there was no

getting over the uncongeniality that would always be the drop in Adeline's cup. The perfect ease and confidence of family intercourse *would* alter on his entrance!

Nobody got on with him so well as Captain Harry May. For I do not 'speak to that dull elf who cannot figure to himself' the great family meeting that came to pass when the colonists came home—how sweet and matronly 'Aunt Phyllis' looked, how fresh and bright her daughters were, and how surprised Valetta was to find them as well instructed and civilised as herself, though she did not, like Primrose, expect to see them tatooed. One of the party was no other than Dolores Mohun. She had been very happy with her father for three years. They had been at Rotorua at the time of the earthquake, and Dolores had acquired much credit for her reasonableness and self-possession; but there had been also a young lady, not much above her own age who had needed protection and comfort, and the acquaintance there begun had ended in her father deciding on a marriage with a pretty, gentle creature as unlike the wife of his youth as could be imagined.

Dolores had behaved very well, as her Aunt Phyllis warmly testified; but it was a relief to all parties, when the proposal was made that, immediately after the wedding, she should go home under her Aunt's escort to finish her education. She had learnt to love and trust Aunt Phyllis; but to be once more with Aunt Lily and Mysie was the greatest peace and bliss she could conceive. And she was a very different being from the angular defiant girl of those days which seemed so long ago.

There is no need to say more at present of these old friends. There is no material for narrative in describing how the 'calm decay' of Dr. May in old age was cheered by the presence of his sailor son, nor in the scenes where the brothers, sisters and friend exchanged happy recollections, brightened each other's lives with affection, and stimulated one another in serving God in their generation.

(*Concluded.*)

DAGMAR.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'CAIRNFORTH,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

'Years of joy for hours of sorrow.'

I looked, and saw your love
In the shadow of your heart,
As a diver sees the pearl
In the shadow of the sea;

And I murmured, not above
My breath, but all apart,
"Ah! you can love, true girl.
And is your love for me?"'

To the world in general that month of September seemed, no doubt, about the usual length. And even to Maurice's impatience it could not stretch itself out for ever. It was over at last, and the first few days of October gone after it; and he found himself, wondering and almost incredulous at his own good fortune, on his way to Winstead.

If his mind had not been full of one overwhelming anticipation, he might have dwelt upon others less pleasant; have remembered that there was a certain awkwardness in going back, as Maurice Caryl, to the neighbourhood where he had been known under such very different circumstances; and have wondered whether chance would bring him across any of his former neighbours; and, if so, how they would behave to him.

But he had literally no thought to spare for such contingencies. He knew that he should see Dagmar, and in a vague, secondary way rejoiced in the idea of seeing the Squire, and Mrs. Tyndal, and Dick, also Mr. Layton and his wife. The rest of the world he had forgotten as utterly as if it had never existed.

When he reached the station he found only the dog-cart waiting for him, with a groom, who put a letter into his hand. It was from Mr. Tyndal, bidding him welcome in the kindliest fashion, and apologising for not being there himself to do so in person. 'Master had gone over to Calton with the brougham,' said the groom, by way of further explanation.

Maurice was glad of the letter, and almost more glad to have the drive in silence and quietude. His heart was throbbing too fast with joyful anticipation to dispose him to conversation, even with *her* father.

They drove quickly on through the golden evening sunshine, all the familiar landmarks, as they met his eyes, thrilling him with a pleasure so keen that it was almost pain.

He had been eighteen months with hardly a glimpse of the country, and the mere sight of green trees and hedgerows was a new and blissful experience that banished whatever painful memories might have hung about those fields and lanes where he had felt and suffered so much. He did not even trouble himself to turn away his head as they passed that turn in the road from which the first view of the Court could be seen. Its grim whiteness, sharply outlined against the dark green masses of the hanging woods, was nothing to him now:—Dagmar had blotted out all the terrible past, and forbidden him to think of aught but the future.

The Hall was reached, and he was shown at once into the drawing-room, where he was told Mrs. Tyndal was.

She was not there, however, but in one moment the curtain that hung over the doorway of the inner room was moved back, and Dagmar entered.

There is no reason to describe her appearance, as she stood a moment on the threshold, with one white hand still clinging to the curtain. She was lovely enough, in her dark velvet gown, to satisfy any eyes; and, if the last month had not really doubled and trebled her beauty, her lover might be pardoned for thinking so,—as he certainly did.

He came forward, trembling a little, and she put both her hands frankly into his.

'The six months are over,' he said, 'and I have won all that could be won in the time. Shall I have my reward?'

'I think so!' she answered soberly, looking in his face with shining eyes.

'You think so? If *you* think so, is not that enough?'

'Perhaps! If *I* can give you your reward, you shall not miss it. I promised I would love you—and I do!'

Hitherto she had spoken with her usual serene, almost childish, gravity; but, with the touch of her lover's arm around her, her tone suddenly changed.

'Mind,' she cried almost passionately, 'from henceforward things are changed between you and me! You are never to speak again as though I were better worth than you; I would never have loved you if it had been so. I promised I would try to understand you—and I do; I understand how good you are, how brave and patient you have been. From this time you are my master; I am proud, yes!—but it is because you love me!'

* * * * * *

No one came near to disturb the lovers in their long and blissful *tête-à-tête*. Wheels were heard upon the gravel outside, and the sound of voices in the hall; but no one came into the drawing-room, and I fear Maurice had quite forgotten that he had not seen his host or hostess as yet.

The clang of the dressing-bell was the first thing that recalled

either of them to a perception of how time was going in this every-day world; and a moment after Dick appeared, looking very shy, but very delighted, and announced that he was to take Maurice up to his room.

It was the same old room that he had occupied during his illness; and at any other time he might well have found it full of ghosts, but not now. The only thing that troubled him was a doubt as to whether he or any man had a right to be so happy; and he meditated on that question till he was in danger of being too late for dinner, and had to make his toilet in a hurry.

He was in the drawing-room in fairly good time, nevertheless, answering the eager greeting of the Squire, and Mrs. Tyndal's tender, motherly welcome. They had so much to ask and to say to him that he had not had time to ask a single question himself before the second bell rang; and at the same moment the door opened, and some one came quietly in.

Mrs. Tyndal moved forward, and spoke as to a guest; and Maurice turned, wondering a little who they could have chosen to ask to the Hall at such a time, and recognised Mr. Wallingford.

Even his talisman of love and hope could not make such a meeting otherwise than painful; and Maurice flushed and grew pale again while Mr. Wallingford was presenting his careful and ceremonious homage to his hostess and her daughter. But Dagmar favoured him with one swift bright glance from under her long lashes as she gave her hand to the guest, and he smiled in answer to it. His shame was hers now, and therefore a burden that could be borne, and must be borne, with an unmoved countenance.

Even then Dagmar had a thought of whimsical pity to spare for poor Mr. Wallingford, who had again to frame his conduct upon new lines, under circumstances which were absolutely without precedent.

He bore himself, upon the whole, nobly.

'Mr. Caryl,' he said, coming up to Maurice with his air of deliberate cordiality, 'I am really very glad, I may say delighted, to see you again.'

'You are very kind,' murmured Maurice, rather astonished.

'I had been considering in what way I could arrange to meet you,' went on the other, 'when our kind friends here gave me the opportunity of doing so. And I assured them, as I now assure you, that I should feel it an honour.'

Maurice opened his eyes wide with a half-reproachful look, as if he were saying mentally, '*At least you need not be sarcastic.*' But before any one had had time to speak again dinner was announced; and it was well known that Mr. Wallingford would perish at the stake rather than keep dinner waiting, or talk upon any but the most general topics 'before the servants.'

Maurice was seated between Mrs. Tyndal and Dagmar, and did not

find the time pass slowly. It was so long since he had had anything worthy to be called 'a dinner,' that he ought to have enjoyed that one; and so he did, in a way—but not because he had any very clear perception of the good things sat before him. But now and then, even with Day's voice in his ears, and her bewildering smiles playing about him like summer lightning, he found a thought to spare for Mr. Wallingford, to wonder what had brought him there again.

When the ladies were gone, Maurice thought 'now it is coming'—all the more because the Squire looked elate and expectant. But nothing came but a little *very* mild political discussion, in which the young man made the very flimsiest pretence of joining. With the self-centred interests of youth and love, he could hardly even pretend to care for 'Ireland's woes and Gladstone's measure.' He even resented the introduction of these important points, because they might postpone for five minutes the time when he should get back to the drawing-room and see Dagmar again.

The wished-for move came at last, however, and when the little group in the drawing-room broke up at the entrance of the gentlemen, Maurice with much presence of mind contrived to rearrange matters after his own pleasure.

The three elders were left to entertain one another, while he and Dagmar sat at the other end of the room, ostensibly discussing a large book of photographs with Dick.

Perhaps their happiness was too new as yet for them not to feel a little shy with each other, except at the white heat of emotion; but Dick supplied a comfortable kind of commonplace ground upon which they two could meet; and for the present it was almost enough to be together, without wanting to speak.

The three elders were all furtively watching that group at the other end of the room, Dick and Day bending their bright faces over the book together, with soft low-voiced argument and laughter; turning every now and then to appeal to Maurice, who was half leaning back, looking as if his months of hard work had left him rather weary, and yet so happy that no one could pity him for what had helped to make the present joy so sweet. Now and then, too, *he* would lean forward and slide his murmured comment into Day's ear; and the look with which she listened to him would have been enough to tell her secret, even if it had not been known to all in that room already.

Pretty as the tableau was, Mr. Wallingford watched it after a time with smothered, gentlemanly impatience. Presently he drew near that end of the room, pulled forward the highest, most angular seat he could find, and sat himself down upon it, with an air oddly like that of a man taking a chair at a public meeting. The very way in which he cleared his throat drew every eye upon him, and suggested that he was about to begin with '*Ladies and Gentlemen;*' but he did not.

'I have always said,' he began, after that preliminary cough—'I have *frequently* said that it is an undesirable thing to discuss important matters of business during the hours that should be devoted to relaxation, especially when there are ladies present; but my time is short, as an important engagement will call me away early to-morrow morning, so I am sure you will all pardon me for wishing now to state what brought me here. I believe the matter is of the greatest interest to us *all*.'

He paused and looked round, and Dick effaced himself as far as possible over his book of photographs, greatly fearing that he should be requested to withdraw. But perhaps Mr. Wallingford considered him as equally interested, or at any rate not worthy of special notice, for he only went on in his usual measured tones—

'I trust I may be pardoned for speaking upon what must necessarily be rather a painful subject. I think we can none of us have forgotten what happened when I was last here; but I hope Mr. Caryl will be assured that, if I allude to it, it is not with any wish to pain him, but rather with sincere admiration of his conduct under very trying circumstances.'

He paused and looked at Maurice, and obliquely also at Dagmar, who was sitting at his side. The flickering smiles with which the two young people had watched his pompous commencement had quite died away now, and they were both grave enough.

Maurice just bowed in acknowledgment, but did not speak, and Mr. Wallingford went on, still looking at him.

'After leaving this place, I felt it my duty to make inquiries as to the circumstances related to my friend Tyndal here and myself by you. I am naturally perhaps of a somewhat over-cautious disposition; and it seemed to me that it would be a satisfaction—to all parties—to have some exterior evidence.'

He felt, perhaps, that he was getting into deep water, for he hesitated and paused, but no one helped him out, and he began again in another place.

'I had enquiries made both at *El Haleel* and at Cairo, in the hope of tracing out the dragoman who went with you. The proceedings were necessarily very slow, and did not seem to me very satisfactory, and the matter hung in hand, I am ashamed to say, until I heard this spring that a legal friend of mine was intending to make a tour in Lower Egypt for the benefit of his health. I gave him the outlines of the story, and he took it up—I must say with more enthusiasm than I expected—and not only undertook to investigate the matter himself, but persuaded me to accompany him.'

Mr. Tyndal made a little exclamation of surprise. There was something irresistibly odd in the notion of Mr. Wallingford's prim, keen face peering about among the grey antiquities of Egypt.

'Yes,' he said, meditatively, 'it was on the whole an agreeable

experience. And I must beg Mr. Caryl to believe that I did not enjoy it the less because the result of my inquiries was to give me a very decided impression that his account of the affair, as given to us, was literally true.'

Maurice drew a long, long, breath, but said not a word; and Dagmar looked as though she might have been inclined to quarrel with the speaker's very guarded manner of expressing himself; but Mr. Tyndal looked round at the company generally, and nodded, as who should say, 'I told you so.'

'Did you know,' said Mr. Wallingford, looking again at Maurice; 'did you know that your dragoman was all the time aware of the—of the change of name?'

'I knew that probably he knew all about it,' said Maurice.

Something in his tone must have betrayed the pain it gave him to go back to that old story; for Dagmar openly put her hand into his, and softly pressed it, by way of comfort.

'Your boldness in dealing with him seemed to have been the best way of saving yourself from annoyance from him afterwards,' went on the other, with a curious kind of unwilling admiration in his tone. 'He seems to have been a good deal puzzled, and, if he had been aware that your proceedings were not legal, he might have tried to extort blackmail from you. But the absence of any attempt at concealment baffled him.'

Maurice said nothing; he was evidently not going to discuss his own past sagacity, or the manner in which he had triumphed over Eastern cunning. It was the Squire who came to the rescue after a minute or two by gently suggesting—

'So you made inquiries?'

'After having found the dragoman, we took him on with us to El Haleel, and continued our investigations there. The details of these I shall be glad to give to Mr. Caryl at any time he pleases, but there is no need to trouble the company with them now.'

'Surely there is no need to speak of them now or ever,' said Maurice, with again that hint of suppressed pain in his voice. 'If you are convinced that at least when I told you all I told the truth, that is enough; and I am deeply thankful to you for having taken the trouble to investigate the matter; but, for pity's sake, let there be no more said about it.'

'You forget,' said Mr. Wallingford. 'There is the succession to the Court estate depending upon the truth of your story. When we had both satisfied ourselves on that point, my friend and I, on our return to London, consulted another eminent legal authority; showing him my poor young kinsman's will, and telling him at the same time the result of our inquiries.'

He made another of those exasperating pauses; and the Squire looken at him impatiently. Maurice was silent, and looked almost sullen, and Dagmar never took her eyes from his face.

'He said, upon consideration,' went on the speaker; 'he said that such a will might be hard to prove, if legally contested, but that he considered that morally it would be binding. That being the case, I beg to return it to you, with thanks for the confidence you have reposed in me by intrusting it to me for so long; and I beg to be the first to congratulate you on being now the undoubted owner of a very considerable and flourishing estate.'

There was a pause of blank astonishment. Mr. Wallingford produced a long thin paper from his breast pocket, and handed it to Maurice, who shivered a little, as if it had been a snake, but held out his hand and took it. Then he carefully uncrossed and recrossed his legs, rubbed one thin white hand over the other, leaned back in his chair, and looked at a little bit of ivory carving on the table as if he contemplated making some remark about it.

Maurice and Dagmar looked at each other, and she held out her hand for the paper. He opened it, holding it that she might read with him; and they read it through, while the Squire and Mrs. Tyndall looked at them both, and the room was very still. They came to the end, and Maurice kissed the signature, solemnly, as he might have kissed his friend's lips as he lay dead. Then he looked again for an instant into Dagmar's eyes, rose, and before any one else guessed what he was about to do he had crossed the room to the fireplace, and the important paper was flaming in the grate.

There was an inarticulate confusion of exclamation and surprise, and in the midst of it Dagmar had followed to where he stood, leaning against the mantelshelf, and slipped her hand into his arm.

'It is better,' he said. 'It might have made trouble in after years, somehow; and I told you, long since, that I never intended to profit by it.'

'But, my dear boy!' began the Squire, and then paused, because Mr. Wallingford's cold, deliberate tones were making themselves heard through his.

'This is most unfortunate,' he said. 'It must seriously add to the awkwardness of your resuming possession of the estate; and it is not conceivable that you will allow words—hastily uttered in a moment of great agitation—to ruin your prospects for life.'

Maurice could smile, thanks to the soft touch of that little hand on his arm.

'I am grateful to you for your kind thought of me; but I trust my prospects will not be altogether ruined, even so. It was not hastily, but with all deliberation, that I made up my mind to have nothing to do henceforward with Winstead Court.'

The muddle-headed, impatient Squire understood him perfectly; but the clear and judicial mind of the other was puzzled.

'I think you take a very over-strained view of the case,' he began.

'Really, under the very peculiar circumstances, your action may be regarded rather as an error in judgment than——'

'There is no need to mince the matter,' interrupted Maurice, with lips that grew a little pale. 'The thing being repented of—and forgiven, I trust—it may be spoken of plainly as what it is—a cheat, and a fraud! There were excuses for it, no doubt. So much the worse for me, for but for them it would never have been undertaken. But by it I put it out of my power ever to touch one penny of that property. Though it *might* have been mine honestly, I did not take it so; to me it would always be the wages of sin.'

There was a moment's silence; Dick and Dagmar were both looking at Maurice with shining, delighted eyes, and parted lips. Mr. and Mrs. Tyndal looked more grave and dubious, as became their years; but they would not say one word of remonstrance or disapproval. Mr. Wallingford fidgeted with his watch-chain.

'This puts me in a very uncomfortable position,' he said at last.

'Not in the least!' answered Maurice promptly. 'You are heir-at-law. The late owner left no will; there was a certain memorandum of his wishes, which might never have been of any real weight; and it is now destroyed. You have no choice in the matter; you have taken the trouble to look into it, and to clear my character as far as it *can* be cleared, for which I shall always be grateful to you. And now there is no more to be said.'

His lips looked like iron as they closed upon his last words; and Dagmar, looking up at him, knew that not even she could move him, and rejoiced in the knowledge.

'But I understood,' said Mr. Wallingford, 'that you had—others to consider, besides yourself. Ought not they be consulted, under the circumstances?'

Even then Dagmar's eyes could not refrain a twinkle of humour, that included both Maurice and Dick. Considering the way in which she was standing—almost leaning against her lover's shoulder, as if ready to face the world with him—it was delightful to be so delicately referred to under the head of 'others.'

Maurice looked down upon her with a smile on his lips, and something deeper in his eyes.

'Must I consult you?' he said.

'No,' she answered; 'do what you think *right*, always; and see if I hold you back!'

Mr. Wallingford looked at her with pity, and then turned appealingly to her parents, who were older, and ought at least to know better. But they guiltily averted their eyes; they knew full well what every one would say they 'ought' to do; but they also knew that they should never be able to bring themselves to do it.

Mr. Wallingford sighed. This man, who was literally *anxious* to give up a fine estate because he thought that, though legally his, it

was not morally so, could not at all understand the precisely similar process that was going on in his young rival's mind. His was perhaps one of those selfishly conscientious natures to whom the keeping of their own hands clean seems not only the first, but the last, of duties.

'Well,' he said, 'it is neither necessary nor desirable to say anything further on the subject to-night; it will have to be discussed more deliberately, in all its bearings, before anything can be decided.'

'Pardon me!' said Maurice in his gentlest tone, 'as far as I am concerned, the matter *is* settled already. After your great kindness to me, I must feel it my duty to listen to whatever you may choose to say; but I should feel it an added kindness if you would not mention it again. There is no prospect whatever of my changing my mind.'

'Well,' said Mr. Wallingford again, slowly, 'I must consider what can be done. We will say no more at present. And now, if you will allow me, I will say good-night, Mrs. Tyndal; I have had a journey to-day, and shall have another to-morrow, and, alas! I am no longer so young as I once was.'

* * * * * *

'I don't know how to blame you,' said the Squire to Maurice as they stood together over the fire after the guest had retired. 'You are very foolish, I dare say, but perhaps I am not altogether wise myself;—but you need not think that you have disposed of friend Wallingford yet. You are an obstinate lad, Maurice—the most obstinate I ever knew—but in his own way that fellow upstairs is a match for you.'

* * * * * *

Matters hardly seemed, the next morning, to bear the Squire out in this assertion. Mr. Wallingford appeared to accept his defeat with resignation, bowed, and smiled, and talked to everybody with much affability, and alluded to some instructions he had to give to the agent for the Court estate, quite with the air of the acknowledged owner thereof.

And before middle-day he took himself off to fulfil his important engagement, taking a very friendly leave of Maurice, and giving him a very sincere though formal invitation to visit him at Christmas at 'The Cedars.'

Kind as he was, Maurice saw him go with a feeling that now at last his own long penance was over, and his good days fairly begun.

Nothing definite had yet been said as to his prospects or Dagmar's; but they considered themselves as absolutely engaged, and no one said anything against it.

Poor Raymond, in his nervous dread of precipitating matters, had just contrived to do that very thing. Left to himself, the Squire might long have hesitated, in spite of his love for Maurice, over

giving his only daughter to one whose future was so doubtful, and who had so dark a cloud over his past.

But the six months' probation upon which Raymond had insisted seemed for the time to relieve Mr. Tyndal of the responsibility; and he quite forgot that to say, '*There shall be no engagement till six months are past*,' was much the same thing as saying, '*You may be engaged when six months are over*.'

He realised that fact now, and was, on the whole, glad of it. He could not be sorry to feel that it was no use trying to disturb their happiness now. They were so happy, and he was so fond of them both; and though, from a worldly point of view, it might be his duty to disapprove altogether of their proceedings, yet the worldly ideal of duty had never taken much hold of his heart.

So Maurice and Dagmar went unhindered into Arcadia, and were happy there in the golden October weather, so happy that the mere recollection of it should be enough to sweeten all winter days afterwards.

Mr. Layton and Agnes had, of course, to be visited, and *they* were blissful enough in their own way to give an added brightness to the world that seemed so bright. Maurice and the Vicar had a little private talk together at their first meeting; but, on the whole, there was no going back upon the past. It was an understood thing that Maurice had made a fresh beginning, and that the old days were to be put aside with the name that he had borne then.

The neighbours were perhaps the most to be pitied, since many of them were sorely puzzled how to act.

Mr. Layton and the Squire had taken care that the correct version of the story should be put into circulation; but, of course, most people preferred erecting theories of their own to accepting a plain statement of facts. Those theories which were most detrimental to Maurice's character had been very early demolished by the affectionate way in which the Squire always spoke of him, and could not in any case have survived his reappearance as a favoured guest at the Hall.

Many people like to *hear* ill-natured remarks; but very few will be found, in the end, to believe them. The generally received version of Maurice's story was eventually one which was far more favourable to him than he had any right to expect. 'It had been poor Maurice Claughton's wish (they said) that Mr. Caryl should take the name as well as the estate; and the Squire had all the while been aware of the change of identity, and had helped him to carry out what was really no more than a kind of trick played upon the county generally. Then they had made the discovery that the will would not stand; and Mr. Caryl had owned it very readily and frankly, and yielded the estate to Mr. Wallingford, going back, naturally, to his own name at the same time.'

It was a queer story, every one agreed; but not so queer as those

that had been circulated at first, and, after all, it was impossible that things should have been *worse* than that, since Mr. Caryl was a greater favourite than ever at the Hall, and was apparently engaged to be married to Dagmar Tyndal.

So the neighbourhood in general came and called; and, when there was no convenient way of escape, Maurice faced it boldly, and found himself received as a distinguished stranger, by people who somewhat pointedly made it appear that they had not had the pleasure of his acquaintance before, but were very glad to make it now.

Maurice had had far more important things to think of than the opinion his acquaintances might have of him and his doings; but now, for Dagmar's sake, he was thankful that they dealt so leniently with him, and that there was no frown of outside disapproval to mar the fairyland of delight in which they two lived, and planned, and dreamed of the future.

They were neither of them inclined to a fool's paradise of love and indolence; but, perhaps, their visions of the future were none the less pleasant for being enveloped in a soft haze of distance and youthful inexperience.

To Dagmar, Maurice confided what he could never have told to any one else—the impulse that drove him to fight disease and death wherever they were to be found; the hope of some day rendering good service, not only to an individual here and there, but to the world at large. And she, for her part, listened, and more than sympathised. She *believed* in him, not with blind trust, but with loyal devotion; and she would have despised herself if ever, by thought or wish of hers, she had held him back from doing what he thought well. He had conquered once, she thought, in the hardest struggle of all; he would always conquer now, and she would help him and rejoice in his success. Meanwhile, she prepared herself for being a poor man's wife in a practical fashion of her own, and was perhaps quite as well pleased to find how well she could do without luxuries as ever she had been to enjoy them.

Plans for the immediate future had not been talked of yet; since Maurice not only deserved a holiday, but really needed one, and was too weary and happy to be ready at once to look forward; when he received a letter from Mr. Wallingford, bidding rather than inviting him to come for a day or two to 'The Cedars.'

Maurice rather shrugged his shoulders, but went; and nothing more was heard of him, till two days later came a line to the Squire to say that he hoped to return that afternoon.

There was not another word in the note; but, perhaps, Day had heard something of his plans before, for she would not let her father go to the station, but sent the groom and the dog-cart, contriving to be herself somewhere near the stile that led to the field-path when the carriage repassed it on its homeward way. The dog-cart was

empty when she caught sight of it, save for the groom and a portmanteau; but (as she had expected), a moment after, a step came quickly behind her, and Maurice appeared, looking very happy, but a little puzzled.

'There is something that you want to tell me,' she said, after a moment, when the first few eager words had been exchanged.

'There is,' he said, smiling. 'If you were like any one else, I should be afraid to tell you.'

'But, as it is, you are not.'

'No; I am not. But I am afraid to think of what the rest of the world will say when it is known that I have missed another chance of giving you a home more fit for you than any you are likely to have as it is.'

'Mr. Wallingford *did* want to repeat his offer, then?'

'Yes. It seems that my "inconsiderate action" in destroying that paper upset all his calculations, and he was obliged to retire and consult his lawyer before resolving what next to do. But he was still as unwilling as ever to remain in possession of what he thinks ought to be mine.'

'My father said you had not done with him,' said Dagmar, smiling.

'Well, so it proved. I don't know whether I am really as obstinate as your father says; but I never had such hard work to get my own way before. Nothing but a point-blank refusal was of the slightest use; and I was obliged to persist in that, at the risk of seeming discourteous, till at last I convinced him that he could not be wronging me in keeping from me what *I* could never regard as mine. In such a struggle of wills, the one who takes the passive part must always win in the end; and he realised at last, I think, that he could not give if I would not take. But he remained lost in wonder at my folly, and most of our friends will share his feelings.'

'You know that *I* understand you,' said Dagmar simply. 'And, even if I saw no reason why you should not have the Court, I think I would still prefer that you should *earn* rather than inherit.'

'That being the case, what do I care what other people think?' said Maurice, kissing her hand. 'But I think we have not quite done with Mr. Wallingford yet. I have a letter here from him, which I was to deliver into no hand but yours. Read it now, my queen, and let us see what new surprise is in store for us.'

'I wonder what is in it?' she said, her fingers lingering round the massive seal with the three prim-looking birds that formed the Wallingford arms. 'Perhaps it is to offer *me* what you have refused!'

'Perhaps it is to warn you to have nothing to do with me,' he said, and smiled.

'It will make very little difference, either way,' she answered

composedly, and broke the seal. 'Read it with me,' she went on, as she unfolded it, 'or I will not read it at all.'

They had both somehow expected a very long and elaborately-worded letter; but what met their eyes was not a letter at all. It was a copy of a deed of gift, conveying to Dagmar Tyndal, on the day of her marriage with Maurice Mervyn Caryl, the estate and house of Earl's Hope, in the county of ——, with all the fields, tenements, and gardens thereto pertaining, now occupied, as yearly tenant, by Charles Norris, gentleman.

This was the drift of the document, as they with some difficulty made it out, through the mists of legal phraseology, and the confusion of details relating to the names of various fields, and their whereabouts, and the right of way to them over adjacent properties.

Maurice and Dagmar waded through it to the very end, and realised its meaning, and all the difference that it might make to their immediate prospects—realised too, with a strange mingling of gratitude and vexation, that Mr. Wallingford had got his own way, in the main, after all.

They looked at one another, and then, being young and light-hearted, they laughed, despite the importance of the occasion.

'I don't know,' said Maurice; 'but it seems to me that Mr. Wallingford's obstinacy, joined to his kind feeling, is more than a match for mine.'

'You cannot refuse what is not given to *you*, that is certain,' said Dagmar musingly. 'And I doubt whether I ought to harden my heart against generosity so delicately shown, especially as *he* looks upon it not as generosity, but as justice. See how he lays the obligation on me rather than on you, and yet makes my being an heiress depend on you, after all.'

'How does it depend on me?' asked Maurice, rather stupidly.

She blushed most beautifully, but answered without any fencing.

'If you were to find out that you did not want to marry me after all, I suppose I should never come in for this property.'

'Oh!' he said, with a low laugh of intense enjoyment. 'So he thought, perhaps, that I required an inducement—and you too! Dearest, will you marry me, that you may become mistress of the estate and house of Earl's Hope, in the county of ——?'

'It is not worth so much as Winstead, I believe,' broke in Dagmar, with dainty malice. 'You had better change your mind, after all.'

Perhaps she knew that when she looked up, with such an expression, on *such* lips, no man (who *dared*) could resist the temptation of stopping them in the most obvious and delightful fashion. But she was none the less angry when at that very moment, in that most private and secluded of walks, a spectator of this pretty little idyll suddenly presented himself.

Need it be said that the inopportune individual was Tom Pointer? He appeared in sight where the path wound in and out among the trees, quite at sufficient distance to have made a hasty retreat almost before he had been seen. But he came right on, nevertheless, with an apologetic smile gradually spreading itself all over his face.

'I say, you know,' he began, 'I'm very sorry—at least, I mean I'm very glad. I've been away, and I've only just heard that you'd come back to this neighbourhood. They told me at the Hall that you were coming this way, and I thought I'd meet you; but, of course, I shouldn't have done it if I hadn't thought you'd be alone.'

Dagmar was looking away into space, nursing her wrath, but with a little movement of the corners of her mouth that betrayed to Maurice that she was secretly laughing. He, for his part, was too happy not to be merciful.

'Thanks,' he said. 'You have always felt kindly towards me, I know. I heard that you were away from home, or else, I am sure, you would have been one of the first to congratulate me—on being once more among the friends I care for most.'

'And on something else, too, I suppose,' said the young man, with rather a wistful look towards Dagmar. 'I can't pretend, you know, that we shan't grudge it to you, many of us. But we can wish you joy, for all that. The best man's won, we can't deny, so it's all right.'

'Thank you,' said Maurice again, more moved than he would have thought possible. 'I think it must not be spoken of openly as yet; but I know what you mean, and I thank you for this more than for all the other kindness you have shown me.'

He held out his hand, and the other shook it violently.

Dagmar said nothing; but she looked round, and suffered her lips to relax into a smile. Perhaps it was that which caused Tom Pointer to stop and turn back just as he was beginning a comparatively graceful and rapid retreat.

'I say, you know, I'm awfully sorry I happened to come upon you just at that moment. I know a third party must always be *de trop* on these occasions; and I hope you'll believe that I really wouldn't have come this way if I had known.'

No one answered him, and this time he really did go, and Maurice and Dagmar looked at each other again, with eyes that said unutterable things.

'There goes the genius of folly,' said Maurice, as he passed out of sight. 'But he has a good heart, after all. Heart's dearest, the die is cast now. He will go and tell every one that we are engaged, and I think, as matters stand now, your father will not say nay. Heaven has been very good to me, and my time of probation has been shorter by years than I had dared to hope. My queen, are you afraid to trust yourself to me?'

'You know that I am not,' she answered low.

He drew her closer, and for a moment neither spoke. They were looking out through a gap in the circling belt of trees towards the west, where the October day was dying in a blaze of splendour that no summer day could boast.

'It is nearly over,' he murmured at last. 'The last day of the old life—the beginning of the new. Dearest, will you help me, all my days, to give thanks?'

THE END.

AGATHA'S VOCATION.

BY ANNETTE LYSTER, AUTHOR OF 'GRANNIE,' 'THE WHITE GIPSY,' 'MRS. DOBB'S DULL BOY,' 'FAITHFUL,' ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

DELAY NO. 1.

When Mrs. Drayton met Agatha the next morning, she was at once aware that a change had come over her. She looked thoroughly awake, and her open desk covered with papers showed that she had been busy. Yet she was greatly altered—an alteration which had been gradually taking place ever since her parting with Edward. Till then she had been very young and very animated looking; her cheeks had been touched with the beautiful crimson glow of a dark complexion, her lips had been always ready to smile. Now she looked older than she really was, and her colour only came when she was much moved; her smile was sweet as ever, but very rare, and in her brown eyes there was a most wistful expression.

She came forward and kissed Mrs. Drayton, saying softly—

'Thank you; you are a real friend to me. Look, Mrs. Drayton, I have been reading over some notes which I took from time to time of dear Aunt Mary's plans. I am ashamed to confess that often as we have talked of them, they never came home to me as real; it was like writing a story. But now, thinking them over with a view to acting on them, I begin to fear that they are—well, not very practical.'

'She was aware of that herself, if you remember.'

'I must take a day or two to think things over. Her original idea was an orphanage; but she wished to make it a means of giving a comfortable home to governesses, and she lately spoke a good deal of a hospital for ladies—regular invalids, you know. I don't see how this could be combined with the other; but I think whoever undertakes an orphanage ought to have a good practical knowledge of nursing. Then I am afraid I have hardly money enough to set an orphanage going on anything like the scale *she* spoke of. Her heart was so large; but she saved a good deal, I know. I must write to Mr. Hughes and find out about it.'

'I am sure, my dear, that you will do what is right. And again and again has dear Mrs. Browning impressed upon me that you are not to consider yourself bound by her notions, but to work out your plan in your own way. She even said that you were not bound to undertake anything of the kind unless you wished it yourself.'

'I do wish to do what would have pleased her. I must just think it all over carefully.'

At all events, she was aroused from her lethargy, and was more like herself. Mrs. Drayton repeated her invitation, adding—

'Mr. Drayton can advise you about all this better than I can'—and Agatha promised to come the next day and stay for a week or two.

But very early the next morning she made her appearance at the Rectory, in a state of great excitement.

'Oh, Mrs. Drayton, all my plans are altered for a time! I have had a letter from Lucy Lisle.'

'From whom, my love? I do not recognise the name.'

'Lucy—Mrs. Lisle. She was Lucy Winstanley; I have not heard from her for a long time; lately I thought perhaps she was angry with me. But it seems that she has been very unhappy—poor Willie Lisle had great misfortunes as a farmer, and finally has been obliged to sell his land and everything he had; and he sent Lucy and her children home, thinking that—not knowing that Crossley Farm is let. She is in Liverpool, without money, and very far from well. She wrote to Crossley, and getting no answer, wrote to me.'

'Poor young creature! But what are you going to do, Agatha? It is very awkward.'

'I do not see that at all. Lucy was my schoolfellow and my dearest friend when we were both children. Her husband will arrange what she is to do, no doubt; but for the present she must come to me. I am going to Liverpool for her.'

'Going—to Liverpool—*you!* Why, you have never left Market Yoredale since you were a child! No, my love; if some one must go, let it be Mr. Drayton. But why could not Mrs. Lisle come on alone?'

'Poor Lucy! You don't know her. She is the most timid creature, and so pretty and tender-looking; and there are two children and no servant. She says she is so terrified at getting no answer from —— to her letter, that she does not know what to do. As for me, I shall do very well; there is nothing remarkable about me, and I am not nervous. I have packed up what I shall want, and engaged a fly to take me to the station—the man is to go to Sunnybank for my bag, and call here for me. I want you, dear Mrs. Drayton, to look in upon Nanny in the course of the day, and see that she makes the rooms comfortable. I gave her full directions, but she may idle about if she is not looked after. Her mother will sleep at Sunnybank to-night, and I hope to be back to-morrow evening. I see the fly at the gate now. Good-bye until to-morrow!'

Poor Mrs. Drayton! She was a reasonable woman, and she felt that it would be absurd to complain one day that Agatha would not rouse herself, and the next that she was too energetic. Still, she did

feel a little out of breath. She was herself a most deliberate woman in all her movements; to set off thus at a moment's notice was a thing she never could have managed. She thought it very unfair when her husband said—

'You should not have let her go, Barbara; I would have gone with her if you had called me.'

'*Let* her go!' Mrs. Drayton echoed. 'She was gone before I knew that she really meant it; and, quiet as she is, Agatha Seymour is one that will take her own way, George. She did not ask a question—she had her plans all arranged, and she is gone. I declare I can scarcely believe it. And young Winstanley will come home to see after his sister; and what will become of all Mrs. Browning's plans and of Agatha's vocation?'

The Rector laughed very heartily at this dismal conclusion.

'Never fear, Barbara; Miss Seymour is a good girl, and she will do what is right, vocation or no vocation.'

'Yes; but it would be so nice to have an institution of that kind in the parish.'

'Very nice; but now, Barbara, mind this; let things take their natural course. Let Miss Seymour make up her own mind, and follow her own sense of right, and don't try to influence her. Don't talk to her of a vocation. You can't manufacture a vocation for any one—not even for yourself. Believe me, God will lead her right, though, maybe, not by the path that you would prefer. I am rather glad of anything that puts off this scheme for a time; she is too young for it.'

The fly deposited Agatha and her travelling bag at the station. She took her ticket and her place in the train as composedly as if she had been in the habit of travelling every day; she had all her plans clearly thought out, and made the journey without the least inconvenience. When she told Mrs. Drayton that Lucy was very pretty, but that she herself had nothing remarkable about her, she meant that she was no beauty; and, indeed, the brightness of her girlish good looks had faded. Yet Agatha was a remarkable-looking girl. Her figure was good, her movements graceful and stately, and her face exceedingly expressive. Yet, though naturally people observed her, she met no annoyance of any kind. And you may believe me, young ladies, that no girl who keeps quiet, makes no chance acquaintances, but looks as if she knew how to take care of herself and meant to do it, need fear to journey whithersoever her duty calls her. When I hear girls complaining that people are impertinent to them, I know at once how they themselves have been behaving. Modesty and self-respect will protect any woman under ordinary circumstances; but, alas! in these days too many girls seem to have quite laid aside these old-fashioned virtues. These are the maidens who meet with unpleasant adventures, and no wonder! It is a great pity that the female mind is so incapable of stopping half-way; because we are no

longer to be prisoners unless we have a male escort, is no reason why young girls should try to behave like saucy schoolboys. I like schoolboys, too, saucy or otherwise; but I utterly detest this bad imitation.

Agatha took a cab at the terminus in Liverpool, and drove to the hotel where Lucy was staying.

'Young lady from America, miss?—yes, she is here. Please to wait one moment. Mrs. Ritson would like to speak to you.'

'I will go to Mrs. Lisle at once, if you please, and Mrs. Ritson can come to me presently.'

'Here is Mrs. Ritson, miss,' said the waiter; and Agatha became aware of red ribbons and a brown satin dress, also of a hard, high-coloured face, and a pair of sharp black eyes.

'Who is it, Gregg?'

'Young lady to see Mrs. Lisle, ma'am.'

'Oh, indeed! What luggage?'—in a loud aside.

'Carpet bag, ma'am.'

'Oh, *indeed!*' Mrs. Ritson said with added emphasis. 'Now, miss, I hope you're not going to stay here, as Mrs. Lisle has done, without a penny piece to pay her way, and a humbugging story, first about a brother who has gone away, and then about a friend who hasn't answered her letter; no, nor won't, I suspect. I'm not going to——'

'Have the goodness to be silent for a few moments,' said Agatha, very quietly. 'Tell me the amount of Mrs. Lisle's bill.'

'There it is, miss, and no one can say it's extravagant neither! This is the ninth day she has been here, and I've never seen the colour of her money. I can't have this. I've just been telling her that she must clear out, and leave her luggage and her watch, and so on, till——'

'I wish to be heard, if you please,' put in the clear, quiet voice again. 'I think your bill is very large. Twenty-four pounds ten and sixpence for three people for eight days, two of them being children. But I know nothing about hotel charges, and I am going to pay it at once. Receipt the bill, please.'

It would be very hard to describe the change that came over Mrs. Ritson's demeanour; her face beamed with a propitiatory smile, her knees bent in a deferential courtesy, her very ribbons, Agatha afterwards declared, fluttered gently and looked less aggressively red; but one is allowed to think this last item imaginary.

'I trust, madam,' said the transformed landlady, 'that you will excuse what I have said. In a place like this, one is so often taken in that it really sours one—it does indeed. Gregg, show the lady to Number 31. Shall I send you up some dinner, madam? Mrs. Lisle would order no dinner to-day.'

'No, thank you. Tell the man who drove me here to wait. I shall take Mrs. Lisle to the Railway Hotel until our train starts.'

And Agatha walked on after the waiter without another look at the landlady.

'Is this the room? You may go now,' she said to the man, and waited till he had disappeared; for her quick ear had caught the sound of sobbing within the room. When she knocked, a step came hurriedly to the door, and a choked voice said—

'I've bolted the door, and I will not open it. I *know* Miss Seymour will answer my letter. You are very, very cruel! Go away!'

'Lucy dear—it is I—Agatha.'

A smothered cry, the door opened, and the friends were indulging in a great hugging and kissing, not unmixed with tears. Agatha at last contrived to shut the door, as she heard steps in the passage. The rooms looked west; the sun was pouring his last rays through the murky windows, and Agatha's heart sank when she turned and saw Lucy clearly. She was lovelier than ever, but it needed no great experience to know that it was a fatal loveliness. Her once plump little figure was painfully thin, her eyes were brilliant with a feverish brightness, and two spots of crimson had taken the place of her wild-rose bloom. Agatha could have groaned aloud, but she checked herself, and tried to think that Lucy would look different when she was less agitated; that dreadful woman had frightened her.

'Dear, dear Agatha! how good of you to come to me. I knew you would be kind. I begged Mrs. Ritson to wait till I heard from you.'

'I came by the very first train that I could possibly be ready for. I did not get your letter till late last night.'

'Agatha—you know I have had no letters for months—are you—are you really my sister?'

'No, that is all over. I would very much rather not tell you why. I broke off my engagement; Edward will tell you himself, perhaps. He is away. I do not know where; he left England last October. I am quite alone in the world now—my dear aunt is dead; but I shall not feel so lonely when I have you and your little ones. Where are they?'

'Asleep—lying on the bed in there. Poor little things! they are so frightened at the noise of this hotel that they don't sleep, and then they get drowsy in the evening.'

'Could you carry them off to the Railway Hotel? We could stay there until our train starts in the morning. I want to get you away from this horrid place.'

'But, Agatha dear, what am I to do? Willie paid for our passage and gave me a few pounds. We knew that Ned would take care of us here, and Willie will get us out again as soon as he gets settled employment. But I have been ill, and the climate did not agree with me; the doctor bid him send me home at once, and indeed I was quite

unable for hard work. But as things are now, I really don't see what is to become of me.'

'How do you mean, as things are now?'

'Why—with Edward away—and you——'

'Lucy, you and I were friends long before I saw him, and what has passed makes no difference in *my* feelings—nor in yours, I hope?'

'Agatha, did he behave badly to you? I won't ask another question, but tell me, was it that he liked some one else?'

'No; it was not that, nor anything like that.'

'Because I know how kind and generous you are; but if he had done that I could not bear it. I would only ask you to lend me enough to take me back to Willie.'

'No use in asking! I say no at once. You will just pack up and come home with me. Why, it will be new life to me, Lucy! Come, pick up your babies and let us be off.'

'But she won't let me take my boxes.'

'Yes, she will. There's your bill, receipted. Willie will pay me by-and-by. Come now, Lucy, I am longing to be out of the dragon's lair.'

She had her own way—Lucy never could resist her. The children—two fair, small-featured girls—were wrapped in shawls and cloaks, the trunks were closed again, and in half-an-hour the little party were in tidy, clean rooms in the Railway Hotel, where Agatha ordered a comfortable meal. The children did ample justice to the good things, and Lucy looked on, and felt that her troubles were over; Agatha would take care of her.

As to Agatha, her tender heart took the three helpless creatures in. She was far too wise to expect Willie Lisle to repay her, or even to be in a position soon to claim his wife and children; and she knew as well as if a doctor had pronounced poor Lucy's doom, that a long and most likely a hopeless nursing lay before her. But she looked it all bravely in the face as she lay wakeful through the long strange night, and she accepted the work thus put into her hands, not only with submission, but with gratitude.

'I can have no doubt about my duty in this,' she said; 'and it is so good to have it settled for me.'

(To be continued.)

A ROAD TO RUIN.

BY C. R. COLERIDGE, AUTHOR OF 'AN ENGLISH SQUIRE.'

A SCENE IN THE LIVES OF SOME OLD ACQUAINTANCES.

CHAPTER I.

ELDORADO.

A STRONG, hot, summer sun was shining down on a little rustic village in the early days of August. The late north-country corn was still green, the last hay-fields were still in cut, and long wreaths of dog roses were still swinging in the tall hedges. The village, lying in its thickly-wooded valley, with straggling cottages running up the sides of the low hills, had an especially rural aspect; its old slate roofs were thick with parsley fern and clumps of blue harebell; its old church tower was smothered in bushy ivy; while bright and new, with sharp, clean slating, a smart little schoolhouse stood out in well-defined contrast.

'Pretty place is Elderthwaite,' said one of two gentlemen, who were riding down hill, through a rough and stony lane, with a broken causeway along the side of it.

The speaker was a fresh-coloured, cheerful-looking man, something over thirty, with pleasant, shrewd grey eyes, and an upright, sturdy figure. His companion, two or three years younger, was slight and sallow-faced, with long, sleepy, dark eyes, and an indefinable air of good breeding and also of fashion. Both men were well mounted, and, till the turn of the lane brought the whole of the little valley before their eyes, their talk had been of the respective merits of the bay horse, which the younger man was riding, and of the still more beautiful chestnut belonging to his companion.

'Yes; it is much prettier than the Oakby country,' said the second rider, in a peculiarly quiet unenthusiastic voice.

'You and I, Mr. Seyton, may be excused for thinking so, at any rate. I'm afraid our plans will interfere a bit with its beauty.'

'I should like to hear these plans in detail—not that I should propose in any way to oppose them,' said Richard Seyton.

'Well, when my father bought the Moorhead property, of course his object was to improve it as much as possible. He has spent on it—and spent well—and the place shows it. And he soon saw that there were capabilities in the old slate quarries, and began to work them just a little—cautiously, you know. Well, he found they

were worth a good bit if the slate could be got easily on to the main line. But the little cross country line at Saxford is next to no good, to say nothing of the terrible rough country you have to go over to get there from Moorhead. But once get the slate to Hazelby, and there's a good steady sale for it at once. That new district, in which they are running up so many small houses, is good for some of it, and it can get off easily by rail to a distance. The slate's good, and people will soon find that out; and if you and I can come to an agreement, Mr. Seyton, as to working the old quarry behind Elderthwaite, we should largely increase the value of the property, and bring work into the parish, which is wanted, as every one must admit.'

'Yes,' said Mr. Seyton, 'I shall be ready to consider an agreement. But the transit is still the difficulty, as I understand?'

'It need not be. My father, who will profit the most, is ready and willing to bear the expense of making the road, which is nearly all of it through his property, and through yours. But, unluckily, there are three lions in the path. Datchett's and Fleming's farms belong to Mr. Lester, and his consent must be obtained to taking the road through them; for there isn't even a right of way down Dove Lane. Secondly, a piece of the Uplands property crosses it further on. That, of course, belongs to Cheriton Lester; and, at the end of the parish, there's that piece of the Seyton estate, which belongs to the old parson, who can stop us out altogether if he chooses.'

'What does Cheriton Lester say about it?'

'Ay, there's no manner of doubt that if he likes he can pull his brother and the parson along with him. And, indeed, the scheme is so much to every one's advantage, that it is impossible there can be any opposition. No one can be blind to its merits.'

'Well, Mr. Wilson, as I say, I leave it in your hands. Have you put it before my brother-in-law?'

'No, no. I thought we'd hear what "Mr. Cherry"—as everybody calls him hereabouts—says of it first. He's the person to carry a point, and so I wrote to him about it.'

'Yes,' said Richard Seyton, in the same imperturbable manner. 'There he is, I think, just ahead of us.'

As he spoke, the black figure ahead paused, turned, and waved a greeting. Richard Seyton watched this man, who was pointed out to him as the most influential person in Elderthwaite, where he, the owner of the whole place, had, to his knowledge, no influence at all. He would have laughed to scorn any one who had assigned to him the part of a banished prince. It was his cue to show a marked indifference to all the local interests, a marked courtesy to all the local magnates. But neither his sister, Mrs. Lester, the wife of the neighbouring squire of Oakby, his uncle, the old vicar of Elderthwaite, nor his wealthy tenant now riding by his side, had an idea that, while he lived in London as nearly as possible within the income of a government clerk, and devoted the rent to paying off the

heavy liabilities on his estate, he was secretly jealous of the improvements of which he spoke so handsomely, and still more bitterly so of the influence for good of the personal popularity of the curate of Elderthwaite, Cheriton Lester. He scarcely sought the acquaintance, he never tried to win the liking of any individual in the place; but it went very hard with him to see liking won by others. Life at Elderthwaite, possession of his own estate, was his secret dream, his Eldorado. It was impossible at present, and would be for ever impossible, except on conditions which he had not yet made up his mind to fulfil; but all the problem passed before him as he listened to Mr. Wilson, and returned Cheriton Lester's cheery greeting.

'Ha, Dick! good-morning. Glad to see you down here again. Yes, splendid weather, isn't it?'

'Got my note, Mr. Cherry?' said young Mr. Wilson, after a few remarks.

'Oh, yes; I've got it. Besides, your father suggested the idea to me some time since.'

'I hope you'll give it your consideration.'

'Yes; there's a good deal to consider. Much depends on the way it's brought about.'

The north country gentlemen neither asked each other a direct question, nor expected a direct statement of opinion at such an early stage of the proceedings. Cheriton smiled a little under his long fair beard, and took the measure of the situation as he saw that the two men were together and agreed, and when he said, 'I think Mr. Wilson had better put the matter before my brother, and hear what he has to say about it,' they knew that he did not mean to oppose them on his own account; but that he did not intend to be the first to give an opinion on the matter.

'You'll talk it over with Mr. Lester?'

'Yes, I will—afterwards.'

'Are you quite well, Cheriton? And are you coming over to Oakby to-morrow for the tennis?' said Seyton, speaking almost for the first time.

'Oh, yes! I'm very well, thanks, and I am coming to-morrow. Just now I'm going to see the Vicar about the new reading-room.'

Mr. Wilson laughed.

'Ah, well, Lester,' he said, 'if you have talked the Vicar over about the reading-room, there oughtn't to be much trouble about the road.'

'Well, I think we'll carry the reading-room, at any rate,' said Cheriton. 'Good-bye! I shall see you both to-morrow.'

His voice echoed pleasantly as he turned off along a side lane, and Mr. Wilson chuckled a little to himself.

'We'll do it,' he said; 'we'll do it yet! Mr. Lester is sure to see the advantages of the plan.'

Richard Seyton did not feel at all sure that Alvar Lester would see the advantages of any plan suggested by Mr. Wilson, of Moorhead; but he did not feel called upon to say so. He sympathised with any distaste to a new-comer's improvements; but it was not his place to oppose them.

'Come in and see the ladies, and have some tea,' said Mr. Wilson, as they came up to the gates leading to the stable entrance of Elderthwaite House.

Seyton assented, and rode into the stable-yard with his host, politely admiring all the recent improvements in stable management as they were pointed out to him. How well he remembered the condition of that stable-yard when Mr. Wilson took the place on a 'repairing lease' from himself, its penniless owner! It was as much improved as the front of the house, now trim with smooth green turf, and gorgeous with flowers, was from the desolate wilderness which poverty had allowed it to become. Richard Seyton never walked through that neatly-painted gate and up the smooth pathway without recalling the contrast.

He knew exactly where the old stonework of the front had been renewed, and the new made skilfully to match it. On one of the broad new stone steps that led up on to the terrace, sat a brilliant-looking young lady, the very incarnation it seemed of the new state of things. She was dressed in the gayest and most fashionable of summer costumes, and held a piece of sparkling golden embroidery on her lap. She looked up at the new-comer, raising a face of the clearest pink and white tinting, and a pair of keen blue eyes, set off by an abundance of bright hair. And this dazzling maiden, this wealthy and charming sister-in-law of his tenant, meant for Richard Seyton the possession and the enjoyment of his own once more.

And what did the dispossessed and practically disinherited heir mean to Bertha Bright as she looked up at him, and gave him a cheerful and cordial greeting?

If the union of new and old produced so charming a result in a house, mightn't it work equally well in a family?

It seemed to Bertha that she had always known that her friends, neighbours, and relations wondered if she would marry young Mr. Seyton.

'Nobody *could* say anything against it,' as Mrs. Wilson said to her husband; 'he is very well conducted, and good-looking, and it would give her such a nice position.'

'There is something to recommend it,' thought Mr. Seyton's sister to herself. 'She is pretty and clever, and ladylike, and Dick *must* marry money.'

Bertha had never heard either of these opinions in so many words; but they were in the air, and she was doubtful of nobody's sentiments but Mr. Seyton's and her own. Bertha was a girl who was never contented unless she could square her life to her own view of what

was best; at the same time her views were not abstract theories, they were always embodied in individuals, and she knew quite well who the individual was, who ought to have squared best with the opinions which she held as to matrimony. A certain neighbour, at her old home in Lancashire, the son of her father's partner, was new, rising, young, and intelligent, and, moreover, very rich. That would have been a most suitable match on the one hand, and Bertha felt that it was within her reach. She did not believe in falling violently in love; she was not in love with her Lancashire neighbour, and she could regard Mr. Seyton's good looks with critical calmness. Nevertheless, she felt the romance of the young heir of an old name, who had to work for his living in a public office, and did really live as a man with no expectations at all. By-and-by, when youth was over, if he persevered in the same prudent course, he might be able to resume his place in the county, especially if he married an heiress—which all his friends wanted him to do. His holidays were short, but he always spent them with his sister at Oakby, and seemed to determine not to be entirely lost sight of in his own neighbourhood, where, indeed, every one paid him scrupulous attention. As Birdie Bright was reflecting on these matters, she heard the shrubbery gate click, and, looking up, saw Richard Seyton himself coming through it. The young owner of Elderthwaite had claims to notice besides his romantic history. There certainly was an air of distinction about his slow movements and tall, slight figure, and the well-cut, rather sallow features were lighted up occasionally by an engaging smile, which showed a fine pair of dark brown eyes, usually half shut and sleepy-looking. He had a soft voice and very quiet, reticent manners, now and then varied by stinging and satirical speeches which astonished people, and caused him to be thought clever.

'Good afternoon,' he said, as he approached Bertha; 'I have a message from my sister. She wants to know if you will all come over to-morrow for tea and tennis; the Jack Lesters will be there, you know, and Miss Lester is coming.'

'Thanks,' said Bertha; 'my sister will be very glad, I think. We have no engagement.'

Miss Bright was not given to bashfulness, she had ordinarily a cool and ready tongue, but she had been thinking of Mr. Seyton and she could not quite lose the consciousness of her own thoughts, and felt as if she had been discussing her visitor.

'Had you any good tennis in the south?' she said.

'Pretty well. I played in a tournament at Mr. Stanforth's, and once or twice with some friends in the suburbs; but you know I'm not a great light.'

'No? It would be very original to say one hated it. I wonder if it would pay.'

'Depends upon who said it, probably. I don't hate it; I'm only an indifferent player.'

'That confession, made in earnest, is an improvement in originality on my suggestion,' said Birdie. 'I will be still more candid. I don't hate it at all, except when I play badly; but I enjoy it more when Miss Lester is not there, because my play is nowhere beside hers; and, while I just don't look awkward, she looks as beautiful as I suppose Nausicaa did when she played at ball.'

'Ah, doesn't she?' said her companion quickly. 'And if you told her so, she would say, "Who was Nausicaa?"'

'Oh, no, she wouldn't,' returned Bertha. 'Poynter's picture, you know, explains such an obscure allusion; and I don't suppose Miss Lester is so far behind the times as to think ignorance would pay.'

Bertha shot a glance at her companion, and then said, more slowly—

'Besides, I should think that never in all her life had she said anything because it would pay.'

'You study character, I see. Let us hope she never did; it wouldn't suit her, would it? Ah, there's Mrs. Wilson.'

'Yes; will you come and have a cup of tea?'

Mr. Seyton assented, and as they crossed the sunny velvety lawn together Bertha saw that her companion was pleased, and she speculated on two subjects. First, whether, when he came to Elderthwaite, he ever thought about himself and his position; and secondly, whether in some cases *genuine* ignorance didn't pay very well.

CHAPTER II.

TINKERING AND COBBLING.

When Cheriton Lester, after his brother's marriage and his own ordination, had taken up his residence at the farmhouse of Uplands, he had adapted it with considerable skill to the sort of life which he wished to live. The farm buildings, though on a small scale, were his pride and pleasure; he had built a convenient room, so that bad weather and bad health need interfere as little as possible with his intercourse with his parishioners, and the long low room which he himself inhabited was exceedingly comfortable, and full of tokens of interests and occupations—books without number, pictures and photographs, a good proportion of parochial litter, and here and there some brightly-tinted relic of foreign travel, which gave, as John Lester and his wife were wont to say, a far more artistic air to the dark-panelled room than its owner deserved. On the bright August morning that followed the arrangement about the reading-room, with the deep-set windows open to the strong sunlight and to the brilliant flowers in the little garden, the effect of light and shade was all that could be desired.

Cheriton Lester sat at the table, adding up rows of figures, while

his younger brother Jack stood by the window looking at him. Jack was a master in a public school, and, the holidays having just begun, had arrived at Oakby Hall the night before with his wife and child to stay with his eldest brother. He had rushed over to Elderthwaite at the earliest moment to 'look up' Cheriton.

'Half a moment, Jack, and I shall have got rid of this register.'

Jack watched him solemnly with a somewhat impatient aspect. The tall, fair, regular-featured brothers were as much alike in outline as in their younger days, and differed still, more from Cheriton's varying and livelier expression, than from his brighter colouring and the long fair beard which now distinguished him. He now leant back and touched the bell.

'Ask Ellen Lee to step here for a moment'—and, as a bright-looking-girl appeared—'These are ready, Ellen; but I can't understand about Josiah Webb. What has he been doing?'

'Please, sir, Miss Markham was obliged to write B's all over him; he brought five burrs to church, and blew through the key-hole at prayers. She have done all she could, sir, and finds him incorrigible.'

'Ah! Well, I'll speak to him; he must beg her pardon at once. That will do. Good-morning. Now, Jack, my dear old fellow, how's all with you? What's wrong with the world at present, and how do you propose to set it right?'

And Cheriton sprang up and laid his hands on his brother's shoulders, laughing with pure pleasure at the sight of him.

Jack smiled slowly.

'All's well enough with us,' he said; 'and, as for the world, people are trying as usual to tinker and cobble at it. That's all that your Conservatism comes to; and I'm sure it's all you have to do in this hole of a place!'

'We've got to keep the old shoe going, you see.'

'Cheriton,' cried Jack, who always appeared on the scene provided with a topic of conversation generally controversial, which he started on the first opportunity, 'I've had it on my mind for ages, and I mean this time to have it out; it drives me wild to see *you* waste your time on *burrs* and *B's*, and matters which the dullest fool that ever took orders to raise himself a peg in society could do as well. Now don't talk about the trivial round, etc., that's a false theory, and leads to a frightful waste of talent.'

'But,' said Cheriton, 'you see there isn't any duller fool in Elderthwaite than myself to do them.'

'I wish you wouldn't turn everything into a joke.'

'Why, really, Jack, I don't know how to answer you. I look after my boys, and you look after yours. Of course, I don't suspect *you* of thinking that Josiah Webb's morals and manners are of less importance than the Honourable Alaric Sinclair's. Eh, Jack?'

'Of course not,' said Jack angrily; 'but you needn't cut blocks

with razors, or cast pearls before swine, for all that. Now I've got a thing to say to you that I have been thinking of all the term, and I mean to say it.'

'Well?' said Cheriton, leaning back in his chair, and looking up at his brother with a resigned expression.

'You know when you buried yourself in this hole it was the greatest disappointment of my life.'

'I'm glad you never had a worse, my dear boy.'

'But,' continued Jack, unheeding, 'you were ill then, and there was nothing to be said, as you liked it; but, now that you are so much better, I say you are throwing yourself and your powers away. You have done all you can to get this place straight, and you were made for better things.'

'I'm quite contented,' said Cheriton.

'Yes, of course you are; that's the worst of it. You're so confoundedly affectionate that you would have been contented with a spider in a prison—that's what I mean to say. You'll grow narrow and *contented* with all sorts of small interests and small successes, and never use the powers you have at all. Content is a very doubtful sort of virtue.'

'What else would you like me to do?' said Cheriton, whose brow had darkened during this speech.

'Well, the fact is that D—— has been holding a mission in Quixeter. I don't agree with him altogether, but I can't help seeing what a great power it is to sway people's souls in that way; and, Cheriton, you have that sort of power, you know you have, the gift of influence over others, and you have better judgment and sense to guide it. What use do you ever make of it?'

'I don't see, Jack, how you can tell what gifts I am called upon to use here; there's need of plenty of power, I can tell you.'

'I dare say,' said Jack. 'But, if you let yourself grow into the petty life of this sort of place, you'll leave off seeing the need of it. It's so hard for any one to do their real best and highest anywhere; but nothing makes it so impossible as a daily, useful, virtuous kind of routine. When you came here first, I suppose it was right and heroic of you to give up your ambitions and resign yourself to your fate—at least, every one said so; but there may be too much of that. Life *wasn't* altogether over for you, you know.'

'No, Jack,' said Cheritor, with a passionate emphasis, to which no asseveration could have added weight; 'not by any manner of means.'

Cheriton started up, his face transfigured by an expression which Jack had rarely, perhaps never, seen on it before. He was silenced by the kindling eyes and deepening voice, by the overpowering influence of which he had spoken.

'Why do you tell me what I know so well? Do you think I don't know all about it?'

Suddenly Cheriton pulled himself up and turned away, while Jack, felt as if he had produced an effect beyond his intention.

'Hallo!' he said, glad to change the conversation, 'what's all this? "New road proposed by Mr. Wilson, of Moorhead." "Enlightened benefaction to the neighbourhood!" What's going on now?'

'Ah!' said Cheriton, in his usual tone, 'I wish I was as influential as you fancy; and, still more, I wish I knew what I wanted myself in that business.'

'Where's the harm of the road?' said Jack. 'Or, for that matter, the good of it either?'

'Why, I suppose a road is always a good sort of thing in itself. If Alvar agreed to it, it can do no conceivable harm. But, if he refuses, as I think he will, and Mr. Wilson persists in his teeth, it will be rather unneighbourly of him. And then, what am I to do about that unfortunate isthmus of Uplands over which it ought to pass? What a fool I should look with a good road at each side of me, and five-and-twenty yards of bad pasture land in between!'

'You would do so!' said Jack emphatically.

'Yet, as there's no principle concerned in the road, I should not like to take a different action from Alvar's in the matter.'

'Talk him over,' said Jack.

Cherry smiled a little and shook his head.

'What does Seyton say about it?'

'He makes no objection. I did not think he would.'

'Ah, perhaps not! Then Alvar would be the only obstructive?'

'Yes.'

Jack studied the letter in which 'Enlightened Householder' expatiated on the benefits of the road; traced its proposed route on the ordnance map hanging on the wall, and then expressed the following sentiment—

'After all, I don't know who Wilson is to be taking the initiative about new roads.'

'That, as I gather, is Alvar's view of the matter. Moreover, the Conservatives round won't like to follow a Radical like Wilson in a public improvement.'

'Is that your view?'

'No; I can't see what politics have to do with the matter.'

Jack, whose sentiments would have been perfectly distinct had the proposed road been in Manitoba, or even in another county, did not immediately reply; but at length he said—

'The question is whether the road would be a public improvement. Myself, I'm inclined to doubt it.'

'I think it would be an improvement; but I don't think it is at all a necessary one. Why, there's Alvar riding up to the gate. I think I shall see what he has to say about it.'

'He sits his horse just as my father did,' said Jack.

Cheriton nodded. The Lester part of their half-brother seemed every year to conquer more and more the foreign element which had once entirely concealed it.

Cheriton nodded at him, and opened the glass door, as a boy came up to take the horse.

'Ha, Jack! I supposed you were here,' said Alvar. 'That is all the better. See, Cherry, have you read the paper this week?'

'If you mean the letter about the road, we were just looking at it.'

'I did not wish to make the road,' said Alvar. 'I think I should not have consented, even if Mr. Wilson had spoken first to me. But as he has talked of it, and has let it be put into the paper without my consent, certainly I will not have it. It shall not be made over a bit of my property; and if you stop them also at Uplands I do not think they will spend all their money to look foolish.'

'Have you talked to Dick about it?' said Cheriton.

'Yes; but I do not agree with Dick. He thinks he has now no duties to his property; but to efface himself, as he says. But it is the owners of the land that should settle about a road, not a tenant. I shall refuse.'

'Probably the Wilsons were only waiting till you came back from London to speak of it.'

'Perhaps; but they must have talked about it in Hazelby and Saxford. We don't want these fellows in our plantations; and Virginia says they will ride out on bicycles all Sunday. You will not like that, Cheriton, will you? Why do you laugh?'

Cheriton was always ready to laugh at himself, and as his two brothers stood looking solemnly at him, he thought that he must be presenting a very vacillating specimen of an influential character.

'I should judge the question on its own merits,' he said. 'I don't think any want of courtesy has been intended. That is impossible. Talk it over with both the Wilsons. Perhaps they'll give up the notion.'

'But if not I shall still refuse.'

'Well, of course, if you refuse, it *can't* be done. But I am not at all sure that I should refuse in your place. Not, I think, at the cost of any ill-feeling.'

'If I am right, what does ill-feeling matter?' said Alvar, surprised. 'No, I will have no roads that I do not wish for. My father would not have made this road because Mr. Wilson asked him.'

'Quite the reverse,' muttered Jack.

'Well, Alvar,' said Cheriton, after a moment, 'I should like to hear the proposal made before I give an opinion. I think we ought to hear all sides before refusing or consenting. It would be a private road unless we handed it over to the parishes. The right of way is only for foot passengers. We might have gates and shut them on Sundays, if the bicycles were *too* great a nuisance.'

'Then do you wish to have a road?' said Alvar.

'I don't at present see much reason against one; but, as I tell you, I want to see the proposal stated in writing before I give an opinion on it.'

'There is no right of way at all across Datchett's. That piece is excepted,' said Jack.

'True. I remember an ancient fuss about it.'

'It would not make *me* wish to have a road to see why Mr. Wilson wished for one,' said Alvar; 'and I think I have a better right than he to choose whether there shall be one or not.'

'It ought to be decided by the public convenience,' said Jack.

'So it ought,' said Cherry; 'but there is not a very large public in this case besides the landowners. I don't think myself it matters greatly one way or another.'

'But the right to forbid it matters,' said Alvar. 'And I do not mean to have the road. So that, of course, will put a stop to it. Well, good-bye, Cheriton. Take care that you do not get tired with teaching the boys to be confirmed. I must get back to luncheon.'

'So must I, directly,' said Jack, as Alvar left them. 'I suppose Alvar's fiat will put an end to the road. Such is landlordism in this enlightened country.'

'Well, we shall see,' said Cheriton, a little doubtfully. 'I'll walk with you, if you'll condescend, as far as Josiah Jebb's.'

'Now then,' said Jack, as they presently parted, 'if you get the road made without a quarrel, I'll say something of the use of *influence* in a small place!'

CHAPTER III.

A WEATHER BREEDER.

JACK LESTER adored his brother Cheriton, but he was not a person who took the objects of his devotion at all for granted. He was perpetually educating and instructing his clever and pretty young wife in a way that, if she had been less cheerful and *insouciante*, might have distressed her, and, as it was, did bore her. He formed the minds of his pupils from morning till night, and he could not reconcile himself to the idea that Cheriton lived a lesser life than his gifts made possible for him. He thought that his brother bought content in his narrow sphere by a disproportionate interest in trifles, and by a one-sided growth of what might be called the country squire side of his nature; the time had passed when he had been thankful to see Cheriton, happy enough, after crushing disappointment, to find any interests at all, and well enough, after years of bad health, to be able to carry them out.

He thought that his brother cared a great deal too much about persuading his old Vicar to let him establish a boys' club and reading-room. How could he listen with patience to the objections the ruddy-faced, white-haired old parson was pouring out on the lawn at Oakby before the Wilsons arrived, and while Mrs. Lester was showing off her three dark-eyed little ones, and Mrs. Jack the one little boy who had succeeded in having the fair hair and blue eyes of the old Lesters, and was the only one like 'Uncle Cherry' of the set.

'You may talk, Cherry, and I suppose you'll end by having your way; but I don't agree to affronting old Fisher, a good neighbour, who always votes the right way too.'

'I am sure Fisher doesn't want all the noisy boys in the place in the Seyton Arms of a winter's night. They're much more likely to go up to the Chequers at the Cross Roads, which is a regular house of call for poachers,' returned Cheriton.

'Well, maybe; but they'll not find Radical papers lying about even at the Chequers, which I've seen myself in Ellesmere's place here in Oakby. No one can say I don't move with the times. When my uncle was Vicar, *he* would go in and sit in the bar, and take his glass with old Fisher's father, and no one thought any harm; but I—I always drew a line, I never did more than call for a glass as I was riding by, or chat a bit with Mr. Fisher in the parlour. *I* drew a line always. I never sat down in the bar myself—never.'

'Well, times do change, you see, Vicar,' said Cheriton, smiling, 'and the lads want a place where they can kick up a row, in moderation, without annoying their elders. You'll send us in the publications that you approve of, I'm sure, and give us a call now and then, won't you?'

'I'll-tell you what,' said the parson, 'if I have a finger in the pie, I'll have the place made snug and warm. Keep it shabby! Bless my soul, who'd like to go and smoke a pipe in a great clean place, all whitewash, and bare benches, as they have over there? No wonder it's half empty.'

'That's a capital hint, Vicar,' said Cheriton; 'but you'll see after the fitting up of the old cottage yourself, you know, and we'll beat Oakby hollow.'

Jack laughed, in spite of himself, as the old Vicar moved away, leaving Cheriton and Dick Seyton, who had been listening to the conversation, together.

'Shall you carry the new road with equal success?' Dick said.

'Ah,' said Cheriton, 'it has sprung from the wrong quarter; but I can see no reason against it.'

'Nor I,' said Seyton, briefly; 'I think it ought to be done.'

'Tell Alvar so, then,' said Cheriton. 'He and my Vicar can't suspect you of playing into the hands of the Radical candidate.'

'Perhaps that depends on who he may be,' said Dick, in his quiet immovable voice; 'but here come the Wilsons.'

All was cheerful cordiality and pleasant idleness; anything less like a coming storm, than the atmosphere of that little neighbourly gathering could hardly have been found. Mrs. Lester, always gracious and courteous, was showing off to Mrs. Wilson a new conservatory, which shut in one side of the sunny south lawn where they were assembled. Miss Bright, who looked, in her soft shimmering pink, as if she had just stepped out of the very best of fashion books, had accepted her handsome host's invitation to play a set with him against Mr. Seyton and his sister, the latter being an antagonist whom it was very hard to conquer. There she stood in her simple white tennis-dress, among her tall, stately brothers, the stateliest of them all, the finest specimen of the magnificent good looks, which they all more or less inherited from their handsome father. Miss Lester, with her pure colouring, fine outline, and golden hair, was the acknowledged beauty of the neighbourhood. Why was she Miss Lester still? Bertha Bright would have been very glad if she could have answered that question. She hardly aspired to be a rival beauty; but she did think she was more entertaining than this silent impassive girl, who hardly exchanged a look with her partner, as she steadily fought her game through, and ended by winning it.

She turned away from him when the set was over, and went up to her brother Cheriton, who had been watching the game in company with Mrs. Jack Lester, who, small and dark, in a quaintly-devised and peculiarly-coloured dress, offered a third distinct type of modern ladyhood. She and Miss Bright liked each other, and now joined company; while Annette Lester stood in front of her brother, and said abruptly—

'Cheriton, do the Wilsons want to make a new road from the quarries to Hazelby?'

'Well, I believe it has been thought of. How do you know?'

'Oh, Sir John got hold of it. It's because Fred Wilson means to oppose Tom Hubbard at the next election; and he thinks that making the road will be a popular sort of thing. That's why everybody must try to stop it.'

'Has Fred Wilson given that out as his intention?'

'No; but every one says so. And after people have called on them and treated them so kindly! But Alvar will never consent to it, nor old Parson Seyton; and, of course, you won't either!'

'I believe Dick is willing to have the road made,' said Cheriton, cautiously.

'Is he?' said Nettie. She looked across the lawn to where Dick and his late antagonist stood side by side. 'That may be; it ought not to make any difference to us.'

'Yes, it ought,' said Cheriton. 'The matter concerns him and his tenants, we have no interest in it; and, if making a road is considered a popular sort of thing, opposing it on frivolous grounds will be a very unpopular one.'

'It's not my business,' said Nettie, after a pause.

'Well, no,' said her brother, laughing; 'I can't say that I think it is.'

Nettie turned away; but she felt in the depths of her heart that the matter concerned her as it did no one else. Memory carried her back to days when Dick Seyton had been very dependent on her approval and encouragement. And it had been a great satisfaction to Nettie as time went on to feel that she approved of his career, that he satisfied her unvarying standard of right conduct. Everybody respected him *now*. There were no intimate personal relations between them; Dick could make no advances to her—any such would have been inconsistent in his opinion with the line he had marked out for himself—and she rarely had much to say to him. But she knew and noticed everything he did; and all that he did had been done under the sense of her notice and knowledge, and with this background of mutual knowledge the first years of youth had passed away, and each had come to an age to think what next. Nettie was old enough to ask herself whether she meant to marry, and of a temperament to feel that an obscure preference was a very doubtful exchange for all that marriage would bring her. And Dick? what had he to set against the winning of a charming, brilliant wife, the regaining of his place in the county, the possession of his inheritance; the cessation of the uncongenial routine, the narrow economy of his present life? Nothing? But what was it? Love? Admiration? He could scarcely define it as more than a perpetual consciousness of Nettie's existence and opinion. To each girl, therefore, his action in the matter of the new road seemed like a test. If he went over to the Wilsons *now*, thought Nettie, this curious sense of companionship with her old companion had had its day and must end, and she had better look elsewhere for her life. If he goes against the Lesters to please us, thought Bertha, then I shall know that I can if I wish—anyway, it will show that he cares to please us.

But Richard Seyton had made up his mind that he ought to promote the advantage of an excellent tenant, with no thought of one young lady or the other; and, if he had known that they regarded his action as a test, he was man enough to have pursued his own course, without being swayed by either of them.

He stood talking to Bertha on this bright sunny afternoon, amused with her chatter; but so conscious of Nettie's presence that he almost knew when she put sugar in her tea.

Miss Bright looked round at the pretty scene before them—the gay and graceful figures on the smooth sunlit turf—and listened to the sound of their light talk and laughter.

'I wonder,' she said, slowly, 'how often this will happen again? Is it our last merry meeting?'

'Our last? I thought it was our first,' said Dick. 'What is going to happen?'

'Aren't we all going to quarrel about the road? My sister and I think it no end of a pity. We had much rather be friends with Mrs. Lester, and stand well with the neighbourhood, than annoy all the Lesters by introducing novelties. We have no business to have ideas, you know. If Mr. Lester had thought of the road——'

'I hardly think that social matters can be affected by a question of that kind,' said Dick formally.

'Oh, yes, they can!' said Bertha. 'If Mr. Lester refuses, and shuts up his gates, and the Vicar shuts up his, and Mr. Cheriton feels it his duty to shut up his from brotherly feeling, and old Mr. Wilson begins the road and makes it right up to Dove Lane, and then stops, and begins again and stops at Ramper's—that is the pretty name of the Uplands field—and the story is put in the papers, and one set say that it's Mr. Gladstone's doing, and the other talk about the insolence of the landed gentry, we shan't like each other then.'

'Then I should think Ramper, whoever he may have been, will have to come to life to settle the quarrel. *I* should certainly stay in London till it was over.'

'Oh, but you can settle it directly! If you say no, my brother-in-law *can't* do it.'

'But I have given Mr. Wilson my consent already.'

'Have you?' said Bertha, eagerly, in spite of herself. 'Shake hands. You have an independent spirit.'

'Yes, I have,' said Dick. 'Come and have some coffee.'

He saw that Bertha was very much pleased by his adhesion to her side of a contest which he did not suppose could be so serious as she imagined, and he liked to feel that she was pleased with him. But over the cups of coffee there was again a change of partners, and he found himself standing silently by Nettie's side. Nettie did not lead up to the subject in her mind by any preliminary fencing, but she had given Dick good advice ever since she was sixteen. To advise him for his good was the form of her interest in him. She said, in her soft and low voice, just tinged with the northern accent that all her family possessed—

'You won't let them make the new road?'

'Why not?' said Dick. 'What harm is there in it?'

'It's a bad thing for the neighbourhood, and the Radicals will like it,' said Nettie. 'You know there'll be an election soon.'

'I can't look so far ahead,' said Dick.

'I suppose you don't care much about the affairs of your own neighbourhood,' said Nettie, which was very unkind of her; but, though she did not know it, she was jealous, and wanted to sting him.

'I am so much away, you see,' said Dick, in his sleepiest voice.

'He's going to marry Bertha Bright,' thought Nettie, as she stood by his side, with scarcely a change on her handsome face.

'She'll never forgive me,' thought Dick. He did not give in to Nettie; but there was more life in a quarrel with her than in any exchange of compliments with her rival.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TUG OF WAR.

In the long dining-room of Elderthwaite House sat all the parties concerned in the making of the new road that was to convey the slates from the Moorhead quarries to the town of Hazelby. All the 'owners and occupiers' of the land through which it must pass had met together to settle the question.

There sat the rough-spoken, determined millionaire, Mr. Wilson, of Moorhead, who meant to have his road, let who will oppose it; there was his son, desirous of success, but inclined to be more conciliatory. For the father wanted to control the country gentlemen; the son wished to rank among them. There sat Mr. Seyton, silent and imposing; while his old uncle opposite to him was bristling over with opposition to the measure. There was the Squire of Oakby, handsome, resolute, quite sure that the Squire of Oakby ought to have his own way, and no longer indifferent to the local contests which were now his own. Lastly, Cheriton Lester, in his capacity of landowner, was present, wishing, as he had told his brother Jack, that he had given Ramper's field last week to the Charity Commissioners. He had smoothed over so many difficulties in his time. It was one of his chiefest sources of satisfaction that so many good things were possible by his management, which would have been impossible without it; but this meeting was getting beyond his powers of influence or control.

The elder Mr. Wilson had stated his case—had shown most frankly what an advantage the means of transit for his slates would be to himself and his heirs. He was a rough-spoken old man, quite as proud of his money and of the brains that had made it, as his neighbours could be of their inherited position. He did not care at all what Mr. Lester thought of him, and he made no pretence at considering any one's interest but his own. He, therefore, forced it on the Lesters to show that the proposed road would seriously injure their property, or else to be guilty of a curmudgeonish and unneighbourly act in refusing their consent. He offered compensation if they thought that the road would injure their property, and said that, if they did not choose to grant a right of way, they could shut their gates once a year. Would Mr. Cheriton consider that any compensation would make it worth his while to let the road be taken across his property?

'I believe that Ramper's field supports at present one donkey and

three geese,' said Cheriton gravely. 'I cannot allow them to stand in the way of a neighbour's interests.'

'It is a question of Mr. Wilson's interests entirely, not of mine, nor of my brother's,' said Alvar Lester, in a tone which Cheriton hoped would indicate a lordly surrender, when the younger Mr. Wilson, with the best intentions, put in his word.

He thought the interests of both Oakby and Elderthwaite would be very much benefited by the new road. A market for fruit and vegetables would be found by this much directer communication with Hazelby. Land would increase in value, the new district, where smaller houses were being built at the Hazelby end of Elderthwaite, would be opened out, and the place brought much nearer the railway station.

Then up jumped Parson Seyton, as if a match had suddenly been applied to tinder.

'They did not want their valleys full of cheap villas, inhabited by townspeople who would corrupt the old inhabitants. It was bad enough to have any land in the parish in the hands of a Radical dissenting Hazelby builder. It was not to the advantage of their property that it should be a high road for other people's trucks; for, as for the old Elderthwaite quarry, the slate was worth nothing. Such a road would destroy all their privacy, and fill the place with bicycles on a Sunday afternoon, and the district with voters on whom nobody could reckon. They all did very well as they were, and they wanted no new-fangled improvements.'

'I am sorry,' said Mr. Lester, with unimpeachable courtesy, as soon as the fiery old parson could be induced to hold his peace, 'to refuse an advantage to a neighbour; but I do not wish for new houses and new inhabitants close to my property, and in my neighbourhood. I think the road would injure both Oakby and Elderthwaite, and I cannot agree to having it taken across my land. I regret to disappoint Mr. Wilson; but I shall not agree. I do not like changes.'

'And you, Mr. Seyton?' said old Wilson, addressing Dick.

'I regard the matter,' said Dick, 'with indifference; and I shall make no objection whichever way it may be decided.'

'Mr. Cheriton?'

'I think,' said Cheriton, 'that it must be plain to every one that I am in a difficulty. The piece of land which belongs to me is of no value whatever—can be of no consequence. With regard to the objections brought forward by the Vicar, I think that the evils of which he is afraid may be counteracted. So long as the road is a private one, its use can be regulated. It is not possible in these days to shut places out from changes, however much we may wish to keep them unaltered.'

'It is that I do not think it worth while to make a road,' said Mr. Lester; 'and my brother will see that I could not permit one to be made on my land by another.'

'Well, Mr. Lester,' said old Mr. Wilson, with a sort of rasping good-humour in his tone, 'I shall make the road right up to your gates, and begin again on the other side of them.'

'Certainly,' said Alvar, bowing.

'And, Mr. Cheriton, will you shut *your* gates on me too?'

'I will tell you that, Mr. Wilson, when the road gets up to them.'

'Why—why—why, Cheriton!' cried the parson, 'you're never going to take the other side?'

'Eh, well, Mr. Cherry?' said Mr. Wilson, 'I see how you're placed. You can't oppose your Vicar and your brother, and we'll ask you no more questions about it.'

Cheriton's brows drew together till he looked nearly as haughty as the Squire of Oakby himself; but the younger Mr. Wilson, with some tact, interposed, and stood up.

'I hope there'll be no question of sides in the matter,' he said. 'Perhaps we had all better take time for more consideration.'

'Certainly,' said Cheriton, clearing up and smiling. 'We had all better consider the matter further.'

'I've made my mind up,' said the owner of Moorhead.

'And I mine,' said the Squire of Oakby.

'And, confound it all!' exclaimed the parson, 'I totally decline to give my mind at all to the matter!'

Richard Seyton smiled a little under his moustaches; but the belligerent parties wished each other a polite good day; the parson seized on his nephew to find fault with his indifference to the honour of the family; while the Lester brothers walked away together.

'You are angry with me, Cheriton?' said the Squire placidly.

'I think you have made fools of us both,' said Cheriton bluntly. 'What reason is there for refusing this advantage to a neighbour? I believe the old man will make the road up to your gates, and fancy the absurdity and unpopularity of blocking it off there!'

'But, if the road is a bad thing for the place, you would not have me consider whether it is popular or not, surely?'

'I don't see how it is a bad thing,' said Cheriton, much irritated by this virtuous sentiment.

'It is a bad thing to fill the valleys with strangers who will not care for you or for me,' said Alvar, with the absolute candour with which he often avowed sentiments on which most people only act. 'People that do not know the Lesters and the Seytons will not vote as we like when there is an election, nor do in any way what we choose. They will not go to your church either; they will have a meeting-house; perhaps they will make you have a School Board.'

'Even so,' said Cheriton, 'there is no use in resisting the inevitable.'

'I don't understand you,' said the elder brother, looking really puzzled. 'Long ago you used to be vexed because I did not think

like my father about these things, or care for them. I care very much now for what I think right, as my father did.'

'Yes, Alvar, I know you do. But times change, you see.'

'I do not change my principles with the times, nor will I be dictated to in Oakby by old Wilson, or by anybody else,' said Alvar, finishing the speech which he had begun like a Spanish grandee, with the very tones, and with the genuine sentiments of generations of Westmoreland squires.

The accent was not one to stand contradiction, and Cheriton's own humour was too much ruffled to argue further.

'You want too much to please every one,' said Alvar, smiling. 'That is very good; but it cannot always be. Will you not come any further? Good-bye, then! There will be no road, I am certain!'

The elder brother turned in at a side gate to his own domains, while Cheriton walked homewards, glad to be alone, that he might recover his equanimity.

This discussion about the road might be a trifle—a storm in a tea-cup; but it reached down far enough to disturb facts that were not trifling. Would Cheriton ever outgrow the sense that it was difficult to yield on local subjects to his half-foreign brother? How often he had been told that it was his influence that had made Alvar into so excellent an English squire! How often he felt inwardly that his influence only extended just so far as Alvar's own nature responded to the touch! After all, did he ever move any one further?

Cheriton walked back to Uplands, and threw himself down on the sofa in his study, tired with his hot walk, and vexed with the result of the discussion; while Jack's arguments came back upon his mind.

Had he really scope for that higher part of him, for those nobler powers which his brother had made him feel afresh that he possessed? Was any one really a prophet in his own country? Was it content and patience, or indolence and want of strenuous effort, that made him so content with the outer side of life? Did he let the country squire, the Lester that was so strong within him, encroach on the spiritual side of his pastorate, on those higher and more difficult functions which might have been his? Did he act as if his ten or five talents were only one? Was he too much afraid of the pain of an ambition, which, once controlled, was tied down by so many invisible bands, too much afraid of his powers failing under the test?

Cheriton's two-sided nature answered the question, for that time, in the only way possible to it. His life was what it was—not what it might have been. He must make the best of it, as he, or the Hand that guided his fate, had made it. But failure and annoyance, and the ruffling up of all his instincts within him, should do something besides making him feel as savage and as obstinate as his old Vicar himself. They should teach his genial affectionate nature, with its

deep roots in the local soil, its strong instincts of habit and tradition, that it was well that it could not find full satisfaction. In spite of all the aspiration and spirituality with which the brother who knew him best credited him, in spite of dangerous illnesses and uncertain health, in spite of early disappointments and losses, it never was, and it never would be, easy to Cheriton Lester to feel that 'here'—the *here* where he had spent his life—was 'no continuing city.'

CHAPTER V.

SHE.

WHEN Dick Seyton, following the rule of non-intervention which he had laid down for himself in his dealings with his tenants, consented and abstained from objecting to the making of the Wilson Road, as it was called at Oakby, he touched certain electrical forces which were likely to decide several destinies. Within a few days he became aware in an all-pervading impalpable fashion that the way to Miss Bertha Bright's favour was open to him. He saw, too, why he was supposed to have consented.

When Alvar Lester got home and complained to his wife of Dick's want of any opinion of his own—of Cheriton, Alvar never in his life complained to any one—Mrs. Lester gave him to understand that it was not a case where Dick could be expected to have an opinion. She had made up her mind that under the circumstances 'it was the best thing Dick could do.' No, she did not want her husband to be coerced by Mr. Wilson; but the young Wilsons would not quarrel—they would not quarrel with Dick's relations; and, *if* 'it came off,' she did not see why Alvar should not consent of his own accord, as an act of friendship, to the wishes of Dick's new connections.

Even the old parson only growled at him in moderation, for, deeper than all their prejudices, above all their distastes and dislikes, was their sense that this chance of retrieving the family fortunes by this wealthy marriage must not be interfered with; not that Virginia Lester would have advocated, even for this object, a marriage of which she otherwise disapproved; but Bertha was good, pretty, and a lady. Who could object? Besides, Dick had always appeared to be attracted. And he was attracted! He hated his present life, with its self-denial and its limitations. To come back again, to be Mr. Seyton of Elderthwaite, to make his old name once again respectable! Dick cared for these things as he would have been very much ashamed to let any one guess he cared for anything. To have the right to make his own roads, and manage his own estate. To gain all this unaided was so slow a process; besides, he was attracted by Bertha, he admired her very much; but it was not Bertha who had first set him on this his path of ardent, strenuous self-denial. It was a yellow-

haired, strong-handed girl, with a disdainful voice and a determined will, who had said, 'Dick, you're a softy; if I wanted anything, I'd get it, no matter what the trouble was. If I had to pass an examination, I'd learn all the French verbs and the Latin ones, too. You needn't think about them afterwards.'

How she had stuck by him, how she had shamed him into strength and courage! And from that start, and the subsequent changes that made him his father's heir, something had awakened within him which had made his self-denial worth while, and given him power to stick to it.

But when this yellow-haired lassie had grown into a great beauty, not dowerless indeed, but only with such means as joined to Dick's resources would have enabled them to live comfortably in a small way, how could this proud, self-effacing gentleman pursue the advantage of his early friendship, and ask her to forego, what every one knew well was in her power—the great match of the country, Lord Milford. And why was not Nettie Lester Lady Milford long ago? Perhaps the toleration of Mrs. Lester of Oakby for her brother's *mariage de convenance* might hint that she guessed a reason.

And Dick, slow, reticent even with himself, had never given his feeling for Nettie a name—till now, when he had taken his part as she thought with the Wilsons against her family, she made him feel her displeasure, in the distance to which she suddenly relegated him. Then Dick knew well enough what image it was that came between him and his great chance in life; but as, whatever he might once have been, he was no longer 'a softy,' he did not alter his conduct by a hair's breadth.

As for Nettie, she would very much rather not have been in love with Dick; but she knew quite well that she was so, and behind her vigorous strength, her imperturbable composure, and the unchanging red and white of her famous complexion, she suffered much in consequence. It was a feeling that had grown up gradually as she grew up herself, that no one guessed, and of which she told no one; and the form in which she experienced it was jealousy of Bertha Bright, and dislike of the Wilsons. Its result was a growing conviction that she should end by going out to the back woods and keeping house for her twin-brother Bob. As long as her grandmother, with whom she had lived, was alive, this was impossible; besides, Bob might come home and marry himself; and she knew that he did not think joining him at all what should be expected of Miss Lester.

Nettie was far from happy that autumn. Dick went back to London without anything apparently resulting from his visit; but Bertha looked unusually blooming, and never appeared to resent Nettie's cold politeness when the two girls met in society. The Wilsons of Elderthwaite had wanted to let the project of the road remain in abeyance, till Mr. Lester could have an excuse to come round; but the old gentleman at Moorhead had no notion of delay.

He had already had most of that portion of the road made which

passed through the Moorhead property, and he now, in an incredibly short space of time, brought it up to the very spot where the gate of Fleming's farm crossed the old Dove Lane, and showed the limit of the Oakby estate. He also caused it to be begun on the Elderthwaite side, where an existing cart-track could be improved without much difficulty, and brought it right up to the Uplands property. The road avoided the steepest part of the hill, skirted round Elderthwaite House, up to the old disused slate-quarry, from whence it ought to have gone right across the field belonging to Uplands, over another half-mile or so into the road, leading to Hazelby. It really shortened the distance both for Oakby and Elderthwaite, and for Moorhead and Ashrigg it made all the difference of going along the back of the two great properties, instead of skirting round them. Then, when old Mr. Wilson prepared to turn his road round the field with the one donkey and the three geese, regardless of the inconvenience and expense of blasting a big piece of rock behind it, and, not unnaturally under the circumstances, quite indifferent to spoiling the picturesque hillside, Cheriton declared himself, though very unwillingly. He told his brother that he was sorry to differ from him, but that to let the rock be blasted because he would not give up fifty yards of useless land, getting the road all the same, was an absurdity. The road did no one any harm, and provided work in a hard winter. He told his Vicar that he was still more sorry to disobey him; but the road was a secular matter, and not, he thought, anybody's business really but Richard Seyton's and his tenant's. And he gave permission for it to cross Uplands farm.

'It must be as you will with your land, and as I will with mine,' said Alvar placidly; but he did not like it.

As for the Vicar, he had never so nearly quarrelled with his curate. He had been conducted into many new paths by Cheriton's influence, but along *that* road he would not walk—no, 'not if Black Tarn reservoir burst, as it did in '55, and the whole valley besides was under water!'

'Before I set foot on old Wilson's, h'm—h'm—*new* road, I'd take a boat and row myself to church in it!'

'I shall not use the road,' said Mr. Lester quietly.

And Nettie said nothing, but she never walked or rode along an inch of it, though it really was a short cut from Ashrigg to Uplands, and she was usually very fond of going to look after Cheriton, to see that he took care of himself in cold weather.

Christmas came and went, bringing with it Dick Seyton for his brief holiday. There was no nominal quarrel between the two great houses, though there had been much less frequent and cordial intercourse than usual. Miss Bright had been away all the autumn, and only came home in time for Christmas. There was a kind of demure consciousness in her manner which a little puzzled Mrs. Lester. She saw her brother start off to call at Elderthwaite one cold bright

morning on a bicycle which he had brought down with him, to the disgust of his uncle, who thought a horse the only mount for a gentleman. When Dick declared that he was going to take his bicycle along the new road, which was still none of the smoothest, Virginia fully thought that he would return with such news as would melt the padlock on the gate to Dove Lane, and force its owner to lay down his arms.

On that same morning, some time earlier, Nettie, who with her grandmother was spending Christmas at Oakby, set off to walk over to Uplands, *not* by the new road, but by the old field-path, through the fir-wood which overlooked it at intervals. She walked very fast, for in truth she was very unhappy; she, too, believed that Dick's choice was made, and, proud and inarticulate as was her nature, she was capable of a real passion. She knew also that this passion had spoiled her life and made that fate impossible, which would otherwise have been so desirable.

She came out of the fir-wood, and looked down on the bare stony road beneath with a feeling of bitterness, which was intensified by the sight of Bertha Bright's tiny pony cart, drawn by what Nettie called, 'that absurd little Shetland,' coming along the track. At the same moment Dick's tall bicycle, flashing and glittering in the sunshine, came round the corner. Tomtit, the Shetland, shyed, reared up on his hind legs like a dancing dog, then made a plunge forward and kicked up his heels, with the result that the trap was thrown over half off the bank on which the road was being raised. At the same moment, Dick made a dart forward, caught the wheel of his bicycle on the still rough ground, was thrown violently off it, and lay—still. Nettie sprang down the steep descent of rough stony ground like one of the mountain sheep which fled at her footsteps, and, as she reached the bottom, Bertha had picked herself up from the débris, pale and trembling, but apparently unhurt, as she rushed towards Dick.

Nettie seized Tomtit's bridle—he was about as big as a Newfoundland—and dragged him and his trap on to terra firma, before he kicked it and himself to pieces. Here he was happily scared enough to stand still, while she went over to Bertha's side, and helped her to lift Dick up, and lay his head on a cushion from the carriage. He moved a little and breathed, and their first awful terror found some relief; but when, after some minutes, he gave no further sign of coming to himself, Nettie stood up and said—

'We must get help!'

'But how? the trap is broken, and I couldn't drive!'

'No, you must stay here, and I'll run back to Fleming's farm, that's the nearest place.'

'But the locked gate!'

'I can get over it! Stay here and do all you can. I can run and you can't. You can put my fur cloak over him.'

She pulled off the cloak as she spoke, and stood for a second in a tight dark dress, looking down at the injured man.

Her practical nature seized on the right thing to do, too surely even for a struggle; she hardly knew that the dreadful pang she felt was not only fear for Dick's safety, but reluctance to leave Bertha alone by his side.

One second she paused, then started off with flying feet along the road which she had so often vowed never to tread. Nettie ran as she had never run, since she ran races with her brother Bob, and as very few full-grown young women could have run. To the terrified Bertha she seemed to vanish in a moment out of sight; and, indeed, it was a very few minutes before she reached the savage-looking padlocked gate, with a forbidding frieze of brushwood on the top.

Nettie pulled aside, tore out, crushed down the brushwood, and threw herself over the gate, almost into her eldest brother's arms as he came along by the field path, which the avoidance of the road necessitated.

'Nettie!'

'Oh, Alvar, unlock the gate! Dick is hurt. Can't you get some brandy here—and some one to carry him?'

As soon as Alvar understood her breathless accents, he hurried up to the farmhouse, which was happily close by; but where no one was at home but Charlotte Fleming, the owner's sister and housekeeper, her maid, and a little boy.

Miss Fleming rapidly got together everything she could think likely to be useful, found the gate key, and sent maid and boy off to find her brother to get the cart ready and bring more efficient help. Alvar went off—with hardly another thought of his sister—and Miss Fleming exclaimed—

'Miss Nettie, sit down and rest, and drink some milk; Ned 'll be up directly, and then I'll send him for the doctor.'

'I can't, Charlotte,' said Nettie; 'at least, give me the milk, but I'll go back and meet them. I—I ought to help Miss Bright.'

'Eh, dear!' said Charlotte Fleming, 'it's a bad business for her, poor thing!'

Nettie drank down the milk, she could not stand, but she walked rapidly back by the way she had come—self-consciousness, jealousy, not lost in fear for Dick, but overpowered by it. Dick might be killed, and Bertha had been all this time alone with him.

Something was moving towards her along the long rough road. Were they carrying him back? Nettie had eyes like a Highlander's, but now the moving figures swam before them; the bright cold sun seemed to dazzle them. She heard voices, surely they were cheerful ones. There was her brother Cheriton leading Tomtit carefully along, and by his side Bertha Bright. Tomtit's cart had been somehow set to rights, so as to hold together, and in it sat Dick Seyton, pale indeed, and partly supported by Alvar, who walked by his side, but

alive and conscious, though his dizzy eyes hardly saw the tall figure coming towards him.

'All right, Nettie,' called Cheriton, as soon as she was within hearing. 'All right, we've picked up the pieces.'

'He came round directly you were gone,' said Bertha; 'and then Mr. Cheriton came along and helped me, and spliced the pole together, so that we could get on.'

Nettie heard, but she stood silent. Dick looked up at her with eyes that were eager through all their vague dizziness—looked up at her fair face, framed in its yellow hair, and ruddier than it ought to have been, like Britomart's of old, when, after the hard conflict, it first met the eyes of her warrior lover.

'You—you,' he said vaguely, 'you went——'

'Come on,' said Cheriton, 'we must not stop. 'Can you get back quick to Fleming's, Nettie, and say we're coming. Or stay, lead Tomtit, and I'll go.'

'I can run quicker than you,' said Nettie, turning and speeding away, almost as if Dick's life depended on her haste. She would go, she thought, before they got back—there was nothing more to do.

But she did not go; it would look odd to go without her cloak, was the form into which her hesitation shaped itself. Kindness and dignity alike brought her forward to meet Bertha, and take her upstairs into the quaint old farmhouse bedroom to rest and recover herself, while Alvar and Cheriton helped Dick to a sofa in Miss Fleming's parlour, and made him lie down till he was less giddy and faint.

Bertha put herself to rights with much self-possession. Nettie stood by, heedless of her ruffled locks and of the panting breath, which was not all due to her rapid running.

'Well,' said Bertha, after a pause, during which she scanned Nettie curiously, 'I'm very much obliged, I'm sure, both to Mr. Seyton for trying to help me, and to you and your brothers for picking us up. I—I suppose Mrs. Lester had not got a note this morning from Hilda?'

'No, I think not.'

'I think I'll tell you the contents. I'm doubly glad that my spill was not very serious, because the note was to tell Mrs. Lester of—of my engagement——'

Did Bertha pause on purpose, or from embarrassment?

Nettie had time to turn cold and white, while she looked at the speaker with unrelenting courage.

'When I was away,' said Bertha, 'to Mr. Hammond. He is a partner in our business, and I've always known him. He's coming down this afternoon, and—and he'll be awfully obliged to all of you for helping me.'

Nettie was speechless. Whether she would have summoned in another moment a proper and conventional utterance to her aid may be doubtful, for Alvar's voice was heard calling her from below.

'Nettie, tell Miss Bright I will have the pleasure of driving her home in Fleming's gig, if she will allow me to do so. Cherry will stay here till Dick can go home—I have sent for the carriage.'

Miss Bright, hearing, came forward with proper gratitude and inquiries for Mr. Seyton.

'Oh, he is much better. He has hurt his shoulder, but the blow on the head is, I hope, not serious.' Then Nettie seemed to wake up, and caught Bertha's hand.

'Oh, I am very glad, *very!*' she said, more emphatically than she knew—and Bertha went out with an involuntary smile, and was helped by Alvar into the gig, with all the more punctilious courtesy because of the terms on which he stood with her relations, and driven off along the contested road, while the astounded Nettie remained, standing in the great farmhouse kitchen, conscious of the strangest sense of a crisis in her fate.

Meanwhile Dick was recovering himself under Cheriton's guardianship.

'How did you come on the scene, Cherry? Did you pick us up?' he said presently.

'I did,' said Cherry. 'I was coming along the road, and saw Tomtit standing, and perceived there had been a smash, and then Miss Bright called me.'

'I thought,' said Dick, 'that I saw—your sister.'

'Oh, yes! She came down on you from the fir-wood, and dragged Tomtit up the bank—so Miss Bright says—then, when you did not come round, she ran off here for help, and met Alvar, who opened the gate!'

'Ah! I ought to thank her.'

'Oh, never mind,' said Cherry obtusely. 'Nettie always has her wits about her in an emergency. Lie still a bit longer. Does your head ache much?'

But as he turned to look at his patient he saw that Dick was gazing at the door with a curious, listening, expectant look in his eyes.

A sudden light broke on him.

'I'll fetch Nettie,' he said, getting up and going out.

But he did not come back, and presently there was a slow hesitating footfall, and Nettie stood within the door alone.

'Are you better, Dick?' she said, in would-be every-day accents.

But Dick sprang to his feet and came towards her.

'Nettie, I can hold my tongue no longer, I'll have your "no"—if it must be—before any other "yes." If I'd been Master of Elderthwaite, I'd have been at your feet when we were boy and girl together. I'm a poor man, and I'd like to be a rich one, but I love you better than riches—better than Elderthwaite—better than name and place. You made a man of me. I thought you cared *then*—but now?

'You might have known I never stop caring for anything,' said Nettie.

* * * * * *

'Nettie!' called Cheriton from without, as the Oakby carriage dashed up to the door.

Nettie ran out, and pressed up to her brother's side, her face almost on a level with his own.

'Cherry, don't be angry, and take our part with Alvar and with granny?' she whispered, before she hurried home on her own feet, leaving her lover to explain himself on the drive back to Oakby.

There was a day of explanations, and some disappointment and disapprobation to be got over before all was smooth again but Cheriton did take the lovers' part, and represented the uselessness of opposition, and the right of both to their own way, till Alvar gave in with a good grace, and promised to gain the grandmother's consent.

'And Alvar,' Nettie said, standing up straight before him, 'now the gate is open, you won't lock it up again. I—I was angry with Dick, and spiteful, but I mean to walk on the road now.'

'At such a time,' said Alvar, taking her hand and kissing her on the cheek, 'my sister must not ask in vain.'

So the great dispute was over, the gates were all thrown open, and the old parson gave in grumbling, as if at an act of indemnity on the occasion of a royal marriage. But the bright chances of life at Elderthwaite lay many years ahead of Dick and Nettie, and glittered before their eyes, even when they felt and knew that they were but tinsel beside the pure gold of their mutual love.

'So, Cherry,' Jack said, 'accident has melted the tyrant's heart; but I don't see that influence has had much to do with it.'

'No,' said Cheriton, 'it hadn't.'

There was that in his face which suddenly filled Jack with compunction.

'It's all right as long as you like it, Cherry,' he said, rather wistfully.

'It's all right as long as I do my best in it, Jack, I suppose,' said Cheriton; 'but you were right in supposing that I am apt enough to forget what my best might be. It's a good thing not to get one's way always, no doubt.'

'As to that,' said Jack, eating all his own words as fast as he could, 'I should like to know what would happen to Elderthwaite without you. It's only for your own sake I spoke.'

'Well,' said Cherry, 'I took Elderthwaite for better for worse, you see—I mustn't grumble if it got rather a better bargain than I thought for at the time.'

'Well,' said Jack, 'that's the thing. Parsons generally take some one besides their parish for better for worse.'

'Ah,' said Cherry lightly, 'Elderthwaite has no rival at present I assure you, and I never thought of giving it one.'

But for the first time the wish crossed Cheriton's mind that fate and life had not, as he thought, made such a rivalry impossible to him.

ADVENT AND CHRISTMAS.

The morning breaks; the night is almost past,
  And He so long expected comes at last.
Put on, put on thy beautiful array,
  O royal Bride, thy King is on His way!
His chariot-wheels are heard by her who waits:
  Go forth to meet Him; open wide thy gates;
The King of Glory comes, the Mighty One!
  The Prince of Peace, the Everlasting Son!—*S. A.*

THE first day of the Hebrew civil year fell in the autumn, during the second half of September or the first half of October, and was distinguished as the Feast of Trumpets. At every other new moon, the silver trumpets were blown over the sacrifices; but at this new moon, being the first of a new year, cornets, or trumpets of rams' horns, were blown besides. According to the Jewish writer Maimonides, these horns were of the same kind as those used every fiftieth year, to proclaim the jubilee, at the close of the Day of Atonement.

The Feast of Trumpets was a season of gladness and rejoicing for the new year; and we may well believe that the sound of the cornets would be hailed with especial joy by those who had sold their patrimony or had even themselves become bond-servants, for it would remind them that another year of poverty or slavery was past, that they were another year nearer to the day of release and the recovery of their property. And when the fiftieth year came the sound of the cornet on the first day of the new year would proclaim their liberty. Only ten days more, and it would sound again for their release, for their restoration to home and kindred; and meanwhile the first note told them they had ceased to be slaves. There was still a time of waiting, though no longer of servitude; and there was the gloom and awful solemnity of the Day of Atonement to be passed through; but the time was short, the day close at hand.

But, though the Feast of Trumpets was a joyous festival, a note of warning mingled with its gladness; and it was considered also as a call to preparation for the coming fast, a call to repentance and to the renewed service of God.

'The blowing of the trumpet on the first day of the year,' says Maimonides, 'contained in it an intimation, as if it had been said: Awake, ye sleepers, out of your sleep; and ye deep sleepers, wake up out of your deep sleep; and make inquiry into your works, and turn with repentance and remember your Creator.'

To this day the cornet is sounded in the synagogues on the first

day of the year, 'to remind the congregation of the judgments of God, and to call sinners to repentance.'

The Hebrew festival is therefore typical of the joy and expectation with which the children of God shall welcome the coming of the year of redemption, when the kingdom of heaven shall be set up upon the earth. It is a type of hope mingled with warning; for that day will be ushered in by a time of trouble, and by signs, which will speak with trumpet-tongues to those who can hear. 'Men's hearts' will be 'failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken.' Upon the earth there will be 'distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring';* yet, 'when these things *begin* to come to pass,' we are bidden to 'look up, and lift up' our heads, for our redemption draweth nigh.

The blowing of the cornet was recognised, as is evident from many parts of Scripture, as a warning, alarm, and call to repentance.† To mention but two of the historical passages, plainly typical of future events, in which its use is spoken of: the Captain of the Lord's host had appeared to Joshua before the capture of Jericho, and by His direction, as it seems, Joshua encompassed the city, and seven priests, bearing trumpets of rams' horns, passed on before the ark and blew with the trumpets. At one house in that city there was a scarlet thread‡ bound in the window; and within, safe under its protection, were gathered Rahab with all her family, the only household saved, when, on the seventh day, the walls of the city fell down. The same symbolic meaning of alarm and warning is shown by the manner in which Gideon's victory was won, when the enemies of the people of God perished at the sound of the trumpets of rams' horns. In the book of the Revelation, each trumpet-voice is the signal of successive judgments upon those who 'have not the seal of God in their foreheads'; § and also manifestly a call to repentance.

'Watch ye, therefore, and pray always, that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things that shall come to pass, and to stand before the Son of man.' 'And I looked, and lo, a Lamb stood on Mount Zion,‖ and with Him a hundred forty and four thousand, having His Father's name written in their foreheads. . . . These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God and to the Lamb.' First-fruits implies harvest; and, besides the definite number of those counted worthy to escape, there is the 'great multitude which no man' can 'number, which come out of the great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.' They are those, it would seem, who have been awakened and aroused to a sense of their danger by the sounding of the seven trumpets, though not in time to escape the judgments;

* See Ps. lxv. 7; Is. xvii. 12, 13.
† Is. lviii. 1.
‡ Josh. ii. 18.
§ Rev. vii. 3; ix. 4; Ezek. ix. 6.
‖ Ob. 17, 21; Joel. ii. 32; Rom. xi. 26.

'but when we are judged, we are chastened of the Lord, that we should not be condemned' (Rev. xiv. 6, 15; x. 7, 11; xi. 3, 13; xii. 6; xiii. 5–8).

'The day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night. For when they shall say peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them. . . . and they shall not escape. . . . But ye, brethren, are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief.' 'Because thou hast kept the word of My patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth' (Rev. xii. 5; ii. 26–28; xiii. 8, 13–17).

'And the seventh angel sounded;* and there were great voices in heaven, saying, The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ; and He shall reign for ever and ever.' The Day of Atonement is then over, the year of the redeemed is come, and the trumpet proclaims the jubilee, that 'restitution of all things of which all the prophets' have spoken, when the true Heir of all things receives back His heritage. The coming of the King and the restitution of all things are the hope set forth in the Old Testament; and His coming and triumph are so closely blended in the prophecies that no interval was apparent between them, even to those familiar with them; and when the Baptist's voice was heard calling to repentance, and announcing in trumpet-tones that the kingdom of heaven was at hand, that the King, so long expected, was really coming at last, it was not wonderful that even those who heeded the message should have expected the kingdom of God immediately to appear. Slowly they learnt that, between the Feast of Trumpets and the trumpet of jubilee, must come the Day of Atonement, with its attendant gloom and time of waiting. But when their King and Priest had disappeared from their sight within the veil, His coming was still the one hope of themselves and their followers. 'The Lord is at hand,' was their watchword in all troubles, enabling them to bear with patience. The 'sufferings of this present life' were 'not worthy to be compared with the glory which' should 'be revealed'; they were waiting, hoping, praying for His coming. If they were turned from idols, it was to wait for His Son from heaven;† if they made disciples, they looked forward to presenting them to Him, when He should come; when they celebrated the Lord's Supper, they showed forth His death 'till He come';‡ if they sorrowed for those whom they lost, it was not as those who had no hope, but in full confidence that those who 'slept in Jesus' God would 'bring with Him'; they were exhorted to be 'careful for nothing,' because the Lord was at hand; to 'judge nothing before the

* 1 Cor. xv. 52; John v. 25; Matt. xxiv. 30, 31; Isa. xxvii. 13.

† 1 Thess. i. 10.

‡ 1 Cor. xi. 26; 1 Thess. ii. 19; 2 Cor. xi. 2; 1 Thess. iv. 13; Phil. iv. 5, 6; 1 Cor. iv. 5; James v. 8, 9.

time,' because *the* Judge was before the door; to be 'patient unto the coming of the Lord.'

A few years ago, some, no doubt well-meaning persons, were in the habit of inscribing the London pavements on Sunday mornings with texts in red chalk; and among these frequently appeared the words, '*Death* is coming.' Some people, no doubt, carried away the impression that that too was a text. But the watchword of the Epistles is, '*Christ* is coming!' Death is hardly so much as mentioned, except as having been vanquished; there is not a word about preparation for death. The Apostles overlooked it altogether, as a matter of small moment; for whether they lived or died they were the Lord's, and they were looking for Him, not for His enemy. The Church then was as a betrothed bride waiting for the coming of the Bridegroom.

But years and centuries passed away, and when a thousand years had passed what had been given as a hope and a promise had long ceased to be held as such by the majority. It had come to be looked upon as a threat. For an idea had arisen, even in St. Paul's lifetime, that the 'day of the Lord' was then actually 'present';* that the first resurrection was passed; that His millennial reign had begun, and that when He came again it would be to the general judgment, and for the consummation of all things (Rev. xx. 11–13). When, therefore, the tenth century drew to a close, the Bride of Christ would fain have put off the day of His coming. She no longer hoped and longed for it, for she was not what she had been in apostolic times, and she feared to meet her Judge. As the time which men, in forgetfulness of many warnings, had fixed in their own minds, drew nearer and nearer, they were seized with panic dread. The terrible year came and went, and then they began to breathe more freely, because the danger was, they thought, past. They were not *disappointed;* they were infinitely *relieved*, for they felt themselves 'unprepared to meet Him.'

The Christian's whole life is, or should be, a preparation for that meeting; but, in the season of Advent, the Church has given us a special time for meditating upon these things, and Advent by Advent she says to us—

> 'Awake!—again the Gospel trump is blown;
> From year to year, it swells with louder tone.'

Again there sounds in our ears 'the voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low; and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together. . . . O Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength. . . . Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God.'

* 2 Thess. ii. 2 (new version); 1 Thess. iv. 15–17; 2 Tim. ii. 18.

Originally the season of Advent was simply a preparation by prayer and fasting for the Festival of the Nativity, as Lent was for that of Easter; and its length varied in different parts of the Church. Its observance is supposed to have originated in France, possibly in the fourth century; but it was not adopted in Rome until the seventh century, although it is attributed to St. Peter. The time observed varied from two weeks to five. In the ancient Mozarabic Liturgy used in Spain, the Feast of the Nativity is called Advent, and the six preceding Sundays are 'Sundays before Advent.' In many parts of the Church it was a forty days' fast. It is called Quadragesima in a sacramentary of the tenth century; and in the Greek and Eastern Churches is still known as the 'forty days' fast,' Lent being 'the great and holy forty days.' The forty days before Christmas do not seem to be very generally or strictly observed in the Greek Church, though still noted in the calendar as beginning on the 15th of November.

Wherever kept, the season has always been marked by signs of mingled joy and mourning. In the Roman Church, Hallelujah is sometimes sung as a token of rejoicing in the first Advent; so at least it is interpreted in more recent times. Sometimes it is omitted. The *Gloria in Excelsis* is not used except on festivals, and the vestments are violet, as symbolical of humiliation.

As originally intended, the season was to be employed in self-examination and acts of devotion in preparation for the coming festival; and this use of it is equally appropriate, whether we meditate upon the grace of salvation already come to the world in the birth of our Lord in our nature, or whether we look forward to that second advent, in which the faithful indeed rejoice in hope, but in hope which is not unmixed with other feelings. For, having regard to the present condition of the Church, penitence and supplication are our most appropriate preparation for that solemn event. We rejoice in hope, but in hope mingled with shame, as we can conceive that a faithful Israelite of old would have looked for the first coming of the Messiah, even as Daniel and Ezra, who, with confusion of face, prayed and confessed their sin, and the sin of their people Israel; and yet, with longing expectation, as knowing that He only could take away their guilt, and be a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel.

The two great topics are—faith in the work wrought at His first coming, and hope in His salvation, when He shall come again 'apart from sin,' and gather His saints to Himself, and enter upon His kingdom.

In the Prayer-book Calendar, the 16th of December is distinguished by the first words of one of the versicles formerly used at this season, and still chanted, each on its own day, in the Roman Church after the *Magnificat*, from the 17th to the 23rd. They are called the 'great antiphons,' and are so beautiful and appropriate that one can

but regret that they should have dropped out of use. They have been thus paraphrased—

'O Wisdom of God, which art the Word proceeding from the Most High, reaching from the beginning to the end, firmly and gently disposing all things; come Thou, and teach us in the way of understanding.

'O Adonai, Captain of the House of Israel, Thou which didst appear unto Moses in the fire of the burning bush, and gavest unto Him the Law in Sinai; come Thou, and redeem us with Thine outstretched arm.

'O Root of Jesse, which standest for an ensign of the people; before whom kings shall shut their mouths; unto whom the nations shall make their supplications; come Thou, and deliver us, make no longer tarrying.

'O Key of David, Sceptre of the House of Israel, which openeth and no man shutteth, which shutteth and no man openeth; come Thou, and bring forth from the prison-house him that is bound.

'O Dayspring from on High, Brightness of Eternal Light, Sun of Righteousness; come Thou, and shine in upon them that are sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death.

'O King of the Gentiles, God of Israel and his Saviour, chief Corner-stone, which makest both one; come Thou, and save Thy creatures, whom Thou didst fashion from the dust of the earth.

'O Emmanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the expectation of the Gentiles and their desire; come Thou unto our salvation, O Lord our Saviour and our God.'

In the Gallican Church during the last century, the antiphons began on the 15th, and two others were added:

'O Holy of Holies, spotless mirror of the Majesty of God and imago of His goodness: come Thou, that iniquity may be blotted out and eternal righteousness brought in.

'O Shepherd of Israel, Lord over the house of David; whose goings forth have been from of old, even from everlasting: come Thou, and feed Thy people in Thy strength, and rule them in equity and judgment.'

In some at least of the dioceses of France the antiphons now begin on the 16th, and the second only of these two is used.

The observance of the Feast of the Nativity cannot be traced with any certainty beyond the beginning of the 4th century, when it was celebrated, together with the adoration of the Magi, and probably also the Lord's Baptism, on the 6th January, and all three under the name, equally appropriate to each, of Epiphany. The transference of the Festival of the Nativity to the 25th December is attributed to Pope Julius I.; and, from a sermon preached by St. Chrysostom in the latter part of the fourth century, it would seem that the actual date of that great event had then been known for some time in the West, but had not been received in the East till ten years previously. He says:

'And it is possible for any one learning the time of the taxing from the old records open to the public at Rome, to come to the desired knowledge. From those who have accurately ascertained these things, and who dwelt in that city, we have received the day.'

Who wants any reasons for keeping the Feast of the Birth of Christ, the Eternal Word Incarnate?

True, the event accomplished nothing in itself; but it was the revelation of the great mystery, 'God manifest in the flesh,' the basis of all that has been and is yet to be accomplished for man's salvation.

The birth of an infant is everywhere an occasion of rejoicing, even though none can tell whether the child will prove a blessing or the reverse to his family, his country, or even the whole world. Here there is no uncertain hope, but the one only sure salvation of the ruined creation—God's great unspeakable Gift to a fallen world.

We keep the birthdays of our friends and kindred with joy; shall we not much more celebrate the Birthday of Him, Who is not only Friend and Brother, but also our Saviour and King, Who has 'brought life and immortality to life.' The Hope of the whole world lies, as on this day, in the manger of Bethlehem.

One thought in conclusion: In these times, we can, alas! hardly avoid knowing that speculation about God is rife; it meets us constantly in the current literature of the day, and it may be reverent speculation or it may not; but, whichever it be, it is equally out of place among those who 'profess and call themselves Christians.' Some may be heard to say that it is presumptuous for finite beings like ourselves to assert that we know, or can know, anything about God; and at times their words are so plausible that people are caught by the mock humility. For it is mock humility to profess ignorance of what God has Himself made known to us.

One of the most common and subtle temptations of the present day is thus almost unconsciously to ignore the Godhead of Christ, Who came, not only to redeem us, but to 'show us the Father'; for He is 'the brightness of His glory, and the express image of His Person'; 'in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily'; God has given 'the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the Face of Jesus Christ.' As He Himself said, 'Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me? He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father, and how sayest thou then, Show us the Father?'

'O brightness of the Immortal Father's face,
Most Holy, Heavenly, Blessed,
Lord Jesu Christ, in Whom His truth and grace
Are visibly expressed.'

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCLIX.

THE REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

1679–1688.

THE attitude of Louis XIV. towards religious matters was very curious. He was quite as much determined to be his own Pope as Henry VIII. could have been, only he did not say so as openly, and, being within reach of the Pope, he was able to get his own way more effectively.

In the first place he made a final ruin of Port Royal. The Duchess of Longueville, who had long been its protector, died in 1679, a woman who by forty-five years of penitence and consistent religious practice had effaced the memory of the aberrations of her early womanhood.

A month later the Archbishop of Paris directed, by order of the King, that all save the professed sisters should leave it. Novices and postulants were dispersed into other convents, *pensionnaires*, many of them of the highest birth, sent home, and the old nuns were only allowed to remain there as one by one they dropped off through a course of thirty years.

The Jansenists were, however, not extinguished. Arnauld withdrew to Flanders, where he spent the rest of his life. He had thoughts of proceeding to Rome, where Innocent XI. was ready to receive him with all honour, and had even thought of giving him a Cardinal's hat, but he decided otherwise, not being able to trust the possible turns which might make French influence predominate. However, some of the best Bishops, especially the saintly Pavillon of Alet, were well known to hold Jansenist opinions, but gave no opportunity for censure; and even to the days of the Revolution, there were families, clergy, and religious houses well known to be Jansenist.

The persecution of the Jansenists was one of Louis' compensations for his great struggle with the Pope. As a general rule all benefices in France were subject to the Régale, by which the Crown presented to them, and moreover enjoyed their revenues during a vacancy, but there were certain number of churches in the kingdom, chiefly in the provinces recently acquired, exempt from this rule, but on the 10th of February, 1673, Louis XIV. put forth a declaration, not only

claiming the Régale of all benefices which had not made distinct terms with the Crown, but requiring all the Bishops of sees hitherto exempt, to register their oaths of allegiance in order to obtain restitution of the benefices they were stated to be illegally enjoying.

Pavillon of Alet and Caulet of Pamiers sturdily refused to comply with this exaction, and neither registered their oaths, nor would induct nominees of the King to appointments within their dioceses. There was an appeal to the Archbishop of Toulouse, and then to the Pope, Innocent XII., Benedette Odescalchi, an excellent and upright man, to whom the ambition and tyranny of Louis were most distasteful, and who was not, like most Popes, under Jesuit influence. He supported the two Bishops with all his might, sending briefs of remonstrance to the King, writing to them privately to persevere.

Bishop Pavillon died in 1679. He had been a noble Bishop, promoting all that was good in his diocese, and providing for the religious training of the poor in the mountains, by sending pairs of ladies, whom he called Régentes, to instruct them. His friend at Pamiers held out, and actually endured from the King the spoiling of all his property, even the funds with which he was rebuilding his cathedral and founding two seminaries for his clergy. He died in August, 1680, and then came a desperate struggle in the cathedral itself, between the Chapter and the Régalistes appointed by the King for the election of a Grand Vicar. Cerle, who was appointed by the old Canons, was not a moderate man, and in his indignation used expressions which caused him to be tried, in his absence, by the parliament of Toulouse, and burnt in effigy in the market-place.

The Pope strengthened his hands by excommunicating all who acknowledged the Régaliste Vicar-General, and the dispute proceeded hotly. Louis convened a Council of Bishops, men who were almost all under the spell of his overmastering character, though many of them were holy and devoted in their lives. The question was an exceedingly difficult one. On the one hand it might be looked on as concerning the liberty of the Gallican Church from the Ultramontane yoke, on the other hand as asserting temporal power instead of spiritual.

The preliminary Council of Bishops decided that the previous decisions and the precedents were uncertain, but for the sake of peace it was better to submit to the Régale. Of course this did not satisfy the Pope, and a general assembly of the clergy was convoked on the 1st of October, 1681. Bossuet was the leading spirit and preached the opening sermon. He was anxious for the lawful freedom of his national church, but on the other hand most desirous to guard against any such rupture with Rome as England had made. The upshot of the conference was that the King's claim should be acknowledged, but that his nominees must have canonical institution. To this, however, the Pope would not agree. He said that he echoed the complaint of the prophet, 'The sons of my mother have fought

against me,' and he was further indignant at the four articles drawn up by the assembly. In substance these are:

1st. That the State is independent of the Church in temporal matters.

2nd. That the Canons of the Council of Constance are affirmed.

3rd. That thus the Papal decisions must be regulated by the Canons and consent of the Church.

4th. That though the Pope has the principal voice in deciding questions, his judgment is not irreversible till confirmed by the consent of the Church.

Bossuet had been averse to opening such a controversy, but as the other Bishops were bent upon so doing, he took the principal theme in the summing up of the declaration. He was much distressed, and though certain that the declaration contained the right doctrine, yet he grieved over the necessity of its publication, and the indignation it excited at Rome. The exiled Arnauld used all the influence he possessed to prevent the Pope from promulgating such answers as would make the breach wider, and as neither Innocent nor Louis wished to render it irreparable, the matter remained in the condition of a war of criticism. But Louis was the more bent on showing himself a sound Catholic, and the assembly did not break up without a warning to the Huguenots to return to the bosom of the Church unless they wished to incur more rigorous treatment.

There were at this time, it was computed, 564,000 Huguenots in France, 1200 pastors, 844 temples, as their places of worship were called. Vigorous preaching and arguments were set on foot by missions. Bossuet published an exposition of Catholic doctrine, and obtained that a translation of the New Testament, and of some of the prayers of the Church, should be distributed; and the preaching was carried on by Jesuits, Capuchins, all the orders, often very effectively; and numerous Calvinists, coming to a better understanding of the Church, became honest converts. Moreover, there was a fund called '*La Caisse des Conversions*,' originally set apart for the compensation of recanting ministers; and this, in the hands of a convert named Pelisson, became a system of bribery.

'M. Pelisson works wonders,' wrote Madame de Maintenon. 'He may not be so learned as Monseigneur de Bossuet, but he is more persuasive.' She consoled herself for the venality of these converts by saying, 'At any rate their children will be Catholics.'

Madame de Maintenon was gaining in favour. On the 30th of July, 1683, died poor Queen Marie Therèse, after a dull and dreary life, during which she had believed herself despised by every one; but latterly had been somewhat happier owing to the King's return to her. There is no doubt that at some time or other in the course of the two subsequent years, Françoise d'Aubigné, widow of Scarron, and Marquise de Maintenon, was married to Louis XIV., the proudest monarch in Europe. She never took rank upon her, and suppressed

all the proofs; but the marriage was an open secret in the Court, and was confided to Harlay, Archbishop of Paris, to Père la Chaise, the King's confessor, and to several ladies.

The influence of this secretly-married wife had certainly rendered Louis a much more religious man; and to her has been attributed the form of zeal he manifested in the conversion of the Huguenots; but it seems that to blame her for the persecution that began to set in is a great injustice, for, as far as any one at Court understood the violences that were practised, she disapproved. Gradually the privileges secured by the Edict of Nantes had been revoked. All sorts of offices were forbidden to the Huguenots; they could not be magistrates, schoolmasters, doctors, surgeons, printers or postmen. The 'chambers' in the Parliaments for their legal affairs were done away with; they were forbidden to become guardians to minors, or to send their children out of the country under sixteen years old for education, thus, of course, driving them to the converting schools, as none could be kept by Huguenots. Moreover, it was decreed in 1681 that the abjuration of a child of seven years old was valid, and that after it had been made, the parents had no right to interfere, but were bound to provide maintenance under Catholic guardianship. This enactment caused much wretchedness and distrust. A maid, a playfellow, a visitor might entice a child at any moment, and, on the declaration before a magistrate that the little one had kissed the Madonna, made the sign of the cross or tried to go into a church, it was captured, to be brought up by guardians appointed by the Church. Thus Madame de Maintenon obtained the little daughter of her cousin, the Marquis de Villette, whose own account of the being taken from home was 'I cried a good deal; but the next day I thought the King's mass so beautiful that I promised to be a Catholic provided I might hear it every day, and never be whipped. That was the whole controversy used with me, and my only abjuration.'

Besides all this, converts were permitted to wait three years before paying their debts, and for the same period were free from all taxes and imposts, the staunch in faith having to pay double by way of compensation to the revenue.

Doctors were commanded to inform the authorities of the dangerous sickness of Huguenots, in order that they might be visited and persuaded to abjure; and if a convert were again admitted into a Reformed temple, it was shut up for ever, and the pastor banished with confiscation of property. A single traitor could thus ruin a congregation; and thus were destroyed the noted old temples of Montauban and Montpellier, with two more.

These measures were adopted in the genuine belief that Calvinism, '*la religion*' as everybody called it, was a crime—as displeasing to God as the idolatry of Canaan; and that it was absolute duty, as well true charity, to bring its professors into the Church by any means

whatsoever. If the converts were coerced, and insincere, still all would be well with their children.

Many were already making their escape into England, Holland, or Switzerland; but the diminution still was not rapid enough, and Louvois bethought him of another form of compulsion which had been already practised in Scotland. In March, 1681, he wrote to Marillac, the Intendant of Poitou, that his regiment of dragoons was to be sent into that province, always a stronghold of the Reformed. 'His Majesty,' wrote the minister, 'is much rejoiced at learning how many persons in your department continue to be converted; he desires that you should still attend to this; he will be pleased if the larger proportion of privates and officers are quartered upon the Protestants. If, according to a fair division, a religionist should have ten, you may have twenty billeted on them.'

Such was the commencement of the *dragonnades*. The soldiers, bred up in the terrible wars of Germany, were placed in the midst of peaceful families with directions to use any violence short of killing them. They beat the old, the women and the children, dragged them into church by the hair, fastened the men to carts and ploughs, and pricked them on with sword-points, like oxen. Crosses were fastened to the handles of muskets, and held to the mouth to be kissed, and on resistance were forced against the face or body. Some clergy were shocked at these cruelties, but others cried, 'Courage, messieurs, it is the King's will.'

So many Huguenots fled, that when M. d'Aubigné, Madame de Maintenon's brother, had a grant of 800,000 francs, she advised him to lay it out in Poitou, where land was to be had almost for nothing, left desolate by the Huguenots. There were a great number of sailors, and these departed to such an amount that the naval administration was in difficulties. There was a slight relaxation of persecution of actual Protestants, but at the same time an attempt to escape was punished by condemnation to the galleys, and any return to his old faith by a convert was cruelly punished. 'Are we Turks, are we infidels?' wrote Jurien, a pastor who had escaped to Holland. 'We believe in Jesus Christ, we believe Him to be the Eternal Son of God, Redeemer of the world. Our moral maxims are pure; we respect kings, we are good subjects, good citizens, and are as true Frenchmen as reformed Christians.'

Rebellions had, in fact, long been over among the Reformed. Richelieu's treatment after the capture of La Rochelle had been wise and moderate, and had been continued as long as Mazarin lived; and the universal temper of submission had extended itself to the Huguenots. A considerable number had voluntarily joined the Church, and the King and Madame de Maintenon were convinced that only gentle force was necessary to fulfil the text their preachers quoted, 'Compel them to come in.' 'Convert, but do not persecute,' was the lady's maxim; and both she and the King were convinced

that to bring the entire kingdom to unity of faith would be the crowning glory of his reign. Politically the Huguenots were an object of dread, as men who durst think for themselves; religiously, it was thought due to the Church to extirpate schism, and true charity to the individuals to bring them into her pale.

Nor did Royalty know the methods employed. Orders were sent that the dragoons should be under the most strict discipline; and the officers interpreted this as they chose. Whole districts professed conversion on the mere report that the troops were coming. Thus Louvois wrote, five weeks after giving orders to Marshal Boufflers: 'Sixty thousand conversions have been made around Bordeaux, twenty thousand at Montauban. There are not ecclesiastics enough to receive the converts.'

The King was assured that in effect the work was done, accounts of the remnant of heresy remaining, and the means employed, being alike suppressed. For instance, the Count of Tessé wrote to Louvois—'Not only in a single day was the whole city of Orange converted, but the whole state; and the Parliament gentlemen who tried to manifest a little more obstinacy, adopted the same resolution twenty-four hours later. All was done gently, with no violence nor uproar; no one save the Minister Chambrun, the patriarch of the country, persists in not hearing reason, for M. le Président, who aspired to the honour of martyrdom, would have turned Mahometan if I had desired it. You would hardly believe how infatuated all these folks were, and still are, for the Prince of Orange, his authority—Holland, England, and the German Protestants. I should never end if I told you all their folly and impertinence.'

Nor does he explain that he had carried off all the pastors of Orange, who were kept in prison at Pierre Encise. Poor old Chambrun gave way under torture, and exclaimed, 'Well, I will write!' He afterwards escaped, and ended his days in Holland, bitterly lamenting his weakness, and calling himself a cowardly soldier who had turned his back in the day of battle.

No doubt Calvinism is a schism, and involves several false and mischievous doctrines; but, on the other hand, Romanism, especially as it was presented to these unfortunates, involved much obviously unscriptural teaching and practice. Turenne might, under Bossuet's controversial instruction, be honestly convinced; but it was a very different thing to be called on to offer what appeared absolute worship to an image of a saint, or to have the cross forced on the lips at the sword's point. Resistance acquired the dignity of martyrdom, and the Huguenots were actuated by the same spirit as their fellows in Scotland, and with far more reason on their side, since it was the most corrupt side of Catholicism that was presented to them.

Those who were not deeply in earnest conformed, in sufficient numbers to be gloried over, and a good deal of exaggeration on the one side, and of omission on the other, persuaded the King that

Protestantism was so far extirpated that the Edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV. had established toleration and granted civil rights to the Reformed, might be repealed. It had always been regarded as a blot on the legislation of France, like the endurance of high places by the Kings of Judah; and there was great rejoicing and thanksgiving when the King signed the Revocation on the 15th of October, 1685. No voice was raised against it, except an anonymous memorial which was read aloud by the Dauphin, representing the dangerous consequences of what was in fact the proscription of thousands. The King said he had foreseen and provided for all; he was prepared to crush rebellion, and he preferred religion to prosperity.

Everybody was with him. His old Chancellor, Le Tellier, whose last public act was the drawing up the document, repeated the *Nunc dimittis* when he died twelve days later. Bossuet, Fénélon, Bourdaloue, the great churchmen and preachers, lauded to the skies 'this second Constantine, this second Theodosius,' forgetting that the first Constantine and Theodosius certainly never attempted to uproot or exterminate the Arians. Even Antoine Arnauld in his banishment fully approved, citing the laws against the Donatists. La Bruyère and La Fontaine, both far from being courtiers, approved and rejoiced. In point of fact the whole world had for several centuries been persuaded that it was the duty of a sovereign to force his people to accept the truth, and only a few here and there had arrived at the perception that since souls cannot be controlled by any human power, there is nothing to be done but to grant free toleration and civil rights, so long as no crime against morality and security is committed. The State cannot deal with Faith; but, while it was thought that it could do so, Louis was acting as conscientiously as were his victims.

The Edict of repeal took for granted that Calvinism was abolished. It enacted that the remaining temples should be demolished, prohibited all assemblies for worship, and banished all obstinate ministers within fifteen days; but forbade all the other Huguenots to leave the country, under pain of the galleys for the men, of imprisonment for the women; and the exercise of any office of the ministry would thenceforth be capitally punished. Those persons who could remain, or rather could not escape, were allowed a kind of miserable existence, without being permitted any religious rites.

Few of the higher nobility, as persons in office, remained. Of these, Marshal Schomberg demanded and obtained permission to leave the country, so did the Marquis de Ruvigny and the Princess de Tarente, of the house of Hesse. Permission was refused to Admiral Duquesne, the greatest sailor France possessed, whom the Algerine pirates called 'The old French captain wedded to the sea, and forgotten by the angel of death.' However, permission was granted to him to live in France unmolested on account of his religion. 'For sixty years I rendered unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' he said. 'It is time to render unto God the things that are God's.'

And when Louis expressed regrets that he could not be rewarded on account of his religion, he answered, 'Sire, I am a Protestant, but I thought my services Catholic.' His sons succeeded in leaving France, and when he died, were not permitted to obtain his body. They erected a monument at Aubonne in Switzerland with the inscription—

'This tomb awaits the remains of Duquesne. Traveller, if thou askest why the Dutch have raised a superb monument to the vanquished De Ruyter, and the French refuse one to his victor, fear and respect for a monarch of far-reaching power forbid the reply.'

Of the other nobles attached to the Court, almost all were too much accustomed to idolatry of the King to hesitate long. 'Is it not easy to make oneself believe whatever one pleases?' said a worldly-wise lady to her granddaughter. The country noblesse were more staunch. Some had invested property abroad, and followed it as they could, knowing that if captured, the galleys would be their lot. A relation of the Duke de la Force was thus condemned at the age of seventy-five; and with him Louis de Marolles, an old companion of the King.

The pastors were forced to depart in flocks, leaving all their children of seven years old behind them. There were old men between eighty and ninety, some of whom died before reaching the frontier; but in Switzerland and Holland they met with a warm welcome and succour.

They were forced away; but for others to leave the country was called criminal 'disobedience' and ingratitude. The ports were closed, the high roads watched, and all was done that Government could devise to prevent the departure of the Huguenots. Still thousands escaped. Passports could be secretly purchased from the clerks of the officers—some from venality, some from pity; nor were all the Catholics so devoid of compassion as the Court. Maps of the route were handed about; and, disguised as shepherds, pilgrims, soldiers, hunters, pedlars, beggars, the fugitives travelled, generally by night, spending the day in caverns or forests. Ladies of sixty or seventy years old, who had never walked beyond their own stately terraces and avenues, went on foot eighty or one hundred leagues to some appointed place. Girls of fifteen or sixteen, of all ranks, had to travel, sometimes wheeling barrows, carrying manure, bundles or baskets, with faces and hands stained, and even wrinkled by some preparation. Some went as men; some, too small for grown men, went as servant boys behind a guide who rode on horseback as some grandee. A troop of these came to Rotterdam straight to church before changing their clothes. A lady at Grenoble persuaded a Savoyard iron-dealer to pack her in the middle of a bundle of iron rods. She was weighed with them at the custom house, and only released six miles beyond the frontier! Children were hidden in all manner of strange ways—in barrels, faggots,

ovens. Many families in England have traditions of the strange adventures of their ancestors, and their wonderful endurance.

The sea-board was a blessing to the Norman and Gascon Protestants. English sailors eagerly helped them; but the voyage was often terrible—even from Normandy. The Count de Marancé, with thirty-nine more, women, children, infants, was kept for many days tossing in the Channel in a fishing-bark, with nothing to eat, only moistening their lips with snow.

In Normandy alone 184,000 persons emigrated, 26,000 houses were left empty; and it is reckoned that in three years, half a million of families quitted France. Vauban, the great military engineer, deplored the loss of 100,000 men, and the increase of the enemies' forces by 9000 of the best sailors, 12,000 veteran soldiers, 600 officers; and this was certainly under the mark.

A large number sank under the hardships of the journey, many were shot down on the way, taken and forced to work at Brest or Marseilles, chained to the worst felons, while the women were shut up in the Tower of Constance at Aigues Mortes; but very considerable numbers reached England, Holland, Prussia, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden. Berlin, a rising city of 15,000 inhabitants, was increased by 20,000 Huguenots. Indignation at the barbarity of the expulsion warmed the hearts of the English at their first arrival; even James II. made them welcome and granted help. There was an enthusiastic subscription, regiments were formed for those willing to take up arms, comprising most of the nobles. From the southern provinces, where Henri IV. and Sully had encouraged silk growing and weaving, came a whole population who settled in Spitalfields, and for at least 150 years were the chief silk weavers in England, retaining their own language and habits, and with twenty-two chapels of their own. Bishop Turner of Ely, a very strong Churchman, was especially forward in assisting them. The crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, the old God's House at Southampton, a hostel at Portsmouth, and other disused chapelries were given up to them, and Rye in Sussex was almost peopled by them. Gilbert Burnet owns to some disappointment at finding these persecuted martyrs often common-place, business-like people, not showing any wonderful Christian zeal or knowledge; but he was a somewhat hard judge of every one, and the need of earning a livelihood in a foreign land was pressing.

At first the King himself seemed carried away by the general enthusiasm, and readily promised contributions, and gave permission for collections to be made in churches on their behalf. But finding that this offended Louis, he changed his note. A book written in French describing the sufferings of the proscribed, he ordered to be burnt as a libel, although even Jeffreys demurred as to the legality of thus treating a book in a foreign language printed abroad. He said it was the duty of kings to stand by one another!

After putting off the collection Sunday as long as he could, he sent

orders through the Archbishop that the sermons should be brief, and not touch on the sufferings of the exiles. Nevertheless, such was the English feeling for the persecuted, that the alms amounted to £40,000, 'out of Whiggish spite,' said the King.

To prevent its being of use to the unhappy exiles, he now sent orders that no one should receive any portion of it who did not communicate after English ritual! Had this been the order of a sincere Anglican, it would have been harsh and almost treacherous; but whereas it came from one who had no faith in that communion, it was absolute wickedness! To the sincere persons bred in Calvinism, it caused cruel misery, distress, and disappointment.

However, persons of energy enough to accomplish their evasion in the face of such difficulties were sure to be of considerable intelligence, and they worked at and improved many arts and manufactures, paper making, metal work, silk weaving and others, so that when the first enthusiasm was over in England, distrust and jealousy of foreigners began to break out, and some had much to suffer from the persecutions of the ignorant. On the whole, however, England was free soil to them, and many readily became absorbed into the English Church. Numerous valuable writers on theology, history, and other subjects were exiles of the first or second generation, and many families who have won high respect and esteem still show, not only by their names, but by their features, their French extraction. The immigration continued for several years, the Huguenots clinging as long as possible to their homes, and only attempting the perilous journey when they found life intolerable.

Missions were undertaken to them, one in Saintonge by the Abbé de Fénélon, then thirty-four years old. He stipulated that the soldiers should be removed, and no compulsion or violence permitted; and his methods were argument, backed by charity and kindness, not enforcing those really un-Catholic practices and devotions which were most repugnant to the Protestants. For this he was reprimanded as lax and indulgent, and he does not seem to have been very successful.

The Pope censured the employment of violence in private letters, but in public was forced to approve of the extirpation of heresy. The Huguenots of Normandy, between conversion and flight, were indeed disposed of, but in the south they were in much larger numbers, and had the advantage of mountain districts. The persecution there was more savage, the race more excitable, and a spirit of wild prophecy began to awaken among them, leading at last to resistance.

The mischief done to the prosperity of France was very great. Intelligence and industry had been expelled, and when Louis deliberately chose between national welfare and what he considered religion, he was taken at his word. His prosperity actually declined from the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He acted conscientiously, but it was a conscience blinded by pride and self-will.

Indeed that this was the case was shown in his relations with the Papal See. The foreign ambassador at Rome had long been allowed to exercise jurisdiction over the surrounding district of the city, which thus became a refuge for thieves and vagabonds, as if these gentry had not already sanctuaries enough in the countless churches and convents. A succession of Popes had protested, and Innocent XI. procured the resignation of these claims from all the Roman Catholic sovereigns, except Louis, who absolutely refused to give up these franchises as they were called, charging his ambassador, the Marquis de Lavardin, to defend them. Accordingly, Lavardin sent before him to Rome 400 military men, who came a few at a time, but all lodged round the Palazzo Francese, and he himself arrived with a suite of 800, almost all officers of the army or navy. On his side, Innocent published a bull of excommunication against any ambassador who upheld the franchises against the officers of justice, refused to receive Lavardin as an ambassador, and forbade honours to be paid to him. When the armed troops entered Rome, with Lavardin at its head, an interview with the Pope was refused, and the Cardinals were forbidden to hold any intercourse with him. When he attended the Church of St. Louis at Christmas, the Pope placed it under an interdict because an excommunicated man had been allowed to communicate there; but Lavardin continued to visit the churches, and kept his house in a state of defence.

In the sixteenth century the danger to Europe had been in the predominance of the House of Austria, in the seventeenth the peril was from the House of Bourbon.

Louis XIV., hitherto successful during a reign of forty years, and unable to distinguish gratified ambition from true glory, was on the watch every moment to profit by the feebleness of Charles of Spain, the dulness of Leopold of Austria, or any other circumstance which could be an excuse for adding territory to France.

The large family of the unfortunate 'winter king' Frederick, Count Palatine of the Rhine, had dwindled in a remarkable manner in the next generation. Of his sons only two had married, namely Charles Louis, who had regained a fragment of the Palatinate, and Edward; and of his daughters only the youngest, Sophia, the wife of Ernest Augustus, of a younger branch of the House of Brunswick. Charles Louis, who had married Charlotte of Hesse, was a very rude and unpleasant person in his family, most of whom were very superior to himself. Prince Rupert, who died in 1682, was noted not only in warfare in sea and land, but for his chemical and artistic powers; and of the sisters, Elizabeth was said to be the most learned, Louisa the best artist, and Sophia the most accomplished of the princesses of Europe. Almost the entire family of the Protestant champion of the Thirty Years' War had Romanised. Of those who lived to old age, Rupert and Sophia were the only exceptions, and their sisters for the most part became abbesses.

Charles Louis left only two children, Charles and Elizabeth Charlotte, the latter of whom was the wife of the Duke of Orleans, brother of Louis XIV. She was a clever, coarse-minded, satirical woman, much more German than French, and has left memoirs valuable as a picture of court life in France, but almost unreadable from their unblushing openness of expression.

Charles was the last of his race, and when he died in 1685, the Palatinate, which was a male fief, had to find an heir in Philip William, Duke of Neuburg, brother to the Empress Eleonore Magdalen, descended from that Elector Rupert who had been Emperor in 1294. Leopold gave investiture to his brother-in-law, but the Duchess of Orleans was heiress to all property not attached to the Palatinate; and Louis made this claim include a large amount of territory, all the personal possessions, and even the artillery and ammunition of the fortresses, and he declared himself ready to enforce her pretensions with his troops.

William of Orange had from earliest youth made it his greatest object to traverse the ambitious designs of France, and he seems to have been the prime mover in what was called the League of Augsburg, the object of which was to maintain the provisions of the treaty of Nimeguen. An army of 60,000 men was to be kept on foot paid by the subscriptions of the parties concerned, and under the command of the Elector Maximilian of Bavaria, the Prince of Waldeck, and the Markgraf of Bareuth. The league was for three years, and included the Emperor Leopold, the Kings of Spain and Sweden, the electors of Bavaria and Saxony, and all the other princes of the Empire. It was signed on the 9th of July, 1686.

Louis could not obtain full information of this league, and was angry and impatient, but Madame de Maintenon used her utmost endeavours to prevent a fresh war with all its horrors. Louis had formed the habit of holding his cabinet councils in her apartment, where she sat at a side table with her book or her distaff, but he often turned round to her, asking '*Qu'en pense votre solidité?*' and yet if she ventured to volunteer an opinion unasked, he would be angry, and say that he did not choose to be governed. She could only influence him by the most careful and delicate tact.

She was trying to persuade him to economise, representing the impoverishment caused by crushing the industrious artizan Huguenots, and begging him to discontinue not only his wars but his buildings. He yielded so far that he retrenched his yearly purchase of two millions worth of diamonds, and he talked of stopping some of the works at Versailles and Marly; but at a new year's fête at Marly in this time of economy, he gave 15,000 pistoles-worth of jewellery and ornaments to form a sort of bazaar in the great hall, where each stall represented a season. The Dauphin and Madame de Montespan kept autumn, the Duke of Maine and Madame de Maintenon winter, the Duke of Bourbon and Madame de Thianges summer, the Duchess of

Bourbon and Madame de Chevreuse spring. The purchases were made, not with money, but the results of card playing, and when the games were over, the King and Dauphin gave away the remains.

The Duke of Bourbon was grandson to the great Condé; the Duchess was one of the six Montespan children, and was a great favourite with the old Prince. She caught the small-pox at Fontainebleau, and though weak and unwell, he insisted on going from Chantilly to be at hand, and seeing her every day. He rapidly grew worse, but hearing that the King had arrived, he insisted on going to meet him and prevent his entering the sick room. The exertion caused a fainting fit, the old man was carried to his room, and never quitted it again. During the last two years he had become very devout, and he showed much piety during his illness; but though he sent 50,000 crowns to be distributed in the places which had suffered most at his hands during the Fronde, he did not forgive his unfortunate wife, Claire Clémence, but sent a request to the King still to keep her in confinement at Chateauvaux. Louis came to see him, but he was speechless, and could only lay the King's hand on his breast in gratitude. He died on the 11th of December, 1686, the last of the great men who had made the early half of Louis's reign illustrious.

The old Elector Archbishop of Cologne, who had always been subservient to him, died on the 1st of July, 1688. His chief minister, Cardinal Furstemburg, had always been a creature of Louis and had filled up the Chapter as far as possible with Canons of the same politics, but a mere majority did not suffice for an election unless it consisted of two-thirds of the number. The Imperialist party proposed for election Prince Clement of Bavaria, who was only seventeen years old, and thus could not be canonically elected. Nine canons voted for him, fourteen for Furstemburg, and thus the election was referred to Rome, where such was Innocent XI.'s feelings against France that he annulled the election of Furstemburg and granted all the dispensations needed for Clement of Bavaria.

Louis really had valid cause of complaint now, and he sent a manifesto to Rome to be read to the Pope by Cardinal d'Estrées. The parliament of Paris, such as it was, supported the King. So did the French clergy, who were indignant that in consequence of the still unsettled question as to the Régale, the Pope refused bulls of institution to the Bishops appointed by the King in the disputed provinces. An appeal from the Pope to a general council was actually drawn up, and the French troops were sent to seize the ancient papal city of Avignon, on the 7th of October, 1688. This may be taken as the culminating act of Louis's absolutism, and from this period, when the sufferings from the persecution of the Huguenots were at their height, the star of the French monarchy began to wane.

The war could no longer be prevented. It was said that Louvois,

who was superintendent of the buildings at Trianon, had put in a window which the King so disapproved as to administer a sharp rebuke. 'He shall have something instead of windows to think about,' said Louvois. And the miserable Palatinate was again invaded, and Philipsburg besieged by the Dauphin and taken, so that news came to Paris on All Saints Day, 1688, in the middle of Mass.

A PATRIOT OF TO-DAY.

It is a constant theme of remark that as civilisation progresses and spreads, 'the individual withers and the world is more and more.' The sense of solidarity, of corporate unity, is stronger in our day, and its range is wider, than it was in former generations; but with this larger consciousness of our place as part of a great whole comes its danger, the loss of individuality and the merging of the individual conscience in that of the class in which the individual moves. It is but rarely that we get among the public characters of our day one whose individuality rises beyond class, party or any artificial distinction, and who, as Socrates said to Crito, is willing to 'follow God whithersoever He leads us.'

Such a picture is presented to us in Mr. Wemyss Reid's Life of W. E. Forster; and partly for the sake of those who cannot get the book, partly to induce those who can to read the original, the following sketch of its subject is given.

William Edward Forster belonged on his father's side to a family who had for generations belonged to the denomination of Quakers—a sect which, while refusing much that the Church holds to be essential, had the merit among both Anglicans and Nonconformists of handing down through the dreary and unspiritual atmosphere of the eighteenth century a tradition of Christian mysticism, and of strictly disciplined life. His mother, Anna Buxton, sister of Thomas Fowell Buxton of anti-slavery renown, had been in her early youth intimate with the Royal family, Queen Charlotte and her daughters, and was a very pretty, brilliant girl, a universal favourite in society. Deep religious impressions induced her to give up society, and to join the Quaker community.

'When I was young,' said a sweet old Quaker lady a year or two back, 'there seemed to be so little life in the Church of England that any one who wished to be really religious was naturally drawn to the Friends; now it is very different, there is too little life among the Friends, and much in the Church.' Anna Buxton became a thorough-going Friend, and her intimacy with William Forster began in 1812, when at his request she helped Mrs. Fry in her mission to the prisons. In 1816 they married, and in 1818 William Edward Forster was born.

Perhaps the individuality which was such a strong characteristic of his in after days was fostered by the circumstances of his early childhood. He mixed little with other children, and heard much of

the great moral and religious interests to which his parents were devoted. His father, who was one of the moving springs of the anti-slavery movement, went for a long anti-slavery crusade in the States, at a time when this involved not merely labour, expense and fatigue but often actual bodily danger, and little William was much interested in the subject. 'He was travelling in a coach in charge of his nurse, when a benevolent old gentleman began to talk to him. "Where is your papa, my dear?" said his fellow-passenger. "Papa is preaching in America," was the reply. "And where is your mamma?" continued the gentleman. "Mamma is preaching in Ireland!"'

At thirteen he went to a Quaker school for some time, first at Bristol, and then at Tottenham, where his hereditary interests still seemed to fill more of his mind than ordinary schoolboy games, in which, though energetic, he never excelled much. He was an enthusiastic mathematician, and was even reproved by his worthy master for expressing too much admiration for a merely human study. He was one of those few boys who have a tendency to overwork—a tendency which in these days we are apt to think confined to girls. He wrote to his father at sixteen: 'I have drawn up a set of regulations for the use of my play-time, by which, either in my play time, or by getting up in the morning, or by reading in bed, I obtain in every week, not including the evening, five and a-half hours' mathematics, and eleven and a-half hours' reading, and I have set myself in my leisure time in the evening, two evenings for themes, two for mathematics, one for Latin verses, and one for Greek text and sundries. It is a comfort to find that his uncle, Thomas Fowell Buxton, refused to allow him to get up at four to work while on a visit with them.

Space refuses to allow any account of the boy's affectionate letters to his parents, in Quaker phraseology, but smacking none the less of the genuine boy; or of the delightful 'Cottage' at Northrepps where his aunt, Sarah Buxton, and her cousin Anna Gurney lived together, full of good works and literary as well as philanthropic interests, and supplied to the boy the atmosphere of culture which otherwise might have been 'crowded out' by the home devotion to religious and charitable objects. His mind, as he grew up, became much attracted towards a political career, and it was scarcely possible that the eager, highly educated, 'all-round' youth should not come into collision here and there on practical points with the dreamy, mystical-minded father who understood nearly as little of this world's affairs as if he had been a hermit of the early Church, and was moreover in his gentle way despotic, paying little attention to his son's personal desires, and expecting—and it must be added receiving—implicit submission.

There is something very striking in young Forster's affectionate filial acquiescence, when his father put an end summarily to a proposed tour with the ladies of Northrepps Cottage, and to his

desire to go to the bar, and insisted on his 'using the plain language,' i.e. *thee* and *thou*, in a tour he was about to take with a young friend of his own age, whenever he met strangers. The young man not only submitted dutifully, but made the least of his own disappointment, lest his father's feelings should be hurt.

Full of interest in public affairs, and eager to take any step which might lead in the direction of politics, through which he felt he could help on the great philanthropic objects he most cared for, it was hard for him to see all openings in this direction, such as that of becoming his uncle Buxton's secretary, decidedly vetoed, and himself finally relegated to the position of clerk in a warehouse. However, he determined that he would if possible work himself to an independent position from which he might eventually enter Parliament, and he did so.

He was, however, not so dazzled by the object to which he looked as to forget that in working towards it, his conscience must be his supreme guide, even though it did not lead towards success. His uncle offered him a place in his brewery, but Forster could not find it in his heart to make his way to fortune out of the drunkenness of his fellow-creatures; and another opening was refused because the profits depended on slave-grown sugar. Finally, after a short apprenticeship to business methods, he started in business at Bradford as a wool-stapler, in 1842. His business gradually grew and improved, and with it came many opportunities of work for his fellow-townsmen. When the Chartist troubles were going on he took his line then as ever individual, and where he differed showed himself sympathetic rather than denunciatory, and the working man who said 'Long Forster was a rare talker, but I always tho't he were unsensible,' was the foretype of many a partizan who was afterwards irritated by seeing that the strong man would not merge himself in any party.

In the time of the Irish famine he visited Ireland on a mission of help, and made friends with many of the Nationalist leaders who afterwards became his bitter enemies. But changes were taking place in his family life. His father died while on an anti-slavery mission to America, his mother followed a year afterwards, and in 1850 he married the daughter of Dr. Arnold of Rugby, and a year or two later went to live in Wharfedale, in the house which was the family home until his death, in the country, but within reach of his mill at Burley.

He and his wife had no children, but a ready-made family came to them in the orphans of her brother William Arnold, who died on his return to England after the death of his wife. They were adopted both into home and heart, and thenceforward, whatever troubles reigned outside, Forster had a full and happy family life at home.

The Quaker community, according to its rules, expelled him for marrying outside of it, and he gave up Quaker dress and Quaker

phraseology, except in the tender letters to his wife, in which the latter still survived. His hope of entering Parliament was not gratified till 1861, when he was elected for Bradford after one or two failures.

And now began one of the two great works of Forster's life. From the year 1849 onwards he had taken great interest in the subject of national education, which was then in a very different condition from what it is now. The present generation of young people must find it hard to realise that thirty or forty years ago the amount of education given in different parishes was entirely dependent upon the energy and enlightenment of the clergyman. Where the clergyman belonged to the party of Church Reform, inaugurated by the Tracts for the Times, there was usually good secular teaching and a school under Government; where he was an old-fashioned Evangelical, he was apt to devote his energies chiefly to the Sunday school, and the secular teaching was apt to go to the wall. In neglected parishes there was no school at all; while in those parishes where the squire recognised his duty towards the education of his tenants, both girls' and boys' schools, but more especially the girls', were often of the dame-school order, patronized by the Lady Bountiful, and there the girl scholars, at least, were taught respectful manners and beautiful sewing, but little spelling and no arithmetic. The writer remembers when it was thought quite natural that there should be an efficient school under Government in the market town, but only dame-schools, or what were little better, in most of the villages round.

It was natural that the clergy who had seen the immense spread of education in their own parishes, due mainly to their own voluntary efforts and sacrifices, should expect that time would bring about a general extension of the actual system; and it was with, perhaps, natural indignation that they found a rival party pressing for the education of the working classes on quite other lines. Where Nonconformists mustered strong, it was natural that they should wish to have their children educated upon other than Church lines; and a system of what were called 'British schools' was introduced, which professed to be 'unsectarian,' but were generally under the dominion of the strongest Nonconformist body in the place. They seldom existed but in towns, where their competition probably put the Church school on its mettle, though their effect was somewhat annoying to the parish young ladies, when huffy mothers, whose children had been rightfully punished, carried them off at once 'to the Britishers.'

The conviction had been gaining ground gradually, however, that education was most needed in those parts where there was an absence of energetic voluntary workers, and that something must be done to provide a system of education which should be really national. As early as 1849 various friends of education of all creeds and parties, with Dr. Hook of Leeds at their head, formed themselves into an Educa-

tional Committee; to try to work out points of agreement on which some such system might be based, and this association was joined by Forster. He was at this time considered a very thorough-going Radical, with a touch of Socialism about him; and when he joined the Leeds Association, he was of opinion that the State should pay only for secular education, and all religious instruction should be provided for by voluntary effort. But here his openness to conviction showed itself, and as the various bearings of the subject were thrashed out by discussion, the religious side strongly upheld by Dr. Hook and his senior curate, Canon Jackson, came before him in a new light, and he adopted that view, his adherence to which afterwards cost him so much—that at whatever cost, the Bible was not to be excluded from State schools by Act of Parliament.

His acquaintance with education was not merely theoretical. He and his partner established an admirable school for the 'half-timers' in their works, and Forster was a frequent visitor both there and in Canon Jackson's school at Leeds. After his election to Parliament, he was naturally placed upon Education Committees, Inquiry Commission, etc., and became known as the advocate of a compulsory Education Act, which still, to a large proportion of voters, appeared a wrong and dangerous measure, and to which, by all appearance, 'Punch' has not even yet been converted.

In the election of 1868 appeared the first sign of a division between Forster and his party, because he would not pledge himself to the disestablishment of the Church; and though all this was forgotten in the enthusiasm which prevailed on his acquittal from a charge of corrupt practices during his election, it came to be remembered afterwards. It was at this time that he joined Mr. Gladstone's Government as Vice-President of the Council, and it was now understood that as soon as possible the Government would bring in an Education Bill, for which he was to be responsible. Great was the suspense among the managers of the voluntary schools throughout the country. The Secularist party told them with exultation that their day was over; that the education of the young, whom they had endeavoured to keep in the bondage of ignorance and superstition by giving them the semblance of instruction, would now be taken out of their hands for ever. Many of the Church party, on the other hand, lost all power to distinguish between Liberals and Secularists, and treated any attempt to change the system in vogue as the work of an enemy.

To those whose views have, from that day to this, been moulded by the last assumption, it may be rather startling to find how hard Forster fought on behalf of their cause, and against his own political party. Before the Bill was brought in, when Lord Shaftesbury went to ask Forster if it was true that Bible-reading was to be excluded from the new school, he received the reply, 'Lord Shaftesbury, I would rather have my right hand cut off than be the means of

excluding the Bible from our day schools;' and in a private letter, at a time when he was furiously assailed both by the Birmingham League and by his avowed political opponents, he said, 'It does rest much with me whether or no the State shall decree against religion —decree that it is a thing of no account. Well, with my assent, the State shall not do this, and I believe I can prevent it, though very probably by my own ostracism: but that does not matter.'

Whether all Mr. Forster's arrangements were ideally the best is not the question; but he did the best he could, and there is no doubt that his attitude staved off an arrangement far more unfavourable to the voluntary schools, and gave them time to prove their importance to the nation before a second settlement should be arrived at. Of course as time went on, Conservatives found that they should do wisely to support his bill, and did so, and this incensed his own party extremely. At a meeting at Bradford he said, 'I trust the day will never come in when a man in my position will for a moment change his views because he thinks that they cannot be palatable to a portion of his constituency. Now you must not suppose that I think, upon this matter of education, that the feeling of the majority of my constituents differs from my own. I do not believe that it does; but I say, if I believed it did, it would make no difference.' A vote of censure was passed upon him by the meeting, and from that time he had to suffer a distinct loss of popularity with his own party for having had the courage of his opinions.

Space fails to tell of the next remarkable period in Forster's life—the time of the 'Bulgarian atrocities,' when he set off on a journey to the East to investigate for himself what it was that had happened, and what would be the best means of making such actions impossible in the future. Here again he had the misfortune somewhat to differ with his party, not going quite so far in the anti-Turk line as some were disposed to do, and carrying weight from the fact that he was an eye-witness where others talked by hearsay.

In 1880 the Liberals again came in with an overwhelming majority, and this time Forster was offered the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland, which was just beginning to show itself to England as that Giant Despair which it has proved to us ever since.

The period we now come to in Forster's life is one too near the present date to be looked upon dispassionately as history. People will have their own views about the wisdom and unwisdom of the methods, and the details of carrying out those methods pursued by the Government that took office in 1880, in endeavouring to bring peace and prosperity to Ireland; but few, whatever their views may be, can be blind to the tragic pathos of Forster's administration, which he was to enter upon with such high hopes, and to leave in utter defeat, with a hair-breadth escape from murder at the hands of those for whom he had toiled.

His biographer says that the three chief interests of his life were

the question of slavery, the question of education, and the question of Ireland. His sense of the needs of Ireland, and desire to help in closing its wounds, dated from the time of the Irish famine. And now this desire made him accept a post for which he had naturally no wish. The Government of 1880 were not in favour of Home Rule; but 'they believed that by showing a real sympathy with the Irish in their distress, by removing any legitimate grievances of which they had to complain, and above all, by considering the national susceptibilities of the people, they could establish better relations between the two countries, and do much to diminish that hostility to the law which had become so alarmingly conspicuous in Ireland.'

The Government brought in various measures towards this end, and among them was a certain Compensation for Disturbance Act, which passed the House of Commons, and was summarily thrown out by the Lords. This was the first of Forsters' long series of disappointments. It gave, as he foresaw, a handle to the Nationalist party to agitate against the Government. The Irish leaders, who had at first been moderately civil, began to resent bitterly the efforts he was making, not without success, to enlist the sympathies of the people on the side of the Government. The Government had promised a Land Bill. Mr. Parnell threw doubts upon their sincerity, and made a speech in the autumn of 1880, which was the beginning of the boycotting system. He bade his hearers shun every man who had bid for a farm from which a tenant had been evicted. 'Shun him in the street, in the shop, in the market-place, even in the place of worship, as if he were a leper of old;' and his party carried what may charitably be hoped to have been a rhetorical flourish into literal and combined action.

Almost simultaneously with the beginning of boycotting, there was a great rise in the number of outrages, and Forster began to feel that coercion was needful to protect the victims. He was exceedingly desirous to draw from the Irish leaders some open denunciation of these outrages; but the result of these attempts, which they greatly resented, was to make them into his bitter personal enemies. In 1881 he asked for fresh power in what was called the Protection Act, the point of which was, that under it the Lord-Lieutenant could issue a warrant for the arrest of any person suspected of treasonable practices, and detain him as an unconvicted prisoner, up to September in the following year.

As he closed the speech in which he explained the provisions of the Bill, he said: 'This has been to me a most painful duty. I never expected that I should have to discharge it. If I had thought that this duty would devolve upon the Irish Secretary, I would never have held the office. If I could have foreseen that this would be the result of twenty years of parliamentary life, I would have left Parliament rather than undertaken it. But I never was more clear than I am now that it is my duty; I never was more clear than I

am now that the man responsible as I am for the administration of the government of Ireland, ought no longer to have any part or share in any government which does not fulfil its first duty—the protection of person and property, and the security of liberty.'

While Forster was thus asking for more coercion, he was working hard to procure seed-corn for the impoverished peasants of the west, and doing everything he could to assist the emigration which he felt the only hope for the congested districts. This, however, did very little to soften the minds of his political opponents, who delighted to apply to him the name of 'Buckshot,' founded on a legend that he had ordered the police to fire with buckshot on a crowd. In fact, in reading this part of Forster's life, one is irresistibly reminded of the hero of Annie Keary's story, 'Castle Daly,' and perceives the way in which the noblest-minded and most unselfish English administrator seems to fail with Ireland, because he acts with unswerving reference to principle, while an inferior man sometimes appears to succeed because he is known to be swayed by sentiment.

The Protection Act was put into force, though with extreme leniency as to details. The 'suspects' were not treated as prisoners; they were allowed books, writing materials, and intercourse with their friends, and were from time to time let out on parole in case of any family necessities or domestic trouble. Still the outrages went on increasing in number, even when Parnell was arrested and the Land League proclaimed, and the feeling against Forster grew so strong that even when he went to his own house at Wharfedale, the authorities of the Yorkshire constabulary quartered a large party of police in the village, and stopped his own partner when on his way to call upon him. Forster requested that this might not happen again, 'as, on the whole, he would prefer to be shot.'

He went on, however, with the Land Bill, which he hoped might do away with what he felt to be real grievances on the part of the Irish people; but he felt his hopes dying down one by one. 'I can never do now what I might have done in Ireland,' he said sadly to his family one evening; and he wrote to the Prime Minister to the effect that though he could not propose giving up his post in the thick of the battle, he felt that if things grew better he ought to make way for some one else 'not tarred with the coercion brush.' At present, however, things showed no sign of getting better. When some one wished him a happy New Year in the beginning of 1882, he said: 'Mine is a more modest wish: it is that it may be a less bad year than the last.' In some ways this wish could hardly be said to be gratified. Those of his own party who had been estranged from him by the position he took with regard to the religious question in the Education Act, attacked him with great virulence in Parliament, while other than political dangers threatened him in Ireland. It was known that he was in danger of assassination, though he made light of the matter himself. Threats had been frequently made

against Mr. Gladstone and himself; and, in the summer of 1881, when intelligence of O'Donovan Rossa's murderous organisation in America reached him, and he was pressed to take extra measures of precaution, he said to his secretary: 'You may do as you like, but I have a presentiment I am not going to die that way.' One day he received a letter from a man who told him he had followed him into the Phœnix Park with the purpose of murdering him; but had determined to spare him for the sake of the 'lovely girl'—his daughter—with whom he was walking.

It came out afterwards that in November 1881, a secret society had been founded at Dublin, called the Irish Invincibles, whose object was to 'make history' by removing all tyrants. The first tyrant to be removed was Mr. Forster; then the Viceroy, then Mr. Burke, the devoted under-secretary of Dublin Castle. So many were the attempts made on Forster's life which unaccountably failed, that it is difficult to ascribe his safety to mere chance.

In the spring of 1882 he went himself into Clare, the most disturbed district in Ireland, and when a crowd gathered round his hotel, he spoke to them from the window, telling them that he had come to put down outrages and murders, and that it was their duty to help the Government to stop them. If there were anyone who approved of these crimes, he should like to tell him what were the forces arrayed against their authors. 'They have got the Irish Government, though, perhaps, they think they can defy that; they have got the Imperial Parliament; they have got the people of Great Britain, who are determined that these outrages should cease; and they have got a stronger force against them than the Irish Government, or Parliament, or the British people—they have got against them the force of God's laws.'

On his return from this journey, which compelled honour for his pluck, even from his political enemies, a party of the Invincibles determined to kill him, and met at the railway station, from which it was supposed he would return to Dublin, for that purpose; but they had been misinformed as to his plans, and had to disperse foiled in their intention. A few days later, they intended to shoot him on his way from the Chief Secretary's Lodge to Dublin, and had posted a line of conspirators to signal to each other when he approached; but the heart of one of them failed him in giving the signal, and Forster drove by unrecognised.

At last the famous 'Kilmainham Treaty' induced Mr. Forster to resign. The question was on what terms Mr. Parnell was to be released, and he disapproved of the action of the Government so strongly that he saw no alternative but resignation. The Invincibles were not disposed to let their victim escape. In the week in which he finally left Ireland, the whole gang waited for four nights in Westland Row Station, intending to kill him as he entered the Kingstown train; and, on the last night, they actually saw Mrs.

Forster and her daughter in one of the carriages. It had been arranged that Forster should join them there; but, at the last moment, his private secretary suggested that as their work was nearly done, it would be pleasanter to go to Kingstown by an earlier train and dine there, meeting his wife and daughter on board the steamer. 'If he had been there,' said Carey in giving evidence, 'he would not be alive now.'

This was on the night of April 19, 1882, and on May 2 he formally resigned his office. On May 4 he made his statement in Parliament of the reasons of his resignation. His successor, Lord Frederick Cavendish, sat in the gallery to listen—it was the last time of his appearance in the House. The great cheer which greeted him from all but the Irish members, showed that Englishmen still shared in the feeling of the Romans, who sent a crown to the defeated general at Cannae 'because he had not despaired of the Republic.' He had struggled against overwhelming odds, and he had been defeated; in these two years his hair had grown gray, and his figure bent, but he carried with him the respect of all those who had any notion what a desperate battle he had had to fight, and how bravely he had borne himself in it.

Only two days afterwards came the news which so many of us heard first in church on Sunday May 7; that Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke had been murdered in the Phœnix Park. It was the work of the Invincibles, who, finding that Forster had escaped their hands, were determined to wreak their vengeance on Mr. Burke. Lord Frederick fell in gallantly defending his companion, and despair came upon those who had believed that the conciliatory policy which he was pledged to carry out would entirely change the attitude of the Irish malcontents. Forster was at a party at the Admiralty, with his daughter, when Sir W. Harcourt told him the news. He took his daughter away at once in a cab, and almost his first words were, 'I shall go to-morrow, and ask if they'll let me go back.' The Government, as well as himself, were convinced that he was the victim whose death had been most desired, and they did not accept his offer.

After this his political life was an isolated one. It was said that he acted the part of the 'candid friend' to the Government with regard to various questions, more especially the mission of Gordon, and that melancholy relief expedition which came too late. He also took a leading part in the question of Imperial Federation, on which he felt very strongly. But his vigorous health had been much shaken by the labours and anxieties of his Irish Secretaryship, and in August, 1885, while at Baden, the attack of illness came on which was the beginning of the final break-up.

Illness was a new experience to him, and the way in which he took it—always minimising the suffering he went through for the sake of others—showed he could endure as well as act. Probably the sense

of failure and disappointment which had taken the place of his bright hopes for Ireland had been a sharp training in endurance, the value of which came out now. In his daughter's journal, she says, 'I said to him how much I had admired the way in which he had been able to put aside political matters, and had not let them worry him. He assented that he had not been worried by them; "but," he said, "I think things over." His nights throughout his illness were very bad, but he often said that he had got accustomed to lying awake, and did not now mind it, and that in the long wakeful hours "he thought things over," especially the Irish problems, which never seemed far from his thoughts—reviewing them, and trying to look at them afresh.'

'If I went in,' she says again, 'soon after seven I used to find him reading the Bible to himself. He said to me one morning when we were speaking of his illness, "We have had some very blessed times together," and once he said most earnestly, "I would not have been without this illness for the world."'

Gradually the possibility of continuing his political life grew fainter and fainter, though he was again returned for Bradford in November, when he was at Torquay, and for a long time he still hoped for ultimate recovery. By Christmas, however, the conviction seemed to be borne in both upon him and those around him that another ending was at hand.

'When I went in about eight o'clock, I found he had slept little; however, all seemed less oppressive with morning light. As he could not see the sunrise from where he lay, we moved the pier-glass, so that he saw in it that which he enjoyed. He said he thought the pain was "rather less," as he always will say if he can. I spoke of it being a sad Christmas for us—he would not let me call it a sad Christmas; "It is a better Christmas than any we have had," he said, "I would not have it different for anything."'

About a week later, when she was alone with him on New Year's evening—'After a time he began to pray out loud. There was something about not being moved either "by the sharpness of pain or by the fear of death," but even directly afterwards I could not recall the exact words, nothing but the solemn general impression. After he pause he said, "I have tried to serve my country." I went into his room at five o'clock this morning and found him awake, he had had a wakeful night. I asked if I should repeat some hymns to soothe him to sleep—he said he was going to ask me. After I had repeated several, he asked me to kneel down. I knelt close beside him, and he began to pray in a trembling solemn voice, like one speaking his real thoughts to One unseen. The whole burden and heart of it was, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." Towards the end he prayed, "Whether Thou art pleased to raise me up and enable me to serve my country again, or whether my work in Parliament is to be closed, help me to serve my country, or help me to bear

it." All through there was the same solemn trembling earnestness of the tones, the grave simple language perfectly free from excitement, or from being hurried by emotion into a single unreal word—the strong reason and the humble spirit both laid open before the God to whom he spoke, and the burden still was "Lead me, and give me light."'

On the 15th of January he was much touched and pleased to hear that he had been prayed for in the Friends' 'Meeting for Sufferings.' On the same day he dictated a letter to Mr. Goschen. 'I have followed the Irish news with intense interest—it was the time of Mr. Gladstone's declaration in favour of Home Rule—and it is one of the things one has to try to bear patiently to be forced to be quiet during this crisis.' His interest in public matters was as keen as ever. In the end of February he was moved to London, and on the 1st of March Ireland was still upon his mind; he had an interview with Mr. Tuke about State-aided emigration, and relief for distress in the shape of food and seed potatoes.

The weeks went on, and at the end of March he seemed better and brighter; but it was only the last flicker. On April 2, after a good day, in which he was able to write letters and see visitors, his daughter writes, 'The last thing, I went to him to have our prayer together. I said the collect for "Pardon and Peace;" the last word I heard from him till I was called to him in the morning, was his grave and earnest "Amen." Early the next morning a dangerous attack, such as he had had several times before, and had rallied from, came on. Then came two or three days of fever and clouded brain, and on April 5, 1886, the patriot spirit passed away.

There followed a public service in Westminster Abbey for those who honoured the unstained career of the statesman, and a Quaker funeral in Wharfedale for the multitudes of Yorkshire working men among whom he had lived and worked. But perhaps the noblest gift which he has given to his country is the example of a life lived in the spirit of the old poem:

'Free from servile bands
Of haste to rise, or fear to fall:
Lord of himself though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.'

M. B.

CONVERSATION ON BOOKS.

Spider. Shoals of pretty Christmas books, of course! Tell me first of a play to act at Christmas.

Arachne. Here are some plays that gentle and simple will alike enjoy, by Miss Prevost, founded on the dear old Fairy Tales, such as the Sleeping Beauty, the White Cat, etc. *Terra Cotta Plays* (Smith and Innes). Each play can be had separately for convenience of learning parts.

S. And with them I have seen *In the Sunny South*, by Miss Cuthell (Smith and Innes), a charming book, full of pictures of the small English children sojourning at Cannes. But tell me what to read to the school-children.

A. S. P. C. K. *Children of Blentarn Ghyl* is excellent for young classes. Indeed, it is nearly all in monosyllables.

S. Are not they the children whose parents were lost in the snow? They are in *Golden Deeds.*

A. Yes; De Quincy embalmed their history in his memoirs, and the only fault I have to find with this nice little new book, is that it is not sufficiently marked that the story is true. The Boy Cassell has a capital book of more recent Golden Deeds, by Laura Lane, called *Heroes of Everyday Life. Brave Tiny* is another very good S. P. C. K. one for little girls, on their influence with tiresome little brothers. *Effie*, also S. P. C. K., is against meddling, like the dear old Meddlesome Matty of my youth, and though she is a little lady, she will do very well for school children. S. P. C. K. still—*Polly's Lamps*, the story of a girl keeping house in her mother's absence, is very good, the lamps being illuminated texts; and *J. Cole* is capital for boys, except for a fault I wonder the S. P. C. K. censors allowed to pass, where the lady who tells the story talks of the little hero as 'only a common page,' and seems to excuse her interest in 'a low-born page.' Such expressions, especially as the boy's parents were good and respectable, are enough to undo all the good of the story. There are two excellent children's tales of the great Indian Mutiny, a 4d. book of S. P. C. K. called *In the Mutiny Days;* and *Bryda*, by Mrs. Field (Wells Gardner)—much larger and more expensive, but equally good for intelligent children of any degree.

S. Now we are coming to the books for children able to realise something beyond their own surroundings.

A. There is the *Black Jewel* (S. P. C. K.) for them, a story of a faithful slave in Egypt, which may perhaps be as great a favourite as Miss Whateley's *Lost in Egypt*, a book so often borrowed in our lending library that its page in the catalogue is choked with names. A kindred subject here is Ballantyne's *Blue Lights, or Hot Work in the Soudan* (Nisbet).

S. Have not the National Society some good boy stories of adventure? I took up one called *In Silver Star Valley*, by Miss Bramston,

and was delighted with it. It gives as much as is good to read of that strange life on the fringes of civilization that is led by the miners on the Rocky Mountains, and there is a most amusing Miss Ianthe, a school-mistress boarding round, whose lesson on English history might account for Mark Twain's droll book of *English as she is Taught.*

A. Yes. She is a comical fellow-picture to *Our New Mistress*, the modern certificated product of the training school, or the mistress in *Reuben Everett*, where Miss C. R. Coleridge goes back forty years to show the first stirrings of our present developments and advances; and very well it is done.

S. What more of these National Society stories are there?

A. Three historical ones. Esmé Stuart's *Carried off*, a good, faithful, English boy captured by Morgan and his buccaneers; Miss Peard's *To Horse and Away*, where we come in for one of the adventures of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester; and a very spirited tale of the Jacobite highwaymen, called *Starwood Hall.* Indeed, there is another pretty tale connected with Jacobite times by Miss Debenham called *St. Helen's Well*, and lastly *Mrs. Dimsdale's Grandchildren* is so full of fun and delightful scrapes, that it is sure to be a great favourite.

S. Here is *Angela* (Smith & Innes) published separately. It makes a pretty book, though I think her first friend was rather ill-used in his solitary blindness. Another book I like is *A King and not a King*, about a young unconscious usurper and the rightful heir, but all through told like history, and after its own fashion quite natural, in the conventional land of pages and knights; absolutely nowhere.

A. I welcome *Pen* from the author of *Miss Toosey* (Smith & Innes). It is a really charming story.

S. I am very glad. Her style is always charming, but there were too great improbabilities in Tip Cat and Little Ann.

A. Besides the cruel school-mistress, who is a blot likewise on *Sara Crewe*, and who ought to be banished from the literature of these days. Now *Pen* is perfectly possible, and introduces us to some beautiful characters.

S. We missed mentioning one excellent S. P. C. K. book, *Dodo, or an Ugly Little Boy.* He and his scarred, disfigured V.C. Colonel are both excellent, and a boy, or girl either, ought to be the better for reading them.

A. Yes, it is a very pleasant book, and so is Esmé Stuart's *Idle Farthing*, which carries us into the siege of Paris.

S. Then there is another of Hatchard's series of good wholesome tales.

A. True; and the author of the *Atelier du Lys* gives us a north-country sketch in *Under a Cloud* (Hatchards). Besides *Angela*, here are some more republications from the 'Packet,' Mrs. Green's *Snap-dragons*, beautifully got up by S. P. C. K., *Preparation of Prayer-book Lessons*, and likewise *Dagmar* is coming. There are two other good Prayer-book teachings—two green catechetical books on the Prayers and Litany published by Griffith and Farren; and one of *Stories and Lessons on the Prayer-book*, by Mr. Chase, published by Skeffington. Also Miss Pitcairn's *Golden Thread*, excellent lessons for little children in the first principles.

S. Red Herring, or Little Allie's Blue Shoes (Armstrong) is a nice

book for mothers' meetings or the like readings. It is about a little sailor boy stolen by the people belonging to a French circus.

A. Circus adventures are rather the fashion. Mrs. Marshall has a pretty book named *Houses on Wheels* (Nisbet), intended to draw attention to the ignorant and neglected state of poor van children.

S. Is there not a book of Miss Giberne's?

A. Yes, of the Hatchard series—*Ralph Hardcastle's Will.* I can't say I much believe in such a will, but it is a very interesting story with a mystery in it.

S. I have had a charming present, *The Girl's Indoor Book.* It is full of papers on everything one wants to do—or indeed that anybody *can* want to learn the right way of doing—needlework of all kinds, plain and fancy, accomplishments, games, cookery and all, and even etiquette—really sensibly told—and how to address people and letters.

A. Which story-writers need to study, as they often make absurd blunders, showing a lack of the air of good society. In *Gillyflower* (Wells Gardner), a very pretty book, the daughters of the member, a squire, are Honourable Miss Collets.

S. I don't think all the titles in this book are *quite* right. One would not put 'Father in God' on the outside of a letter to a Bishop. Nor would the Honourable Mr. Bell be right.

A. No—but customs change so gradually that it is always difficult to lay down the law.

S. There is some advice about writing and publishing, but it says an unknown author cannot get a book published without paying something—contrary to Mr. Besant in Atalanta, where the advice is not to pay anything, but to believe that if no publisher will take the story without, that it is not worth publishing.

A. Mr. Besant is in the right in almost every case—certainly in that of young ladies. There is an interesting account of *Juvenile Literature as it is* by Edward Salmon (Drane), in which is given a list of the books and magazines most read among some hundreds of boys and girls taken from years ago by Mr. Welsh. It appears that at the head of the list of magazines stands the Girl's Own Paper—and then the Boy's Own Paper, Little Folks; Cassell, the Divine Punch, and the 'Monthly Packet,' stand next in order of popularity. The favourite poetry is a curious list, evidently affected by scanty knowledge, but the Lady of the Lake bears the bell.

S. Friends In Need, by Miss Paget (Hatchards), is a mere book for village reading. And for those who need *short* self-contained rules for reading, there are Miss Clare's pretty *Store of Stories* (Skeffington), and Mr. Davenport Adams's *Sunshine and Shadow* (Masters); also some little sermons for children's services in the *Garden of God* (Skeffington).

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

We much regret that Miss Knatchbull-Hugessen has been obliged from illness to defer her chapter for this month. Retrospective questions are, however, given, and she hopes to continue in January.

Questions.

36. Define an epic poem. In what respects does *Paradise Lost* resemble the Homeric and Vergilan epics?

37. Give a brief history of the Newspaper Press from its rise to the accession of George III., and trace its influence on our literature.

38. What is Locke's theory of government? Compare it with that of Hobbes.

Or, Examine the statement, that, with all his high merits, Clarendon is a historical memoir-writer rather than a historian.

39. Give some account of the French influence exerted on English literature after the Restoration.

40. Assign to their respective authors—

The Cutter of Coleman Street, Astræa Redux, Arcades, The Rehearsal, Gondibert.

Sketch and comment on any one of these works.

BOOKS RECOMMENDED.

Knight's *Popular History.* Hallam's *Literary History.* Dryden's *Discourse on Epic Poetry.* Addison's *Papers on Paradise Lost.*

September Class List.

First Class.

Lisle	98	Alice M.	79	Dick	74
Bee	93	Mu, Mu, Kappa	78	E. P. M.	73
A. C. Shipton	92	Giraffena, Madge	77	White Hawthorn, A. I. P.	71
Greta	88	A. M. G.	76	Adoxa	70
Dewitte	86	Patty	75		
E. M. Collum	82				

Second Class.

Rachel Carlisle, Joiner	68	Maia	62	Gretchen	55
Sybil	67	Senga	61	Snapdragon	54
Hilda Allen, Kleine Katze	66	Bunny, Mühle, Rêve d'Or, Wolferstan	60	M. E. Ackerley, J. C. K.	52
K. E. S.	64			Sunflower	51
Eugenie, Secnarf	63	Irene, Cordelia	58	Caro	48
Fides	62	Cornflower	57	Cantia	47
				Ellice	45

Third Class.

May 43	Asphodel 35	Lily Noble . . . 25
Midget, Stephanotis . . . 41	F. D. L. 34	Gorse 14

N.B.—Those who send papers are requested to see that they are sufficiently stamped, as there have been several deficiencies each month.

CHURCH HISTORY SOCIETY.

Questions for December.

45. What are the only reliable facts known about the Church in Britain, previous to 320? Quote no legends or doubtful histories.

46. Give an account of St. Alban's martyrdom; and relate any one tradition of the British Church of this period.

47. What do you gather from the above as to: *α*, the first preaching of the Faith here; *β*, the extent of the British Church by 314 A.D.

48. Illustrate very shortly Hebrews xi. 33–38 (written, of course, of Jewish martyrs), by the sufferings of special Christian martyrs and confessors during the era of the Persecutions.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by January 1st.

September Class List.

First Class.

Water Wagtail . . 40	Pet Lamb, Violets . . . 36	Countess 32
Patience 39		King Cole, Snapdragon, Hegesippus, Verena . . . 31
Edina, Charissa, Speranza 38	Papaver, Erica, Sycorax 35	
Budgerigar, Thistle . . . 37	Vorwärts, Ierne, Wylmcote . . . 33	Fidelia, Irene, Malacoda 30
Etheldreda . . . 36		

Second Class.

Cecilia, Frideswide, Red-deer, Dorothy . . . 29	Bluebell, Union Jack . . . 28	Millstone 26
	Dog-violet, Veritas . . . 27	De Maura 25
		Maid Marian . . . 24
Καθολικος, Evangeline . . . 28	Mu Sigma, Portia 26	Hoffnung, Hazelnut, Ima . . . 20

Third Class.

Mac 17	Dormouse 12	P. P. C. 12

REMARKS.

33. Perfectly answered by *Budgerigar*, *Fidelia*, *Pet Lamb*, *Charissa*, *Speranza*, *Violets*, *Irene*, *Water Wagtail*, *Wylmcote*, and *Patience*.

Maid Marian: It was the latter part of St. Clement's genuine Epistle to the Corinthians which has been recovered; Philotheus Bryennius, now Metropolitan of Nicomedia, having found the complete MS. in the Library of the Holy Sepulchre at Constantinople. The Alexandrian MS. in the British Museum, sent by Cyril Lucar, had a portion near the end torn out. At the same time (1875) Bryennius found a valuable work, the *Didache*, or 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,' whose compiler is worthy to rank with the Apostolic Fathers. As he quotes none of St. Paul's Epistles *verbatim*, though there are similar words here and there, he *may* be a contemporary, and cannot be later than 125. It is a treatise on Christian duties, partly like the Sermon on the Mount, with rules on the Sacraments, Prayer, and Fasting. Some think it an adaptation of a Jewish manual.

34. Best done by *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Budgerigar*, *Erica*, *Charissa*, *Water Wagtail*, *Speranza*, *Mu Sigma*, *Sycorax*, *Dorothy*, and *Patience*.

35. Excellent answers from *Edina*, *Thistle*, *Etheldreda*, *Fidelia*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Patience*.

Cecilia: Baronius and Bellarmine accepted the twelve longer Greek, and *not* the three Latin Epistles. Vossius found only six Epistles at Florence, that to the Romans being found at Paris. The Fathers quote from the shorter Greek Recension.

Malacoda and others: Ussher's MSS. were Latin, not Greek, but agreed well with the almost simultaneously found Vossian Greek. *Pet Lamb* and *Speranza:* The three Syriac Epistles were not discovered by Cureton, or in the British Museum; but by Archdeacon Tattam, in the Nitrian Monastery of the Theotokos. They are *now* in the British Museum, and Cureton edited them. *Golden Saxifrage:* Baron Bunsen's opinion was given *after* their discovery in 1843.

36. Best done by *Veritas*, *Violets*, *Water Wagtail*, *Irene*, *Frideswide*.

Patience: It was not the whole 'Eastern,' but only the Asiatic Church which observed the Quarto-decimam Easter now.

Bog-Oak is grieved to notice that some of the members never read the criticisms.

The Society will continue next year. Subscription of 1*s.* to be sent with January answers.

Bog-Oak thanks several members for their kind words. One or two ask for English Church history; but as our Church is Catholic, the history of creeds and councils belongs as much to us as to any other branch of the Church. It is well to strike deep roots. Should

the C.H.S. live a third year, English Church history will occupy a large space. Here is the scheme for 1889 :—

PERIOD OF ŒCUMENICAL COUNCILS, AND GROWTH OF THE CREED.

January.—Arian Heresy and Council of Nicæa.
February.—From Nicæa to Constantinople.
March.—Council and Creed of Constantinople.
April.—Great Doctors of the Eastern Church.
May.—Great Doctors of the Western Church.
June.—The Nestorians and the Council of Ephesus.
July.—From Ephesus to Chalcedon.
August.—Chalcedon and the Eutychians.
September.—Second and Third Œcumenical Councils of Constantinople.
October.—Retrospect of the Councils.
November.—Keltic Christianity.
December.—Conversion of the Heptarchy.

A list of books shall appear next month. Bog-Oak again observes that members need not buy all or most of these; she has found her clerical friends uniformly kind in lending books, or allowing reference to their libraries. Every one lives in a parish under *some* clergyman, and they mostly have some work on Church history.

Pet Lamb collects such good material, it would be perfect with more care in sorting and less ambitious writing.

DEBATABLE GROUND.

LONDON SUNDAYS.

THERE was so little said about London Sundays in the late discussion, that Chelsea China thinks extracts from *Gray Squirrel's* paper worth having, only adding that she knows, from practical experience, that young men and boys can fit themselves very happily into the interstices of a busy Rectory Sunday, where services, Sunday schools, and suppers, Bible classes and chit-chat all had to be attended to in turn. That Sunday was exactly a day of rest for anybody cannot be asserted; but it never failed to have a character of its own, quite unlike an ordinary work-a-day, and full of sociable intercourse of all kinds.

Interesting paper also received from *Bat.*

Every one must feel that Sunday is a day of special difficulty to lonely workers, either boys or girls, living in lodgings.

This fact surely entails a duty on those who have family homes to

widen their circle that one day, and take in the *stranger* inside our gates.

How can we do this and yet keep to our own views of how Sunday ought to be spent?

If our Sunday is a busy one with Sunday schools, several services etc., there will not be much amusement to the young people we have asked to come to our house. It might be said that we should ask them to share in these pleasant duties. But, firstly, are all young clerks of under twenty fit to teach? And, secondly, is it not right and natural that, being tied to desk-work all the week, they may wish for some change of thoughts and ideas? In the case of women teachers, the rest is an absolute duty.

It may, to many earnest girls, seem a sad waste of Sunday to dawdle about the garden or drawing-room, chatting idly with a not very intellectual boy, or even singing a few quiet songs, when there are so many better things to be done; only are they *really* better? These Sunday afternoons are the boy's only taste of home life. It is pleasant to him to be reminded of his mother and sisters by the mere fact of being in the room with gentlewomen. His brain is tired with his week's work, he has had a good walk perhaps to reach the suburb where his friends live. He knows that he is not very intellectual or clever; if he is *snubbed* he stays away, and then just for the mere wish for women's society he makes undesirable acquaintances more from idleness than any real wish for low company. Are not fastidious girls to blame somewhat for this?

GRAY SQUIRREL.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

As *Blackbird* expresses Chelsea China's view in asking the question; her paper is given in full, and *Pellegrina's* and *Muffin-Man's* are added. Chelsea China does not think *Felicitas'* interesting story of Rosamond Sinclair quite to the point. The choice there was rather between two affections, than between self-sacrifice and self-indulgence, at least so it appears in the narrative. Papers also received from *Judith* and *Crocus*.

Organist sends a paper on imagination, but Chelsea China thinks that that subject has been fairly worked out. She regards all these subjects as closing with the year, and will start fresh in January with the Sunday schools.

Is self-sacrifice always right?

Not always, I should say, unless we were prepared to accept unreservedly what an old woman is said to have called 'that blessed doctrine of total depravity,' and to look upon every natural capacity and inclination as a temptation of the devil. If we believe that it was God who made us, we must surely believe that He had some object in

making us such as we are, with gifts and tastes suited to some sorts of work, and not to others; and to make our aim to resist and crush out those tastes is to defraud Him, and the world, whom our talents (be they great or small) are meant to serve, of what is due to both. Here, no doubt, the difficulty comes in, that the cultivation and exercise of our own gifts may clash with the claims of others; and it it is, I suppose, this danger which makes many noble and earnest natures lean towards a view of life which makes self-sacrifice in every direction our first duty. But ought we to expect to have hard and fast rules laid down for us everywhere? Is not the having to choose our cause, and balance *apparently* conflicting duties, part of the education of life? And though we may well feel our own powers unequal to the task, may we not hope for the aid of the 'Spirit of Counsel' to guide each individual in each separate case? The unvarying law of self-sacrifice may be the easier, and as some are fond of saying the 'safer' path; but is the safest course always the highest? One would not say that a groom, left in charge of a horse to which he was much attached, ought to overcome his feelings and shoot it, because he saw that to train it properly would be a difficult task, and feared that if not done thoroughly, the animal would prove more dangerous than useful. And in the same way our 'self,' that combination of mental and moral qualities modified by circumstances which makes up character, is given into our charge by our Master to be made fit for use by careful training; and to aim instead at destroying it, because to do so, though more painful, is safer and simpler, is, it seems to me to go beyond our right with what is not our own to appropriate or to destroy.

BLACKBIRD.

The spirit of deliberate self-sacrifice must be right, as it is the direct contrary to selfishness, it is the aspiration of heroes, and the achievement of saints. But I do not think it follows from this that any particular act of self-sacrifice must necessarily be right.

Self-sacrifice in obedience to law or duty is difficult of achievement, but love makes it easier, and when inspired by the highest love, it even causes a sort of joy. We are however, I think, in sight now of one reason why it may not always be right. Enthusiastic natural affections may make all sacrifices to a beloved object delightful. Lovers who indulge in an absolute self-surrender beyond what is becoming and honourable turn a virtue into a vice.

There are those who, moved by affection, sacrifice their true welfare, and the duty they owe to themselves, to the unjust or exaggerated claims of others. Such self-sacrifice is a mistake. It seems as if the generous spirit of self-sacrifice cannot walk abroad safely in this evil world without the escort of the humbler cardinal virtues. Justice, to discern what is sacrificed, and for what cause,

and whether such sacrifice is the proper business or work of the individual in question, prudence and temperance to restrain the rash enthusiasm of generous spirits, and fortitude above all for perseverance in the rugged ways of true and noble self-sacrifice.

PELLEGRINA.

This seems at first sight difficult to answer, for it is not every one who admits that any self-sacrifice is right at all.

Then again, people define self-sacrifice so differently; but surely the highest sort, which in utterly forgetting its own individuality, so nearly touches the Divine, can never be anything else but *right*.

Of course people argue—and often with much truth—that sacrifice for one cause harrows others, and that the man or woman who rides his or her hobby to death, at the expense of other folks' happiness, may be in many cases causing their good to be evil spoken of, just because they have so little imagination, and can only see things from one point of view. I am not in any sense considering self-sacrifice from a worldly outlook, for the gaining of money, position, power, etc., but only as I understand the question in its highest ideal, 'That a man lay down his life for his friends.'

The mother and wife for instance, who takes up too much public work for the doing of her quiet home duties, is often making a great mistake, and alas! is it not true of all of us, that we *choose* to do what we really like best; that often what the world considers 'beautiful self-sacrifice' is nothing of the sort, and that the quiet unseen work, so uncongenial to us, would be the real sacrifice in the Master's eyes? We often get quite as much unfair praise as blame. It is often very hard indeed to see where self-sacrifice should begin, and where, as is frequently the case, all our relations and friends are out of sympathy with the work; perhaps from holding different religious views, or from their peculiar standard of duty, because their views and opinions are different, and who would call the highest self-sacrifice self-will and fussiness, conceit or eccentricity, merely because they are quite incapable of understanding anything great or noble. It is very difficult to know how to act for the best. Even the health question is a difficult one; of course people should not be foolish and reckless about their health, but when work to be done for others entails a certain amount of bodily pain, I do not think the fear of facing that alone should deter the worker. Here again the world speaks very unjustly and harshly (as it often does of our martyr missionaries, whose noble deaths have done so much more than their short lives), calling the highest self-sacrifice madness, foolhardiness, suicide, &c. Surely there can be no higher ideal than that of living for others, with the giving up all to Him, time, influence, money, intellect, talent, individual gifts, life, Who thought nothing too sad and painful, and Who came on earth to live and die for us.